ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

MAGAZINE

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TIRUCHIRAPALLI

MARCH 1954

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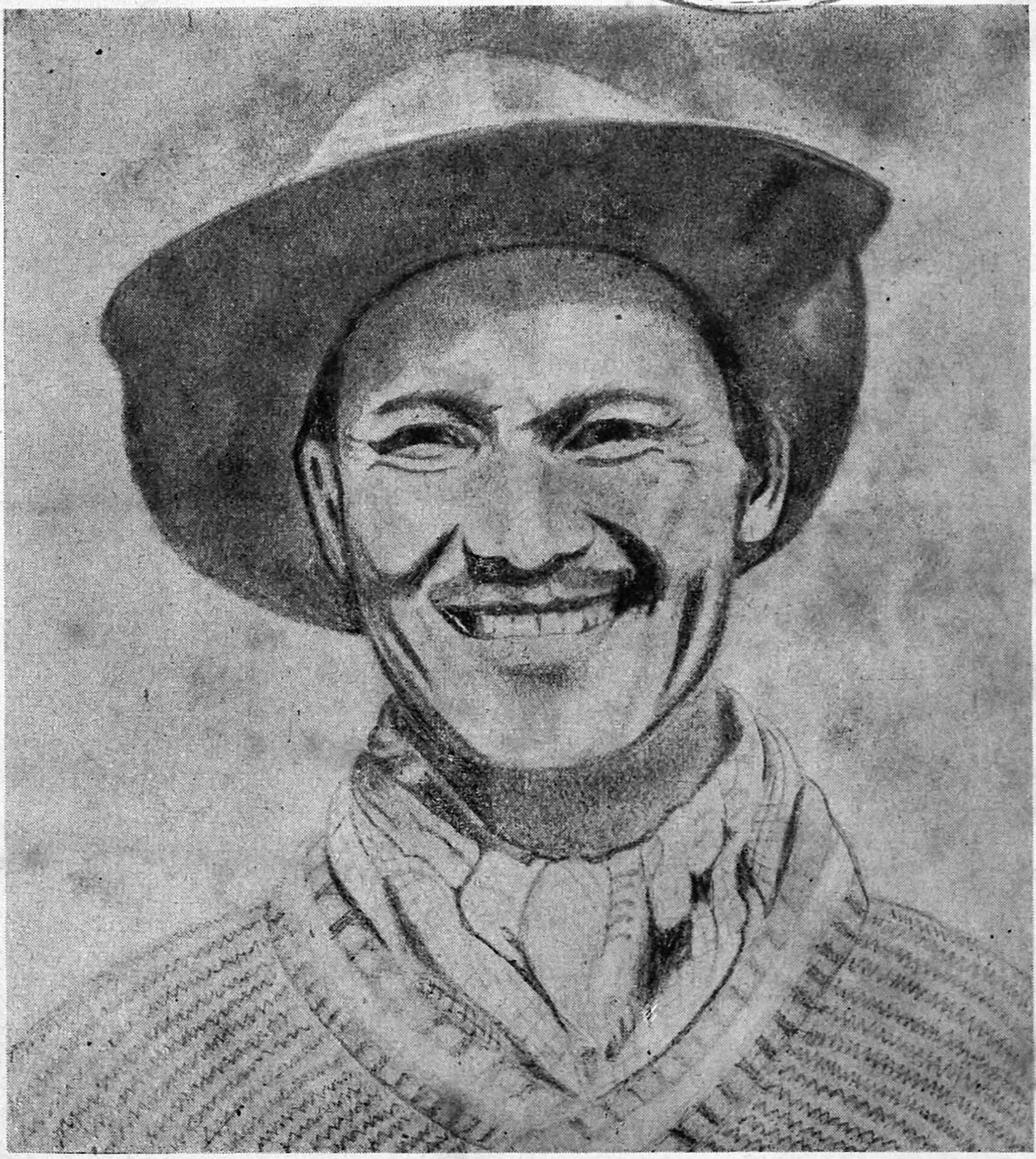

"EXCELSIOR"
SHERPA TENSING

Pencil Sketch by Pachinathan

10 DEC 1955

EDITORIAL

The Marian Year

THE Marian Year, a year dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Mother of God, began on Dec. 8th, 1953 and will continue till Dec. 8th, 1954. This Marian Year was proclaimed, to commemorate the centenary of the definition, by Pope Pius IX, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Our non-catholic brothers may not know exactly what we mean by this dogma. It is of course impossible, in the few lines of an editorial, to do full justice to such a stupendous truth, but we cannot refrain from saying some words in order that our non-catholic brothers may see what we mean. They will then understand the why and the wherefore of the special celebrations being held in this college by their catholic brothers.

On December 8th, 1854, the Head of the entire Catholic Church, Pope Pius IX, defined that the Blessed Virgin Mary "in the first instant of her conception by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved from all stain of original sin." Simultaneously with this exclusion of sin, the state of sanctity, innocence and justice was conferred upon her.

Heaven had been closed to the human race by Adam's sin of disobedience. God, who is Almighty, All-powerful, All-merciful, decided to come down upon this earth and redeem mankind. To become man, He required a Mother, but since He was God, He required a Mother absolutely free from sin. This Mother could be found only if He should by a special privilege and grace exempt a person from original sin. He *could* do this *because He was God* and He *did* do it, from the very first moments of Mary's conception. That is why we call it immaculate, pure, stainless. It is to honour Mary, Mother of Jesus, true Man but also true God, that we are celebrating this Marian Year, with pilgrimages to her shrines, with processions in her honour.

Mary is not only the Mother of Jesus, she is our Mother also, and as dutiful children we must obey her and do as she bids. She has told us at Lourdes and at Fatima to pray and to do penance, so that God may be pleased to hear our cries and give to the world the peace that it is in need of. Let us honour Mary in a special way during this year. She will obtain for us from her Divine Son, Jesus, all the graces and blessings we may need. Mary, Our Mother, pray for us.

Our New Rector

We must here record our most sincere welcome to our new Rector, Rev. Fr. L. C. Fernandes, S. J. He is not a stranger to Saint Joseph's having been here as a student in the Mathematics Honours Class. He has already shown that he has at heart the interests of Saint Joseph's and we are sure that under his able guidance the College will continue to do the good work that it has been doing for the past 110 years. We are very happy that our new Rector is also a member of the College Staff, lecturing as he does to the Mathematics students and also teaching Christian Doctrine and Apologetics to the I U.C. Catholic students. To have a renowned professor of Philosophy and Theology to give them a solid foundation in their religious beliefs should be a source of pride to them......AD MULTOS ANNOS.

Rev. Fr. J. Kalathil, S.J.

Captains of ships are often transferred from one ship to another, their transfer being necessitated either by the addition of new ships to the Navy or by some captains being forced by age or ill-health to retire from their commands, or by the fact that some captains relinquish their posts to take up higher responsibilities in administrative circles. The ship of Saint Joseph's has had many captains: brave, courageous, kind and courteous captains. Rev. Fr. Kalathil was one of them and he had to leave us in May, 1953 to take over command of the ship 'Loyola.' Can we ever forget him? Can we ever forget his sympathy with us in all our troubles? Can we ever forget his words of encouragement? Can we ever forget his daily walks around the College Campus and the smile that was ever present on his lips? Surely not. Neither can we forget all that he did to improve our farm, our play-grounds, our buildings. His heart was in Saint Joseph's and though he has gone to control the sister ship 'Loyola' he has left a memory here which we shall not forget. May God Bless you, Fr. Kalathil, and may you do for Loyola what you have done for Tiruchi and even more for the youth of South India.

Excelsior

No apology is offered for reproducing once more the picture of Sherpa Tensing. Apart from the fact that the portrait is a very fine specimen of pencil-sketching by one of our own students, it is also the portrait of a man whose determination and courage should be a lesson to all of us. He was made of the stuff that made an Abraham Lincoln, that made a Fridtjof Nansen, that made a Mahatma Gandhi, men who never looked behind them, men who "burned their boats and demolished their bridges," men whose motto was 'Forward' or 'Excelsior.' Had these great heroes of the world looked backwards, they might have

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faltered in their work. But they did not look back, they did not complain of the trials and sufferings that they had to undergo, their heads were turned forward and upward. And that is what we have to do in life's battle. Difficulties, trials, worries and disappointments will all be ours, but never mind......Forward! Let us march on bravely and the victory will be ours!

A Faithful Servant

Quite a pleasant function took place in the Lawley Hall on February 12th, 1954. Staff and students gathered in large numbers to felicitate our Head-peon, Ahamed Hussain on his completing fifty years of service in the College. As Rev. Fr. Principal so well pointed out, the Lawley Hall has seen many great men: Governors, Prime Ministers and Collectors, but perhaps the meeting that was most important was the meeting in honour of our Head-peon and that because of the lowliness of his station. Rev. Fr. Principal pointed out to the students that Hussain had done his duty faithfully for full fifty years and if more people in India did their duty so faithfully, India would progress very rapidly into one of the greatest nations of the world. Rev. Fr. Principal added that it did not matter what that duty was, provided that it was done well. Hussain was only a peon, but a peon who had never failed to do his duty, day in and day out for fifty years. Hussain was Saint Joseph's and Saint Joseph's was Hussain. The College belonged as it were to Hussain as did all the offices in the town, for very often Hussain would say, "Fr. Principal, do not worry, one of *my* old boys is in that office." Let us all learn a lesson of faithfulness to duty from our Hussain and may he remain with us for many more years to come. Hussain Ki Jai.

Andhra State

The new State of Andhra was inaugurated by Prime Minister Nehru on October 1st at Kurnool, the temporary capital. This was the result of long and determined agitation on the part of the Telegu-speaking Andhras which started many years back. The National Congress Party, already before the British had left the country, had promised the people of India a reorganisation of the states of India, but when this party came into power, it realised that it was more easy to promise than to put their promise into execution. However, the death of the Andhra patriot Potti Sriramulu, caused by his hunger strike undertaken to secure the formation of an Andhra State without delay, hastened things and Pandit Nehru said that a new state would be formed at once, provided that it did not claim the city of Madras. The decision was accepted by the great majority and after boundaries had been discussed and the divisions of assets and liabilities between Madras and the proposed state had been settled, the new state was born. Much uphill work has yet to be done

to put the new state on a firm basis but the Andhras are a determined people and under the Governor, Sri. C. M. Trivedi, are sure to succeed in making Andhra one of the best states in India. We wish the Andhras all success.

Andhra Loyola

All are by now aware that the Jesuit Fathers of the Madura Province of South India, are going to open a new College, in the month of June, in the new Andhra State. This is being done at the request of the people of Andhra themselves. Realising the good done by Loyola College of Madras, they would like to have a similar institution in their own land. Vijayawada has been chosen as the locality for the new College, and Loyola College, Madras is, as it were, the mother of the new College which will be called Andhra Loyola. But we must remember that Madras Loyola is the daughter of Saint Joseph's College, Tiruchi, so that we may now be considered the Grandmother of the New Andhra Loyola. Grandmothers are very fond of their grandchildren and so we of Saint Joseph's are very proud of the birth of Andhra Loyola and wish it all success.

Home, Sweet Home!

By K. Govindarajan, II U.C.

THERE is in the very heart of Tiruchi, a very sweet home, in which lives a family of three hundred and fifty children with their father to look after them. I am happy and really proud to reveal to you that I am one of the members of that large family.

All the requisites of true education are found there and are so inculcated into the minds of the children that when taking leave of his companions at the close of his studies to make his way through the large world, each member is able to say in all sincerity and truth, " Life is really worth living." This idea will haunt the minds of all the members till their very death, since the home works upon their minds in such a way that they really feel that life is worth living.

Unless the picture and the history of the place are well known it is not possible for one to grasp its beauty and the sweetness of the life there led. Our home is situated in one of the busiest parts of the town, where even during our hours of silence, we can hear the hustle and bustle of the ever-present crowd in the streets around. Keeping silence and studying in such surroundings is a test of character for we have to concentrate very hard on our studies amidst such a turmoil. This I believe, will help us in after life. If you have a room facing east, you will see the temple on the Rock-Fort; if you have a room facing west, you will see the College Church spire towering up into the blue sky. On certain nights the temple on the summit of the Rock is illuminated brightly with electric lights and this beautiful sight will lead to an association of ideas and make one think of the Pearl Mosque and the Taj Mahal, symbols of India's very ancient civilisation. Our home is guarded spiritually by these buildings dedicated to the service of God.

Though our home is situated in the centre of a town, nature is not absent. Every evening you can see a green parrot talking with our Warden, and at that sight, a number of other multi-coloured birds set up a chirping as if to draw a little attention to themselves. There are beautiful pigeons, so tame, that you cannot but be tempted to stop and gaze upon them for a while. All around the play-ground of our home and just before the New Block, beautiful trees give us just the amount of colour and of shade that we need. Near the dovecot is one magnificent specimen of a tree, with branches spreading far and

wide. This tree always reminds me of the famous old poem, "The Village Blacksmith" which begins thus:—"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands." We have under our spreading tree a new member that only recently joined our family. It is Mr. Monkey—a young monkey snatched from the jaws of death by our kind warden. This young member provides us with plenty of diversion and fun.

This place of beauty has a very interesting history behind it. Two hundred years ago Lord Robert Clive who sowed the seeds of the British Empire in India lived in this very house. We must realise that this contact between India and England was a providential arrangement; our history might have been quite otherwise had another country ruled us for so long. England and the English language have played a vital role in getting for India a seat in the gallery of progressive powers. Our contact with the English will live as long as English lives and English is an immortal language.

Let me now unfold to you the daily routine of life led in this historical place. At four in the morning the temple gong, or at five the College Church bell if we are lazy, arouses us from our sleep. Places of worship thus wake us up reminding us that we have to do our day's work under the eye of God and for His greater glory. Our toilet and morning meals are not different from anyone else's, except perhaps for the mirth and joy we have in the mess-hall. Games follow our morning meal and all of us are interested in some game or other. Even the few who have little inclination towards games when they join our family, soon become interested as the days roll by. In study hours we have a systematic way of working. Our Father Warden, the Head of the family in our "Family Gatherings" continually reminds us of the best way of studying. He begins his advice by "Work, boys, work! Study by writing and not by reading vaguely." He usually ends up by saying, "Work is thy aim and reward is not thy concern." Our Father Warden's maxims help us to overcome any negligence in studies and help us to settle down immediately after each vacation. On special occasions we invite guests and they are thrilled to see us so over-brimming with joy.

To conclude, every member feels that life is worth living, since he dwells in such a sweet home. We must all do our best to profit from living in such a home.

"Mid pleasures and palaces,
Tho' ere we may roam;
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Clive's House is our humble home and we are proud of it.

My Dream Land

By S. Thyagarajan, III U. C.

I did not want to spend any more of that night poring over the pages of my book; I wanted to have some relief and so made up my mind to take a stroll down the village street. The clock had long since struck twelve. The whole place was silent save for the occasional barking of a dog in the distance. A dim light was shining at the corner of one street and a slight breeze blowing into my face, exhilerated me and made me feel happy and free. While I was slowly walking towards the end of the village, a sudden cry rent the midnight air. "Stop!" was the command that I heard. I stopped and turned but saw no one and so I continued my walking, thinking that I had been mistaken when I had heard that command. However, I could not get rid of the feeling that someone was following me. Suddenly the same voice was heard again; "Where are you going?" it asked.

I now began to be really afraid but a flash of courage made me ask in my turn, "Who are you that thus speaks to me?" There was no answer. Everything had gone suddenly dark; the street light, visible a few seconds before, had disappeared and I found myself, (how I got there I do not know) inside a cave; I trembled with fear. I faintly heard a jingling sound, like that made by a group of dancers. The group seemed to be coming nearer because the sound was growing more distinct. I could see red flames in the darkness but could not distinguish any solid figure. Many gruff voices were chanting as in a chorus, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" The jingling sound grew louder. I tried to summon up my courage but it lasted only for a moment. I began again to tremble and perspire out of sheer fright. To run away was my idea—but my legs did not want to obey me; I could not shout as my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. The flames around me seemed to form strange figures and shapes, enveloped with a veil of smoke. Any little feeling of courage that I had had before, now completely deserted me.

Everything for a moment became quiet—but that silence was awful. Then once more the jingling sound of bells broke out afresh accompanied with shouts of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" I could now distinguish more sounds; the rolling of drums, the noise of roaring waves, peals of thunder, shrill cries of terrified children and the eternal 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' The flames crept nearer and nearer to where I stood—as if ready to pounce upon me and swallow me. I could bear it no longer—I screamed, yes! I screamed aloud and that scream brought me to my senses and I found myself on my easy-chair in my own room, with a book "Essay on Devils" in my hands. I had but been dreaming; my visit to Dream Land was awful; yet it was wonderful.

I wish to have more such dreams.

Television—How it Works

By S. Rangarajan, IV B. Sc.

Introduction :—

MUCH is heard of Television. To us in this country Television is only a dream that is to become a reality in the distant or near future. But we hear that with the help of Televisior we can see different occurrences that are taking place in different places, that while resting on an easy-chair, we can enjoy a thrilling boxing bout or a scintilating dance or an exciting cricket match. We are told that a Television set is something resembling a Radio set with a miniature cinema screen attached to it. We stand appalled at the possibility of such an achievement. But few of us try to bother about the fundamental principles that are involved in its working......In this essay, an attempt is made to explain the fundamental principles on which Television functions.

What is Television :—Television can be defined as "seeing by wireless." This is a rather crude and rough definition. Well, what exactly is Television? "Television is instantaneous vision over any distance by wireless" or "the transmission of sights and sounds by wireless at the moment of their occurrence." In the Radio, sound is transmitted through electromagnetic waves. In Television, objects also are transmitted through the same means.

History of Television :—Let us now briefly dwell upon the history of Television. In the year 1873, a Selenium conductor was accidentally discovered to possess the property of varying largely in its electrical resistance when light was incident on it. Hence if a Selenium conductor is connected to a source of current and a light of varying intensity allowed to fall on it, the current through the conductor will also vary in intensity. Variations in intensity of light can therefore be converted to variations in intensity of current. This is exactly what is happening in *Photo Electric Cells*. These cells are devices to convert varying light into varying current. The photo electric cell was first discovered in 1888.

The early experiments on Television were made after this discovery of the Photo electric cell, by a number of Scientists among whom Szczepanik, Rosing, and Belin are worthy of mention. They rarely succeeded; but they laid valuable foundations. In 1923, a further and

positive advance in the field was made by Baird of England. He succeeded in sending shadows. In 1925, Baird demonstrated his experiment of sending outlines of figures by wireless. That was a public demonstration. It created much excitement and interest in the public mind. But images obtained then were merely black and white. "A man's face, for example, appeared on the screen as an oval of white, like a white silhouette and if the mouth were opened a flickering white spot appeared."

But Baird strained every nerve to improve the image thus received and in the long run success which had till then eluded him, came. Towards the end of 1925, Baird succeeded in producing an image with details.

Television-broadcasts were started by the B. B. C. in September 1929. In America they made very rapid progress on the Baird system and now Television has become a commercial practicability in America and England, and even in France and Germany.

The Principles and working of Television :—Let us now pass on to explain the fundamental principles and the exact working of Television.

Here I presume that you know some details, at least, the main principles that form the basis of sound transmission. It will be better to draw here, the analogy between the transmission of sight—namely Television, and the transmission of sound—the Radio.

In sound transmission, the performer sits before the microphone (mike) and speaks or sings. The sound-waves he emits cause gentle impacts on a diaphragm inside the mike, the diaphragm vibrates in accordance with the sound-waves emitted by the person. These minute vibrations are converted into correspondingly very small variations of current which are passed through suitable amplifiers to intensify them. Then they are made to "modulate" the carrier wave of particular wavelength sent by the transmitting station. When this particular wavelength is tuned in by the receiving set with the help of the aerial, the modulations that occur in the carrier wave are separated by a detector valve, amplified and passed through a loud-speaker, which as you know, is operating on a similar basis as the mike. An "aural replica" of the genuine sounds that are transmitted is thus heard.

An exactly similar process takes place in Television. The object or the person to be *televised* sits before the "Television Camera." In this apparatus a spot of light of very great intensity is made to pass at a very rapid rate up and down and across the object. The object is thus *scanned.* Each and every minute particle on the surface of the object is *explored* by the spot of light.

The process of scanning can be easily understood by taking the analogy of reading. When reading a page of a book we start from the top left corner. The eyes move so as to read the first line; they flash back to the beginning of the second line and so on. Likewise in the process of scanning the spot of light traverses the whole object more than sixteen times per second. The rapidly moving spot of light is then reflected on to a photo sensitive device like the photo electric cell. This converts each and every variation in the intensity of the incident light into corresponding variations in electric current. The rest of the transmission is exactly the same as in the transmission of sound. These variations in current are amplified by means of valves and allowed to modulate a carrier wave of particular wavelength.

At the receiving stations these modulations in the carrier wave are received with the help of the antenna. The electrical impulses received are magnified and converted to light variations by means of a special device called the Neon Lamp.

Many other complicated devices are utilised to convert these light variations into an image which is a replica of the object transmitted.

Once these general principles have been assimilated it is then very easy to grasp the further details.

Well, what is the method employed to scan the object?

Television like the cinema depends primarily on the well-known optical effect namely, *persistance of Vision*. In the cinema sixteen pictures are flashed on the screen each second. So due to the lag of the eye it sees only one cojent effect. This is due to our being gifted with persistance of vision. There are several different scanning devices. In one of them a small spot of light is reflected on to a revolving mirror wheel as illustrated in the figure (I). The mirrors on the wheel are so arranged that the spot of light reflected from them, when they are rotating, moves vertically as well as horizontally in a regular and rapid manner.

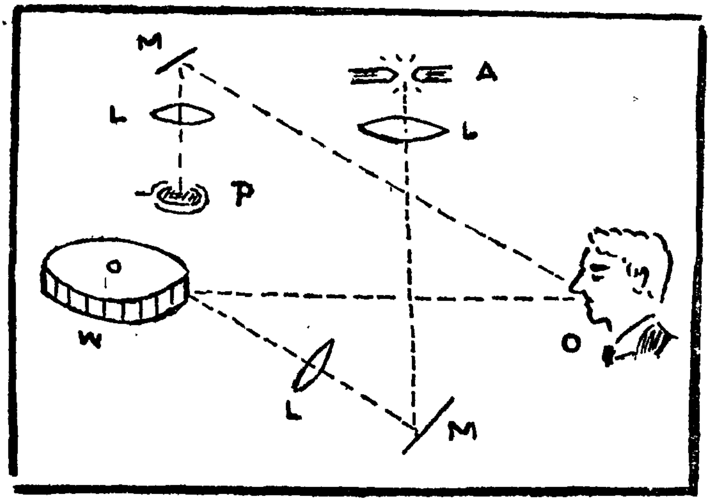

Fig. I

The modern method of scanning is to use a beam of electrons from a cathode (negative) plate. The electrons are shot out in perfect straight lines. Vertical and horizontal motion can be imparted to them by applying magnetic or electric fields along suitable directions. They then fall on a fluorescent screen and produce intense illumination. Thus the fluctuating spot of light is got. This travelling spot of light passes over and over again on the surface of the object. After being incident on the object it is scattered.

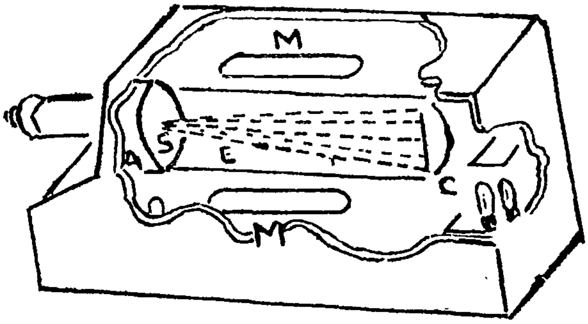

FIG. 2

The scattered light varies in intensity according to the surface over which it passes. Thus, when it passes over the eyebrows or shadows, the amount of scattered light is small, whereas when it passes over the teeth, the amount is large. If we place a battery of photo cells, which has been carefully protected from direct light and the scattered light is allowed to be incident on the battery, the varying light is converted to varying current. The current is amplified and sent through wireless.

Let us now come to the receiving system. The electrical impulses are received suitably. How to convert these electrical fluctuations into light of varying intensity and how to utilise this light to produce a replica of the object?

What is required is a lamp or a source of light that will respond quickly and faithfully to rapidly varying fluctuations in current.

The Neon lamp is the only known lamp that satisfies the requirements. Suffice it to understand that the sudden and quick variations in electricity can be converted into light fluctuations by means of the Neon lamp. There are many types of Neon lamps used.

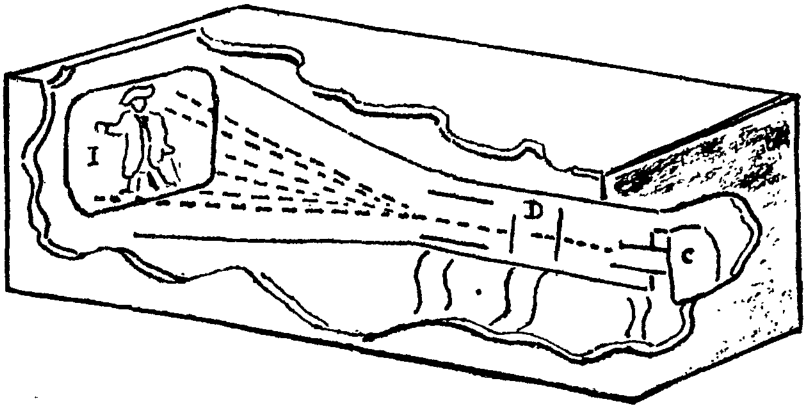

FIG. 3

To-day the Neon lamps have been replaced by cathode-ray tubes. The amplified current fluctuations are fed to the cathode-ray tube. So fluctuations to the current produce fluctuations in the intensity of the spot of light on the fluorescent screen. When this spot traverses the whole screen the image is built.

Conclusion :—We have thus come to the end of a rather brief elucidation of the principles and working of Television. Of course there are various other difficulties to be overcome. I have not explained any of them. One interested may refer to the several useful books published on this subject.

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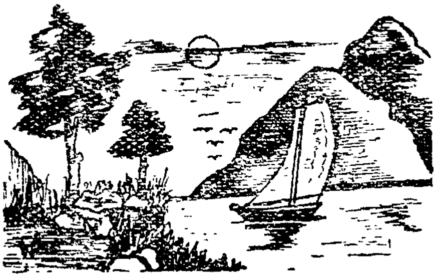
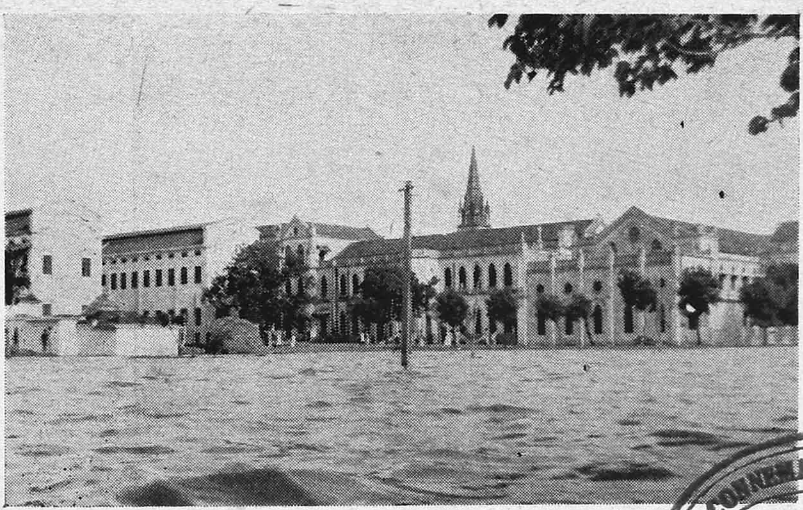


The only thing most of us know about the
speed of light is that it gets here
too early in the morning.

(Dublin opinion)

MOTHER CAUVERY VISITS ST. JOSEPH'S



" Water "

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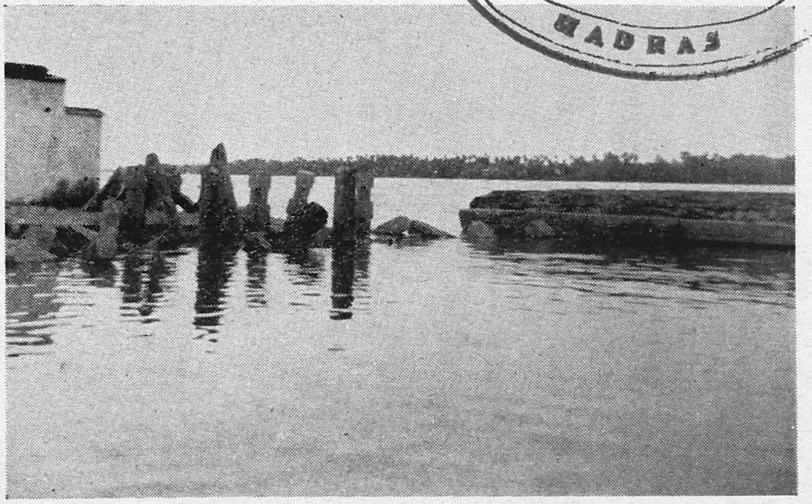
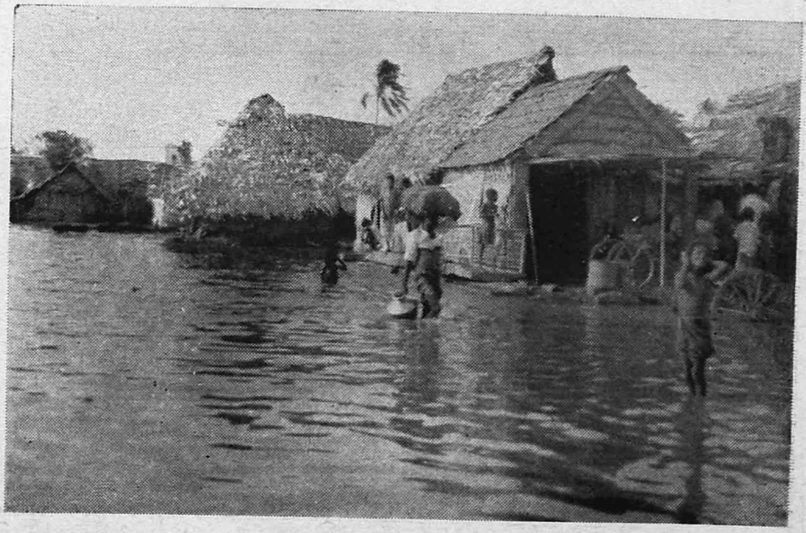


" Water "



" Everywhere "

Photos by K. S. Ramabadran, II U.C.

The College Avenue

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The College Garden

Photos by Maria Kanakaraj

False Evidence

Patrick Diaz, I U.C.

THE half-yearly exams. had just finished and I was waiting at the Trichy Junction for the Madras-bound Trivandrum Express, the time being 9-25 p.m. I was on my way to Madras for my vacation. The day had been wet and rainy. Outside the junction, it was dark but for a few stray street lights. In short, it was not a night for travel, but any way, travelling in a train was far better than spending another night in Trichy.

A bell rang to announce the arrival of the train. I was feeling a bit hungry and as the train would be stopping there for more than thirty minutes, I went into the restaurant for a short meal. The waiter taking some time to serve me, I was a bit delayed. Just when I was coming out of the restaurant, the train was slowly pulling out of the platform. In a hurry, grabbing my suit-case, I jumped into a compartment; it was a second class compartment.

I opened the door on my left and went in; it was dark, but still I could see there was something like a bundle of cloth, huddled upon the floor. Thinking that I had entered somebody else's compartment, I apologised and tried to move out; but there was nobody to be seen on the seats, so summoning up my courage, with a nervous hand, I put on the light.

Horror struck my eyes. It was a ghastly sight. It did not take a long time to recognise the corpse of a beautiful belle. She was in her late teens and looked decent, and cultured. She was wearing a georgette saree, with a blouse to match. I was confused at the thought that such a nice girl could be lying down there, crumpled up in a heap.

Blood rushed through my veins, I did not know what to do. Though I had read of many murder mysteries, I was simply dazed in getting mixed up in such an affair myself. My lonely presence in that carriage at that hour, was inexplicable. Fear seemed to grip my heart at the very thought. Then I realised that I could escape by getting into some other compartment at the next station.

My thoughts then went back to the girl. How could such a beautiful girl get murdered? Could her beauty itself, have been the cause of her death? It may have been a romance, that had brought her to such an end. Seeing a hand-bag on the seat, I picked it up and examined it.

Nothing special was there but for the usual junk in a lady's handbag, and a letter, addressed to Miss Kamalamani. Having read the letter, it was clear that she was running away to her lover in Madras.

My mind began to seek a motive for the crime. It might easily have been jealousy; but certainly robbery it was not, for she was still wearing expensive ornaments. As things were looking troublesome for me, I wanted to notify the proper authorities about this murder; so I pulled the chain. The train gave a sudden jerk and stopped dead.

Everything was still for a few seconds. I opened the door and waited for the authorities to make their appearances. Figures loomed out of the darkness one by one. One figure came straight to me and asked what had happened. I showed him the corpse. His face was expressionless. He looked like a man of strong character. In addition to his well built body, he was handsome.

He shouted to others to come. Among those who came were, the Guard, and Inspector of the railway police and a doctor. The doctor, after his medical examination, said that as the rigor mortis had just set in, and as the weather was cold, she might have been alive, even an hour ago and that death was due to strangulation.

Then came the thunderbolt. I was asked, "Have you seen this girl before?" "This is it," I thought. "They are bound to suspect me." Still I replied, "No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Where are you coming from?"

"Trichy!"

After examining my ticket, he asked again, "How is it that you are in a second class van, with a third class ticket?"

"As the train was pulling out when I entered the platform, I did not look for classes for fear of missing my train."

Then he asked a few more questions, who I was and what I was doing. In reply I told him, that my name was Sase Raj, I was a student and that I was going to Madras for my Xmas vacation.

Having talked in whispers, for a while with others, including the man who had called them, the inspector said aloud, "This gentleman, Mr. Vedanayagam says that he saw you getting into this carriage, about half an hour before the train started. Is that a fact?"

"No!" I burst out, "Look here, inspector, are you trying to accuse me of this murder? Do you think that I would be foolish

enough to call the authorities if I had murdered this girl, when I have ample means of escaping detection ?"

"You are welcome to argue, not here but in the court," and with a stern voice he demanded, "Right now, answer me, what were you doing in those thirty minutes ?"

I refused to answer and began to think. A stream of thoughts went through my mind. Why had this man given a false statement about me ? I had never done him any harm. He did not have any jealousy against me, nor was he afraid of me. I was worried as well as puzzled.

All this time' my head was bent down, my eyes went over my shoes and they were dirty. Shoes worn by others too were like mine, except one pair of shoes, that were shiny and clean. I wondered how they could be so nice in such wet weather. I looked up into the owner's face. It was the face of Mr. Vedanayagam. His clothes too were well pressed, unlike those of the other travellers. Thinking for sometime I came to the conclusion, that either he must have changed them recently or he was not coming from such a long distance as Madurai, as he had stated to the Inspector.

This started a train of thoughts in my mind. At last, it rested upon his expressionless face, when he had seen the corpse. I could not understand what was queer about it. Any way something was wrong there. Something was extraordinary. It took me some time, but at length I gave out my desire to speak to the Inspector alone.

When we were alone, I spoke out freely, "Inspector, from your words I gather that this man saw me enter this carriage, half an hour before the train pulled out. I have a cast iron alibi for the whole of that time; I was in the restaurant for more than thirty minutes, till the train started. That means, he is trying to frame me of this murder, by giving false evidence. Why ? It may have been to save his own neck. Just think it over.

"Secondly, when he came here as I stopped the train, it seemed that he was sure that something had happened here. I could tell by the way he came straight to me. He could not have been so sure where to come, unless he had already known it. If he was already aware of it, why had he not informed the police ? Leaving that aside, let us discuss his face when he saw the murdered girl. Usually when a person sees a dead body, his face simply must undergo some change of colour or expression.. Now he didn't show any sign of emotion at all. It was as blank as a newly white-washed wall. His expressionless face shows that he was prepared what to expect.

"The next point is about his clothes and shoes. When ours are all crumpled and damp due to the weather, how is it that only his are clean and fresh? Because he had changed them a short while ago. Why had he changed them at this time of night and that too on a journey? Because his clothes were so wet that he could not wear them. How is it that his clothes became so wet? Because he went out of his carriage in the rain. Now, where did he go in that pouring rain? He may have come to this compartment and done the murder. I am not sure but I have just a hunch. If you want proof, even now you may find his wet clothes and shoes in his own compartment.

"Now Inspector, if you still think, that I am the murderer, arrest me and I will make a lawyer rip wide open your case in the court."

"Good Heavens! This is really terrific! I couldn't have reasoned it out so well myself. I will see that you get a job in the police department, when you have finished your studies."

Sure enough, when we found out the wet clothes and shoes and stated our points, he broke down and confessed. He said that he had been in love with this girl and she, after encouraging him a lot, had left him and was running away to another man who was more wealthy. His own heart being broken, he went and pleaded with her to marry him, but she refused him bluntly. Then he got very angry and sought the proper time to carry out his vengeance. By bribing the servant girl of the victim, he had been able to read her mail. Thus he learnt that she was going on this train to her lover. To seek vengeance, he had risked his own life, by walking along the running boards of the vans in the train and in the rain.

When he had finished, it seemed, as if I had just emerged from a dreamy sleep. It was like fiction; I never thought that such things could happen in real life. Any way, I was glad to have a good night's rest after such an adventure.

Religion is the golden thread which
binds the soul to God.

Social Service among Lepers at Kumbakonam

By K. S. Rajendran, IV Hons.

10 DEC 1955
MADRAS

IN the annals of the Institute of Social Service of our College, October 1st, 1953 will ever remain a red-letter day, for it was on that day we, the students of the Institute, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Adisayam, our Director, went on our first study tour and visited the Sacred Heart Leper Asylum at Kumbakonam, by far the largest privately managed leprosarium in the whole of India. Started 16 years ago by Catholic Missionary endeavour, this asylum is today a model institution of social service among lepers.

On arrival at the asylum we were warmly welcomed by the Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Royaloo, who introduced us to the medical officer in-charge, Dr. C. I. Pereira. At the Dispensary we learnt a lot about the cause and cure of leprosy. The disease is caused by bacilli and it is infectious only by prolonged skin to skin contact. If there is any opening or wound in the skin the infection is inescapable and rapid. The secretion coming out of the wound of a leper may be repulsive but not infectious because the bacilli die as soon as they come out of the wound. There are different kinds of leprosy. There is leprosy that affects only the skin, there is another variety which affects only the nerves, and there is a third variety which affects both skin and nerves. The symptom of the disease is the thickening of the skin in different parts of the body. It is at this stage that infection is greatest and yet people do not realise this danger. Those who are apparently harmless are the deadly carriers of the disease and if these people are taught the danger they are in and the harm they cause others, much will have been done to

stem the spread of this fell disease. Here is ample scope for social work. Children are easily infected because the parents caress them and pass on the infection unconsciously.

On admission to this asylum a patient is thoroughly examined as a preliminary step to correct treatment. The blood is taken from the different parts of the body of the leper and tested. Different tests are applied to discover if the disease has affected only the skin or the nerves or both. Treatment is given accordingly. Every patient is given Charmogra oil bath once a week. D. D. S. and Sulphone are used in treating leprosy either in the form of injections or as tablets. There is no permanent cure for leprosy. If the disease is arrested and made non-infectious, the patient is discharged but the outside world does not realise that the patient is non-infectious and does not take him back into its fold.

In trying to remedy this unfortunate situation, the Sacred Heart Leprosarium serves as a veritable beacon of hope to the hundreds of destitute and despised lepers of South India. The Foreign Missionary Sisters who conduct this institution shower all their affection on these unfortunate persons and bring a ray of sunshine into their otherwise gloomy lives. The social service rendered here is of the highest order and we could not but notice it when we went round the wards. In this asylum nearly 500 lepers, men, women and children are treated, fed and clothed free. The Government gives a grant of Rs. 9/- per month for every patient under treatment which will not cover even a day's expense. And yet this institution is able to maintain itself through the munificence of generous benefactors from America and Europe. Here is a positive proof of the enormous service which foreign missionaries are rendering to the cause of suffering humanity and we cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for this devoted service.

While going through the men's wards we found many engaged in spinning. The charkha seems to be a favourite with these men. Cotton is obtained from the local co-operative society and the yarn is bought by the same agency while the lepers earn pocket money of 3 to 6 annas per day. This money they are allowed to spend as they please. Those who feel that they can do more take to weaving or carpentry. In the women's wards we found greater cheerfulness. Most of them came forward to show their skill in needle-work and embroidery. Here we felt that the Sisters were doing splendid social service in showing, by practical results, that even the derelicts of human society can be put to most useful work. We next came to the children's ward. There is a school attached to the asylum and there children are educated up to the Higher Elementary standard. The teacher is also a leper who has been rendered non-infectious by treatment in the asylum.

Our final visit was to the Chapel, a beautiful building set apart for religious worship. This is primarily intended for the Sisters who get at this place, every day, their inspiration and strength to carry on their naturally repulsive work with a supernatural love and loyalty. The inmates of the asylum are free to use this Chapel for their religious practice and many use it, and in consequence, realise that their lives are neither useless nor empty. It was indeed a very pleasing sight to see the lepers living together in peace and harmony forgetting all differences of caste or creed. When we took leave of the Chaplain, the doctor and the inmates of the asylum we felt that India needed many more institutions of this kind where self-sacrifice, devotion to duty and a high standard of religious fervour would impress upon every one the truth that even sickness can be a blessing.

Experience is a hard teacher. She gives
the test first and the lesson
afterwards.

The Little Bone

By S. Seetharaman, IV U. C.

A great shock came to me. It seemed that when fortune was just smiling upon me it was also frowning upon me.

I was employed as secretary to the big estate owner, Mr. Ranganathan. My duties were few, unimportant and pleasant, so I had the time of my life in long tramps over the big estate. My employer had lost his wife and had sent his daughter Latha to his sister's house. As he had not seen her for some years but for occasional and brief stays in his sister's house he now brought Latha with him to his own house 'Santineketan'. I fell in love with her at once. But I was after all only his secretary; how could I ask his daughter's hand? So like in the dream of the dumb man I writhed in ward with love, but could say nothing of it, and I tried to work as unconcerned as possible, satisfying myself with glances at her.

Paradoxically she was close to me but so far away. So in my agony and despair I thought of making money by hook or crook, since want of money was the main obstacle to getting her hand. At that time however a new thing happened to me that was destined to change the whole course of my life. One day as I was working in the library, when I leaned over the table to drag a heavy book from the bureau, suddenly I felt a numbing pain and then I knew no more . . . . .

When I regained consciousness I found myself surrounded by the anxious Ranganathan, and the family doctor. The doctor could tell me no reason for the attack but could only suggest rest and an invigorating sweet tonic. I obeyed his instructions, but for all that the attacks continued. The doctor therefore made an appointment for me with a specialist in the city.

A day or two before my appointment with the specialist a long letter came from a solicitor informing me that I was the legatee of my late lamented and rich uncle. I felt elated at the prospect of realising my dream. This Eldorado made me very happy. I made an immediate appointment with the specialist as well as with the solicitor in the city.

With the permission of my boss I went to the city. There I first went to the solicitor's office and he informed me that I had inherited about a lakh of rupees. Overjoyed at this sweet smile of Lady Fortune I went to the specialist's office in all hopes and cheery smiles, little thinking of the foreboding doom that was to shatter my hopes for ever.

The Specialist was a man of serious temperament, unlike the family doctor. He examined me thoroughly under the X-rays for a long time and then with a very serious face told me hesitatingly but bluntly the truth regarding my condition. There was a little bone near my heart, a freak of nature ; it had been slowly moving towards the heart and was almost touching it. The swoons were the result of it occasionally touching the heart. He informed me also that there could be no operation since the bone was too near the heart and that I would die as the bone pressed harder against my heart, and that at most I could live only six months. He prattled on about this and that, but I had no ears for him. " Only six months to live ! " echoed in my ears again and again. Somehow or other I made my way out of his office.

Just at the time when fortune had smiled upon me, the black thunderous clouds of devastating doom had fallen upon me like a downpour of lead. Like a black cloud that stands for a moment upon the cliff and then gathering momentum drives its fierce avalanche of rain upon the plains, like the swarm of locusts that comes all of a sudden and destroys the hopes of the farmer in a year of plenty, this little bone, this wretched thing, had shattered all my hopes and aims in life.

I trudged wearily back to Santineketan. There, Mr. Ranganathan met me. I did not alarm him with the catastrophic news but said that the specialist had ordered me to go a hilly place. I also told him of my fortune. He congratulated me and showed deep concern about my health and asked me to take as much leave as I required, since it would not inconvenience him. I spent my days wearily but with some pleasure at being nursed by Latha because I fell into a high fever the next day.

Soon I became strong enough to go to Kodaikanal and prepared myself for the journey. I thought of spending the rest of my life wandering over the hills as happily as possible. I had written a will leaving all my property to Latha in case of my sudden death predicted by the specialist.

The day before my departure to Kodaikanal I went for a last look over the estate where I had spent so many years of happiness. The peaceful scenery soothed my nerves. The corn fields with yellowish-green crops gently blowing in the wind, the murmur of the rivulet irrigating the fields, the sheep bleating and the cattle mowing, the deep red sun glowing against the multi-coloured clouds all calmed my nerves and filled me with the resignation of an Indian soul.

I was standing upon a small knoll which overlooked the whole estate when suddenly I saw a deeper red than that of the sun, in the direction of Santineketan. I began to run. In all my life I had never run like that. I could have broken the cross-country record. As I approached the house I found it burning fiercely and Mr. Ranganathan with some

burns seated in a garden seat but I found no Latha. At that moment I heard a cry 'help' from one of the upper windows.

I hurried off to the shed, took the ladder, ran with it back to the window and ascended it. There was Latha and I asked her to go down the ladder first and then I would follow. Meanwhile a part of the wing had collapsed under the ladder and the ladder too was beginning to burn. Seeing this Latha asked me to go first.

I implored her to go and told her that since I loved her more than myself she must go to safety. The reply of Latha was astounding. She loved me more than herself; she would not go first. These words which should have been the joy of my ears produced in me no happiness but despair. How could a man with only six month's life ask a healthy and pretty girl to marry him. But I argued with her that since she loved me more than herself that she must give my words the same esteem as she gave to me and must go first. She accepted and went down.

As soon as she reached safety, I began to descend. The flames had come up the ladder and were now burning more fiercely. I had still twenty feet to go. The ladder shook at every second, billowing clouds of smoke filled my nostrils and made me gasp for breath. The nagging pain in my chest began its work along with the overworked panting lungs.

Suddenly the ladder gave way and I fell in a heap upon the burning inferno. I knew no more . . . . . .

When I came to my senses I found my boss and Latha anxiously watching me. I smiled faintly to reassure them. Then I saw the beaming face of the specialist who was holding a little bone in his hand, and suddenly I felt happy.

My fall had been one of the luckiest in the world, for the bone had been deflected from its original place and he had operated on me and taken it out. There were now no obstacle for the realisation of my dreams. Thank God, the worker of miracles!

I could now think of the 'Little Bone' as one of the happiest things of my life. But for it, I could not have saved Latha. Reckless as I had been, my only thought was to save her.

Mr. Ranganathan informed me that my fortune was of no moment to him since he had already thought of giving his daughter's hand to me and had purposely, like Prospero, made us meet each other.

Agricultural Research at Aduthurai

By ***T. N. Seetharaman, III Hons.***

RESEARCH plays an important part in any progressive field of study. In an agricultural country like India, where more than three-fourths of the population is dependent on Mother Earth for their daily bread, it is needless to emphasize the importance of research in the field of agriculture. The growing population and the increasing needs of the people call for an increase in the production of foodstuffs. Our national government and the state governments are doing their best in this direction by establishing agricultural research stations in the different parts of the country and these are expected to serve as ocular demonstrations of efficiency and progress for the ryots and cultivators. The Agricultural Research Station and the Central Banana Research Station, Aduthurai, are two such centres in the country which I had the privilege of visiting last October as one of a group of students of the St. Joseph's Institute of Social Service.

Aduthurai is a small village, seven miles from Kumbakonam. The Aduthurai Agricultural Farm, established in 1922, has been carrying on research successfully on 52-55 acres of land. During the 30 years of its existence it has achieved much. The foremost achievement is the demonstration that intensive cultivation of paddy is possible by the use of green manure and that every field can produce its own requirements of green manure along with the regular paddy crop. Special mention should be made here of the type of green manure-Sesbania Speciosa (Seemai Agathi in Tamil) recommended by this farm. Sesbania can be raised along the bunds and margins of an acre of paddy field along with

the paddy crop and the quantity of green manure produced is between 4000 and 6000 pounds (lbs.) which is enough to fertilise that one field. The plant also gives the ryots seeds enough to raise manure for the next crop. Sesbania does not require much care and attention and can be raised (even without irrigation) in paddy fallows. The roots do not go deep into the soil and hence it is easy to pull out the plant whenever required. The total production of green manure raised in this farm has risen from 20 tons in 1948—49, to about 400 tons in 1952—53, and the rice production has also doubled by the use of green manure.

The next achievement of this farm is to show that paddy fields need not remain fallow during summer months and that it is possible to grow in that period successfully and profitably a crop of cotton by the installation of filter points for tapping subsoil water. The farm has succeeded in tapping subsoil water at the rate of 16000 to 20000 gallons per hour and this source of water helps to cultivate a crop of long-staple cotton.

Last but not least, the farm has been experimenting in Hybridisation, by way of research. By means of experiments on different varieties of paddy it is trying to evolve saline and blast resistant varieties. This is a very long process but we are told that the farm has already succeeded in evolving 4 or 5 varieties which are widely used in the Tanjore District. Plant protection methods have also been evolved and these are found to be simple and within the reach of the poor peasant. Research is conducted on the methods of counteracting pests and crop diseases. The farm has an Entomological loboratory where the velocity of the wind, the intensity of sunshine, the temperature of the soil are all observed and recorded daily. By such a recording for some 10 years the farm can predict weather conditions with precision for the benefit of the cultivators. The farm maintains a few bulls and cows, a modest poultry and some beehives.

A mile away from this farm is the Central Banana Research Station, covering an area of 25 acres of nanjai lands of which 17 acres are planted with bananas and the rest with paddy. The Research Station

which was started in 1948 has 150 varieties of bananas. Banana is a universal term adopted for plantain and has a wider sense than plantain. Some of the varieties found here are these:—Gros Michel, which is said to be the world's best variety, Red bananas, Poovan, Mondhan, (the best variety for cooking purposes), Peyan, Rasthali, Pacchainadan, Kullan, Musa Sapientum, (the fruit of the wise men), and Musa Paradisiaca.

The special feature of this station is perennial cultivation carried on continuously from sucker to sucker for 50 years and more. This is possible only in Padugai lands where the soil is not exhausted for a very long period. Banana suckers are planted at the rate of 600 plants per acre is basins at distances of 8 or 9 feet. A basket of cattle manure is put into each basin. After three months, around each plant a pit of 3 feet in diameter is dug and a basket of cattle manure and 10 ozs. of ammonium sulphate are put in and the pit is covered. After two months again a pit 4 feet in diameter is dug around each plant and the same dose of manure as before is administered. The growth is till the 13th month. In the meanwhile suckers come up all round the plant and the unwanted suckers are removed. This process is known as "Desuckering". The surface near the plant is given diggings, surface and deep, at specified intervals. The main harvest is in November and December.

On the Research side, the plants are given diggings at various intervals and are subject to different treatments and the results are observed. The station conducts monthly planting and tries to find out in which month the yield is large. It also crossbreeds tall bananas with Kullan and thus evolves medium-tall bananas. Experiments in Desuckering are also performed here. Methods of counteracting diseases which affect bananas are also experimented.

Both the Agricultural Farm and the Central Banana Research station at Aduthurai are doing very good service to the ryots and we hope that in the years to come, they will continue to be a source of inspiration to the cultivators and thus promote the agricultural progress of our country.

Gandhi Gram

By N. K. Ramachandran, III B. Sc. (Chem.)

SIX years ago Srimathi Soundaram Ramachandran a Veteran Social worker, started Gandhi Gram in a pleasant spot near the Sirumalai Hills, 7 miles to the south of Dindigul, on the way to Madura. Her aim in starting this institution was to put into practice Gandhiji's constructive program and train people to establish a self-sufficient Village Swaraj. Within the short period of six years Gandhi Gram has achieved remarkable progress and is today a training centre for Social Education Organisers and Village Level workers under the community project of the First Five-year Plan of the Government of India. On the 3rd October, 1953, we, the members of the Institute of Social Service of our College, had the good fortune to visit Gandhi Gram and see for ourselves the good work done there.

The first great work of Gandhi Gram is to train women to play their part in Rural Reconstruction. There are 80 girls under Grama Sevika Training. There are 60 adult women, some of them destitutes, who prepare themselves to become either teachers or midwives. There is a Teachers' Training School open to men and women, with a basic education school attached to it. There is also a maternity hospital, a few furlongs away. Thus women get practical training in a school or in a hospital. They have a separate hostel and they are supported by a grant from the Kasturibai Memorial Fund.

The next important work is the rehabilitation of destitute children. Foundlings are brought up with more than motherly care and the place where they are cared for goes by the name of pre-basic school. The person who is incharge of this section of Gandhi Gram is an eversmiling, ready-witted, cultured lady who trains the children with a devotion which deserves admiration and praise. When we saw her at work we realised the truth of the statement that personality is the key-stone of successful achievement. For the maintenance of these destitute children the Madras Government gives a substantial grant.

With the inauguration of the Community Project, the training of Social Education Organisers and Village Level workers has been entrusted to Gandhi Gram. The State Governments select their men and send them to Gandhi Gram to undergo training for the post of Social Education Organisers. The training lasts 11 months, five months of theory in Gandhi Gram, five months of active work in a Community Project area and one month for reorientation in Gandhi Gram. The subjects taught are Social Psychology, Principles of Social Work, Rural Economics,

Civics, Social Education, Religion, History and Culture. As for the Village Level worker any one with S. S. L. C. standard is admitted and the training lasts six months. The subjects taught are Village Economics, Village Administration, Agriculture, Public Health, Adult Education and Village Uplift. Trainees for the post of social education organisers and village level workers have to do village uplift work every day in the neighbouring villages. Since Gandhi Gram is also the Headquarters for the Community Project area in the Madura District, the training for community project personnel is easy. There are 30 villages attached to Gandhi Gram and steps are taken to improve irrigation by means of digging new wells, renewing old ones, fixing filter points, etc. The use of green manure, application of chemical manure, methods of over-coming plant diseases and insect pests and other means of improving agriculture are taught. Among the means of giving a supplementary income to the villager, Khadi takes a prominent place and it is a pleasure to note that every one in Gandhi Gram is able to spin and wear Khadi made from yarn spun in the institution itself. In the matter of village sanitation and rural culture Gandhi Gram serves as a shining example for others to follow.

The characteristic feature of Gandhi Gram is its insistance on community life. Every one living there has to follow a set programme. From 5 A. M. till 10 P. M., every one is expected to be busy with something or other, performed in common. All are bound to attend the morning common prayer. Work is assigned to each one either to clean up the place or cook the food and serve the meal. Out-door work in the farm occupies the forenoon. Classes, discussion groups and entertainments like drama, folk songs, keep the inmates busy till late in the evening. Training in self-government is given by allowing the students to manage their own mess and their own discipline. For this purpose a committee is formed which is called a cabinet with a prime minister, a food minister, a finance minister, a cultural minister, health minister, etc.. Each one will be in charge of a particular branch of the administration.

Thus Gandhi Gram is an attempt to give a practical shape to what the Americans call Social Group work, a process by which men and women of different temperaments live together and work together, to achieve a common purpose. In Gandhi Gram, learning is by living and the consequent interaction with different personalities teaches the difficult lesson of give and take, which is so neccessary for social harmony. If the experiments conducted in Gandhi Gram produce the hoped for results, we shall soon realise our fondest hope of having a casteless society which will set India on the path of progress, prosperity and peace.

Rejected Articles

By M. Venkataraman, II U.C.

OURS is an age of advancement in many respects. In one respect, certainly, it has far eclipsed all previous ages and that is in journalism. Journals and magazines and newspapers, daily and weekly have multiplied a thousandfold and consequently there is a never-ending cry for articles. It would seem that this is the best time for all to contribute articles. But 'A seeming heaven proves oft a damning hell.' If you take stock of the position it must be clear to you that the prospect before you is not after all so rosy as it may seem. For as in the story of the *Ancient Mariner* who had water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink, we have journals, journals everywhere, but not one to publish our articles in.

Can you believe that there was a time when journalism was crawling on all fours and when it had to be fed and brought up by articles, the force of which lay solely on their merit? But now when it is able to stand upon its own legs firmly, it treats you like a stepmother. It even now welcomes your articles as before, but not with the view of publishing them but only of rejecting them. Be therefore disillusioned. Do not get angry when you find your own merit underrated. Editors may try to murder you in cold ink saying 'rejected with thanks'; but animate yourself with the thought that not only your articles but also those of many another undiscovered genius are sent back to the sender. It may be cold comfort, but you must be satisfied with that, especially in view of the fact that you can have nothing else to console yourself with.

What is it then, if not the excellence of the article, that counts most for its publication? It is no doubt the name that presides over the front page of the article. We are told that in ancient days, when a person was appointed to any post, his qualifications were considered. This might be only a superstition, but I assure you, every editor really considers your qualifications before publishing your articles. "Does this contributor hold any important office? Has that contributor a good preface to his name? If so, publish it." They do not open your cover and examine your article: they look at your name. If it scintillates to their eyes, your article is welcome. If it emits no known light, there is the capacious W. P. B.

Then it must be a fact that rejected articles are more often than not superior to those published. Read articles, I admit, may, at times,

be good, but those unread are often better. If we could have a magazine in which all the rejected articles were published each month, we should certainly find there the best articles for the month. I will relate a funny incident to show the veracity of my statement. Once a humorous author contributed an article to a journal. He was not then the boss that he is now. Need I say that his article was rejected? But after a time when he had become a great man, he sent the same article to the same journal. Need I add that his article was published? Unfortunately all great men do not preserve their rejected articles to send them to the press later on. We ourselves must be well advised and provide for the future. We should preserve our rejected articles.

In these days of advanced journalism there are but three ways of gaining publication for your article. The first one is, of course, to become great and then to send your articles to the press. In this case you can have all your articles in the press like De Quincey. This is a rather slow process, but remember, a sure one. The second way is to knock constantly at the door of the press which is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys. You wait and bear all the insults the king at the golden castle may hurl at you, until he finally takes pity on you. This is a rather troublesome task for he offers you various sorts of insults. Once a good short story was handed over to an editor by the author in person. The editor read a few lines here, and a few lines there, and, to the consternation of the author of the article, tore the manuscript sheets into a square. He handed back the article to the author saying, "Never mind, fill in the gaps and send the article back to me and we shall make it whole."

The third method is to send your articles to journals like your College Magazine or your Debating Society journals, usually, manuscript ones. When I say that you will find here guaranteed publication for your articles, I mean no disrespect to those journals. These editors do not receive articles in great numbers. Hence they can afford the time to consider the merits of your articles and publish them. Anyhow we get justice at their hands, and we are therefore ourselves justified in our writing.

We find therefore that things are not over-bright in the region of journalism. We are faced here with the tyranny of 'snobism' to which journalism inevitably, in the very nature of things, falls a prey and from which, it has to be rescued. This tyranny, like that in every other field, will die the death, for you can tyrannize over some people all the time, all people some of the time, but not all people all the time.

Hilaire Belloc– A Personality

By Francis J. Lanithottam, III U.C.

THE death of Hilaire Belloc on the 16th of last July, has removed away from our midst, a learned scholar, a humorous novelist and an ecstatic poet. No more will he adorn English literature with his inspiring authorship, nor engage his devoted readers with the ready and picked humour of his novels. Master of the language as he was, he could write on a variety of subjects. At the early dawn of his literary career he took to journalism and finally reached the meridian of his brilliance as an eminent writer, a novelist and a poet.

Humanism is the pivot around which Belloc's works revolve. In his humanistic philosophy he originated a reformation of his own in that literary field of his labour. Born and bred in Christianity, Belloc's humanism necessarily tended to be Christian. He perceived joy and virtue in life in his foundation in Christ, whence springs out all consolation and comfort in the vicissitudes of life. That Christian mirth incited him to fill the avalanche of his works with high ideals and noble philosophies. He took a tragic view of the major portion of humanity deviating in its daily march, from the right path. There is hardly any of his books, in which he has not imparted a message on Religion. " One's native place is the shell of one's soul and one's church is the kernel of that nut." In his historical works, deflections of human nature account for the several crises in European history, and not exclusively external forces. Coming to the period of Reformation, Belloc takes a bird's eye view of the whole of Western Europe. The peoples of Europe were held together by the bond of Christian Charity and Love, the Church under the Gospel of her love brooded over that fraternal unity. Belloc paints in a terrific, style the aftermath of that catastrophic doom which plagued the whole of Europe. Europe was rent asunder. People lost their faith and divided themselves into hostile camps. The economic system of Europe was overthrown. Battles and wars began to show their heads in different corners. The soothing influence of the Church was overthrown by the reformers and their satellites. England would not have been contaminated, had it not been for the depravity of Anne Boleyn's character. Concluding that account of the Reformation, Belloc

dogmatically holds "In such a crux there remains the historical truth that our European structure built upon noble foundations of classical antiquity was formed through, exists by, is consonant to, and will stand in the mould of the Catholic Church." "Europe will return to the faith or She will Perish."

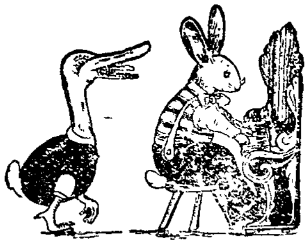
If Wordsworth has excelled all English poets in bringing out the solemnity of wild and lonely nature, Belloc has relished most the loneliness and the turmoil of Nature. He has a singular genius in portraying in his prose, Nature in all its details. In that heroic exploration of the Pyrenees and the Alps of which we have an elaborate account in his "Path to Rome," the steep glaciers he crawled up, the forests and valleys he traversed, all are presented to us in a neat and dexterous handling of the language. We also share his thrill and emotion when he is perched on the shoulder of that fiendish man who carries him across the tumultuous river of Taro. Our curiosity is stimulated, when, compelled by the sheer fatigue of his arduous journey, he forces himself into the shade of that moving cart whose driver is fast asleep. What a mutual recognition between the two sleeping strangers. "We, neither of us really woke until, at the bottom of the hill which rises into Acquapendente, the oxen stopped. This halt woke us up; first me and then my companion. He looked at me a moment and laughed. He seemed to have thought all this while that I was some country-friend of his who had taken a lift; and I for my part had made more or less certain that he was a good fellow who would do me no harm. I was right and he was wrong." A feeling of sympathy for him is awakened in us when he is forced to sleep at night in a manger at Radicofani with straw for his bed, a wooden plank for pillow and the staring horses to guard him.

Belloc's "Cruise of Nona" and the "Hills and Sea" are on a par with R. L. Stevenson's fictions of adventure. The distinction between Jim Hawkins' "Small boat" and Belloc's "Nona" is one of size; but the "Cruise of Nona" is not an exclusive account of the author's adventure on the English seas. This narration of his merry sailing is interwoven with his political criticisms and deep penetration into the social condition of Europe as well as of England. The force of his sarcasm reaches its zenith in the expression of these criticisms. He is exceedingly disgusted with the contemporary institutions and classes—the gaping corruption of Governments, imbecile parliaments, intriguing politicians, money-mongering parliamentarians and capitalistic bosses. Dwelling on the post-war period, Belloc says, "After the war, Europe instead of continuing the rule of soldiers, as it should have done returned to its vomit, and the parliamentary figures of the old degraded day put on again costume and grease paint, filed back upon the stage and began

to play their old antics as though nothing had happened." But he is at the same time surprisingly magnanimous over Mussolini's "sincerity and devotion to serve his country." Belloc was a convinced advocate of distributed ownership as is laid bare in his "servile state." The ever increasing supremacy of Capitalistic classes in England and Europe found no favour with him . . . . . . "The most dangerous gaps in the field of statement are the advocacy put forward for a capitalistic control of our lives and the suppression of facts inimical to that control". Of the influence of physical discoveries on Catholic culture, Belloc says, it is the same as mathematical studies at Cambridge, on intellectual vision. Belloc was bellicose to uphold his convictions, and he was pugnacious in his personality. He was too strong to be succumbed by arguments on the platform or criticisms from the press. He fought a good fight in defence of his principles, he finished his course and he kept his faith.

Simplicity of style and delicacy of humour are the salient features that distinguish his works. When critics ascribe that lusciousness and economy of language to his French nationality, his sense of humour is derived from his Irish mother; if he is pedantic occasionally, it is answerable to his familiar association with English institutions. What made him a brilliant writer was his early tutelage under Cardinal Newman, himself a master of English prose. There was a concurrence of events and environments that formed Belloc as he was. Beloved of God and man as he was, his memory will be held in benediction.

"The passerby shall hear me still
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill."



The Final Glow

By R. Ramamurthy, II U. C.

"LOOK, Balu! My Nirmal is very happy. The plane is taking off. He is on his way to New York...He is going on a Government scholarship.... He will return soon...See how happy he is!...how happy I am!...After his return...Balu...the day will come...The music, the plantain trees and the chanting priests......I shall be happy...Balu...very happy......!"

In the flickering light of the dim lamp, I looked up at the doctor. He avoided my glance and gathered up his things. Then with his eyes fixed on the floor, he came up to me and patted my shoulder, saying, "It comes to every one, man. Have courage! God is kind!" With that he crossed to the door, leaving Chanchal restlessly mumbling to herself in high fever. And in the physicians' wrinkled face I saw no sign of hope.

I threw myself on the chair that stood beside her bed and wrung my hands in utter despair. Before me lay my only sister fighting a losing battle with death. That she should suffer like this at the very first blossom of her youth was unbearable to me, and I muttered to myself, "What wrong we have done? O God! Why should you choose our poor home for this tragic drama? If I am a sinner I must be the sufferer. But why my poor innocent sister?"

I bit my lips hard. I tried to break my head against the wall. And in that bitter moment of agony, I felt an irrepressible desire to lay my hands on the wicked one who had brought her to this plight and slowly strangle him to death, to the death that hovered over my sister.

My eyes rested on the lamp that was fighting for its existence against the strong wind and my thoughts went back sixteen years. My mother had died on the very first day of Chanchal's life. And we were both brought up by our father. Last year my father died in the plane crash near Calcutta. I had finished my college studies and now I was an engineer in the Post and Telegraph's Department.

Nirmal was a blood relation of my father and also my classmate. He was born to rich and prosperous parents. Intelligent and industrious,

he had brought his collegiate career to a record-breaking triumphant close. He was given a Government scholarship for advanced studies at the Harward University and had left for America a week ago.

He used to visit us very often. But it seemed to me a condescension on his part. At first, he visited us only when I was in the house. Then he used to come at any time whether I was in the house or not. In due course, I found that he did not come to meet me but my sister. I had no love for him. He was too conceited to deserve that. But poor Chanchal, she had readily sacrificed her heart at the altar of his genius.

Day after day went by. But Nirmal had shown no sign of response. He kept aloof. And in the paling complexion of my Chanchal, I could discern that she had taken the blow to heart. I dared not touch the topic for fear of offending her. But at times when I hinted at it, she struck such a joyous attitude that I felt amazed. For those brief moments, her cheeks became rosy again and her eyes sparkled with all their brilliance. She was hopeful. But it was a hope that disillusioned itself the moment Nirmal's plane had gone beyond our sight.

We had not received a single letter from him after his departure. I was waiting for a letter but Chanchal was more anxious than myself to get one. Our hopes were shattered. And now, to face the grim realities before me! It was too harsh, too cruel and there came upon me once again the agony and despair of a hunted deer.

There was a knock at the door; it was the postman. He threw a letter into the room. The letter was stamped with U. S. postage. With a sudden rush of hope, I picked up it and ran to Chanchal. In a faint voice she asked me to read it.

The gentle wind was blowing and the lamp was flickering with intensified agitation as I began:

My darling Chanchal,

I have just alighted at New York and this letter, you will be surprised to know, is the first job I am doing. All along the journey, my thoughts were centred round you and I was cursing myself for having tried to be unmindful of you so long. Please, darling, for the sake of God, forgive me and lend me thy hand.

Ahead of me lies a long period of hard work. I believe your charming face with its sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks and loving smile shall ever be before my mind's eye to encourage me and to enliven me.

Believe me, my dearest, I have all these days suffered in silence, concealing my love for you, in the foolish fear that it might affect my studies. But now I can conceal it no more. It has overpowered me and I am helpless. Help me, therefore, my loving heart.

Darling, please convey my best hearty wishes to my dear Chandra, your Babu.

I am waiting, anxiously, for your reply.

Yours for ever,

N. R. NIRMAL

My mounting excitement and joy were expecting a quick recovery of rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes by Chanchal; but she was sinking fast.

"Babu," she called out with a desperate effort, "Look, Babu...... Nirmal's plane is descending......Ah!......he is coming......Babu......let the marriage feast be prepared."

And then with a final glow, the lamp went out.

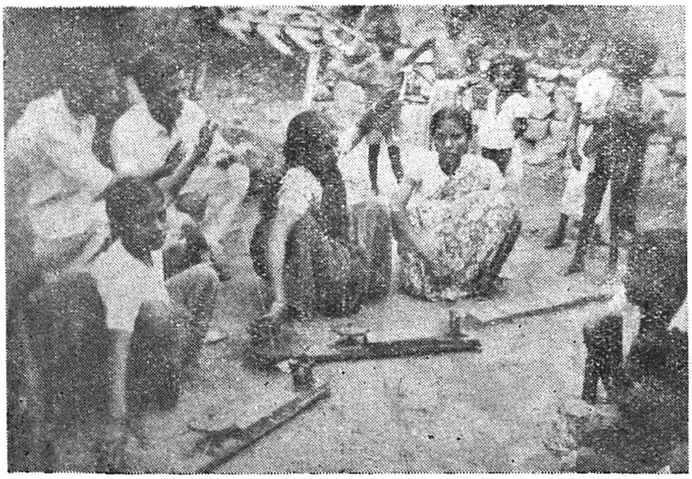
Things done by halves are never done right.

Social Service at Paduvainagar

By F. Cyril Antony

WITH the inauguration of the Institute of Social Service by Rev. Father Adisayam on the 2nd of July, 1953, in the presence of the staff and students of the Diploma Course in Social Service, a new chapter was opened in the social service activities of our college. The theoretical knowledge acquired through the class-room lectures has contributed in no small measure to the success of our social work in the slum areas. The most noteworthy achievements are to be found in Paduvainagar which may justly be called a model centre of social service.

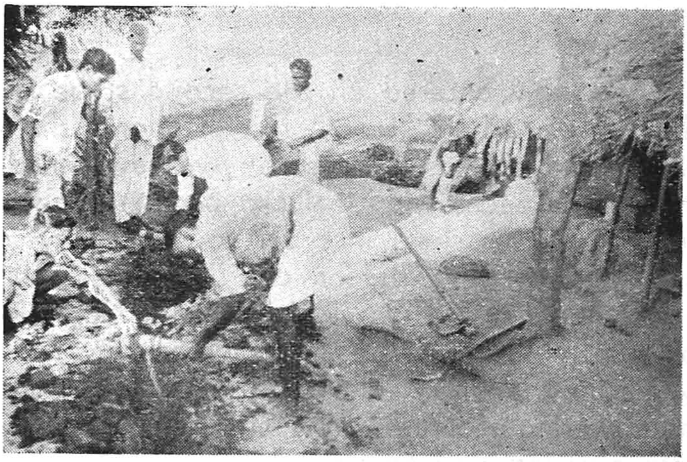
The first thing we did in Paduvainagar was to start a village committee. We contacted the prominent men of the village and with their consent got 5 or 6 enthusiastic young men, to shoulder the responsibility of improving the living conditions in that area. The crying need of the place is a public convenience. Several futile attempts had been made in the past to acquire land and erect a building for the purpose. But this year we ventured to establish direct contact with the Municipal authorities and we are glad to say that the Municipal Council has sanctioned the provision of a public convenience to Paduvainagar. The matter is now in the hands of the Municipal Engineer and it is hoped that within a few months the people of Paduvainagar will have this much needed amenity.

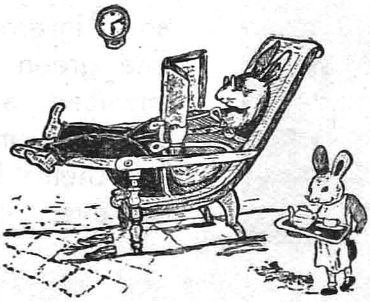


Our objective in Social Service is not merely to look to sanitation but also to find some practical means of increasing the income of the

poor people. Believing in the ideals and methods of Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation, we introduced handspinning as a means of helping the poor. A few charkas were given to those who were willing to spin in their spare hours. Our idea is to convince the people that idle hours can be turned into gainful hours and the experiment has been very encouraging. A few enthusiastic students of the Diploma Course in Social Service serve as a link between the Tiruchi branch of the All India spinners Association and the spinners in the village. We are glad to say that within 3 weeks of our starting this experiment one person spun enough yarn to get a dhoti in time for Deepavali. This example is worthy of imitation by others.

Another work which is engaging our attention is the running of a Reading Room with the cooperation of the village committee. 20 members have been enrolled and a few Tamil papers have been subscribed for. The purpose of a Reading Room is not only to foster reading habits among the literate of the village but also to afford them opportunities to come together, think together and work together for the betterment of the village. In the successful fostering of a healthy spirit of cooperation and neighbourliness among the people we hope to reap the reward of our humble efforts at Social Service in Paduvainagar.





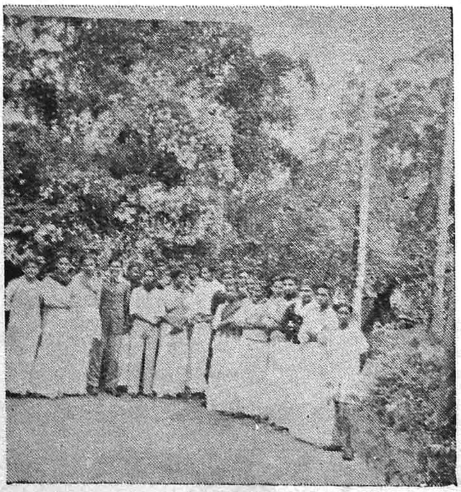
Up the Hills

By Varghese Vettickapally, II U.C.

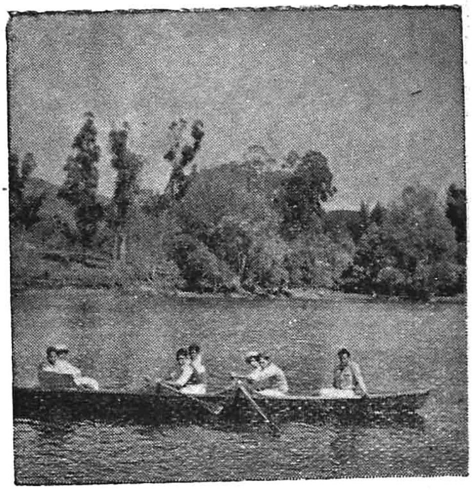
IT was a cool but bright morning in September. I was busily engaged in packing my box with the things required for a journey. Why was I so busy? Because for the first time in my life I was going to the hills. Our prefect had arranged the picnic; but he could not come with us himself. All were lively and in good humour. The van left St. Joseph's College at 5-30 A.M. and we left Trichy Junction by train. Time in the train went very fast; for we sang the time away. We felt that nature itself had prepared to welcome us, for the scenery was enchanting. We reached Kodaikanal Railway Station at about 10–0 A.M.

We now entered on the second stage of the journey. The bus in which we had to travel rattled along the road; we began to bump, swerve and shake. Kuruvachan was awakened from his pious dreams and Ammachi, Chechi and Chalucku began to shout in feverish excitement. I was trying to sleep in order to avoid any awkward feelings. Then I was wakened by a sudden cry. Looking around, I saw that Kuruvachan was rather sick. Then Jonichan and Jackai joined him, out of sympathy no doubt. Our bus began to groan as it slowly made its laborious ascent up the hills. The horn went honk! honk! honk! at every turn. The towering mountains on the right and the deep valleys on the left were awe-inspiring to behold.

The bus stopped at a point 6000 ft. above mean sea level, namely at the Sacred Heart College, Shembaganoor. Some philosophers came out to welcome us, and from the bus we gladly alighted. It is a magnificent institution belonging to the Society of Jesus, producing good Jesuit missionaries. I had felt weary in travelling in the bus, an "inferno" as Lynd calls a bus. The green hills on either side now imparted a sense of peace and calm on me in their stillness and in their beauty, so pleasing to the eye.



In Kodaikanal three miles further up the hills we had a nice view of the Lake. It is a beautiful lake, not very deep and situated on the top of the hill. A Lake on the top of a hill is always a very wonderful sight. There were a number of boats near the bank meant for races and we had the pleasure of boating for some time. This added to our joy. We set up groups for different boats. Our group's (Vaikan grcup) boating was the best. We sang nice Malayalam "Vanchi Pattu," which made all the fathers and students very happy. Perhaps the inmates of the gay villas were astonished at hearing such beautiful songs. American boys and girls living nearby crowded to the shore of the Lake to watch our merriment.

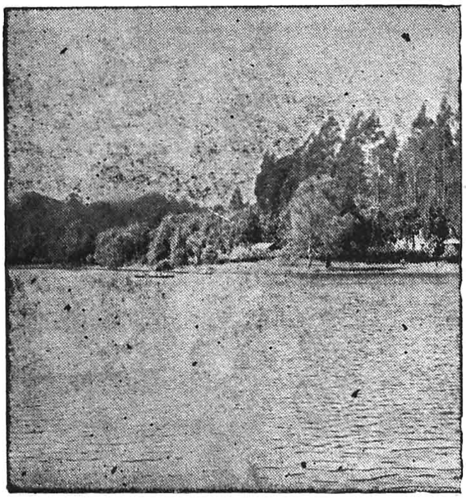


The thing that most impressed me was the Silver Cascade which is a famous water-fall of those Hills. There are also the Fairy Falls, jumping from rock to rock for a distance of more than two furlongs. The water falls from a height of 150 ft. Then I could see the water vapours, rising from the waterfall which show the tremendous velocity of it. Chechi began to show signs of fear and he ran to seek the help of Jackai.

Another wonderful sight to which everybody's attention turns is the Pillar Rocks. It is a dark pit formed by the crevices of two pillars-like rocks. The majestic height of the rocks with their dark colour and rough character suggested remains of an historical tower. We ascended up to the dismaying pinnacle of the 'tower.' Ammachi was unable to ascend; but we carried him. Kosu began to sing in a sweet voice which gave courage and enthusiasm to all for ascending the tower. We looked below, filled with fright, which only increased on hearing of the tragic death of a Scholastic of Shembag who had slipped down the pit and was killed on the spot. After seeing the tower we had a nice tea-party which gave us back our spent energy.

It is with a certain degree of veneration that I recollect the feelings and the fascination I experienced on my visit to the hills. I remember the beautiful pine trees which resemble those of European Countries. Kodaikanal is indeed the Park of South India. This is the reason why the Jesuits chose the place for studying such a difficult subject as

philosophy. This high place made the Government start an Observatory which is one of the best observatories in India. I had an opportunity there of getting some knowledge about the telescope and rays of the sun. This picnic enabled me to renew acquaintance with old friends in Shembag. I had the occasion of seeing my uncle who left home some years ago. I now remember the fear I had experienced when I looked at the side of the Kodi Road and the cold I had felt. The greatest interest the picnic gave however, was the pleasure of such an enchanting company. O Kodaikanal; O land of beauty so ancient and yet so new, late have I seen thee; but ever shall I remember thee!



And this ought to be our business, namely: To overcome self; and every day to get more the mastery over self; and to make progress for the better.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Man Conquers Nature

By S. Srinivasan, III Hons. Econ.

THE day was indeed fine and it seemed that Nature had put on her best behaviour. The day was young and the sky was clear and bright; a gentle breeze was blowing. In short, everything was so pleasant that it had the power of relieving both body and mind of any trouble or worries.

Feeling happy and content in such conditions I switched on the radio. The first words that I heard, caught my attention—"Mount Everest has been conquered!" I was greatly surprised. My surprise turned into anger when repeating the words again to myself:—"Mount Everest has been conquered."

The reader may ask why that news had such an effect on me. Let me then, in my turn, ask him, what or how, he would have felt, did he love nature as much as I did, especially on such a glorious day.

I must confess that I am not so much of a poet or philosopher, as to be able to discern the sad still music of humanity in Nature. But I have always had, and will ever have, a veneration for nature, that has so often, inspired me. I have always found something inexplicable in her; some of her manifestations have given me a sort of pleasure; some a feeling of wonder; others a kind of fear. She has been my good companion when I have happened to feel solitary and lonely although such occasions have been rare. I consider only that part of my life, in which I have had the good fortune to be alone because I used to do a bit of thinking in those moments and this has led to some fruitful results. Here I wish to remind the reader that I was enjoying my summer holidays in a place reputed for its solitude and far away from the din and bustle of the town life, when the news of Everest having been conquered came as heavily upon me as a thunderbolt.

Nature is not a phantom of the mind but something real and also a true and conclusive proof of the existence of God. This truth has been suspected and denied by many; making men brutal, selfish, hard-hearted and callous to the sufferings of others; all of which, combined together ultimately, in causing great conflagrations like the two world wars.

Also I should say, that the mighty power of Nature has bred in me a love for it. The greatest power that Nature exercises over man, is

death. No man is immune from death, let him be a duke or a dustman. Scythe and sceptre tumble down alike before it; it is the greatest leveller of mankind. It is Kind Nature's signal for retreat.

Nature is full of real power, noble and great. I, therefore, retain a strong belief that Nature cannot be conquered. I bear a grievance against the use of the word "Conquest." The climbing of Everest has been acclaimed as one more instance of man's victory over Nature. Has man really conquered Nature? My emphatic answer is, and will ever be 'No.'

Speaking without disparagement to the organising capacity of Col. Hunt and the effective and sincere co-operation of his able men—who all braved the dangers, setting aside the disrual failures of previous expeditions—they were really confronted with a 'Himalayan task', if I may be allowed to use that term here. Yet I cannot bring myself to regard this—even though it is a marvellous achievement—as a victory over Nature.

I wish to point out that these 'conquerors' were favoured with the best luck, in the shape of fair weather which none of their predecessors had had. Under such conditions, does not their 'victory' seem analogous to the victory scored over a sleeping or unarmed and defenceless enemy?

The ships that sail over the seas and aeroplanes that fly in the sky, and the discovery of new medicines may be cited as proofs of man's 'Victory' over Nature.

I can show from these very examples that the victory is only short-lived. Can the authorities hope to keep these services running when the weather is bad? Is there any defence against floods, storms, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, all of which are but manifestations of Nature? The very thought of such outbursts fills the mind of men with terror.

In the same way we find the new discoveries of medicines counterbalanced and outweighed by new and curious diseases. The medicines discovered soon become useless because Nature creates germs against these medicines, and new diseases begin. Thus the medicinal value of Penicillin—hailed as a great discovery sometime back—has lost much of its value during recent years.

Only a mind that is under wrong influences can call the climbing of Everest a victory over Nature. It is not at all a victory.

The most curious and interesting specimen of Nature is man himself. But the list of victory over Nature does not include any explanation of what a soul is or how it gets into, or out of, the body.

In conclusion such victories are the creation of 'intellectual blindness'; they are nothing but hallucinations of the mind. Let me request all to admire and enjoy Nature; because she is supreme and noble, she is not conquerable and she has never really been conquered.

Hail Nature! purify my spirit
And give me your kindly light
To do and follow what is right
Till I die, day and night.

A half-truth is generally the worst half.

Courtallam

By M. Balachandran, II U. C.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This is very well exemplified by the Courtallam Waterfalls. Courtallam is on the western Ghats near Shencottah. It is a very well known place and visitors are found there all the year round, but especially during the "season", i.e., June–October. One forgets almost the existence of the outside world when bathing in the refreshing limpid waterfalls. Pious rulers of days gone by, built temples on picturesque hill-tops or amidst sylvan surroundings on banks of streams and rivers, sometimes even on the very sea-coast within sound of the roaring surf, so that the common man might feel and realise the presence of God amidst the glory and grandeur of nature; beside each riverlet and at the foot of every silvery cascade a holy temple was erected in which the rich and poor paid their homage to God. The rivers and falls were used for the purification of the body before worshiping God in the temples.

Courtallam is at the foot of the Western Ghats, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Tenkasi and is reached by a good road. It is about 450′ above M. S. L. and has a cool and bracing climate during the South-East Monsoon months i.e. from June to October. As we draw near the mountains, the ozone laden air wafts a cool delightful greeting of welcome to us. Courtallam can also be reached from Shencottah, the distance between the two places being about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The Waterfalls:—The Falls of Chittar and the shrine at the foot of the falls are well known for long past, as a resort for those in search of mental peace or physical health. The River Chittar has its source on the Eastern side of the Ghats and after passing through stretches of thick forest, coffee and cardamom plantations, emerges into view opposite the temple, and cascades to the lower level ground in silvery splendour. Higher up the river, there are two smaller falls, known as the Honey and Shembagadevi falls respectively. At another point along the river called Mavadi, there is one more fall over 30′ in height whose waters fall into a basin made of natural rocks. On clear mornings, with the sun shining overhead and a cool breeze blowing, the falls near the temple, throwing up masses of fine spray shine like a pillar of silver decorated with a rainbow. The water in the falls near the temple drops from a height of 288′ into a rocky well covering the waters there with foam.

The Ghats and The Temple:—The Waterfalls Association of Courtallam has built bathing ghats for the visitors to bathe conveniently and without any fear of accidents. The oldest inhabitants of the place

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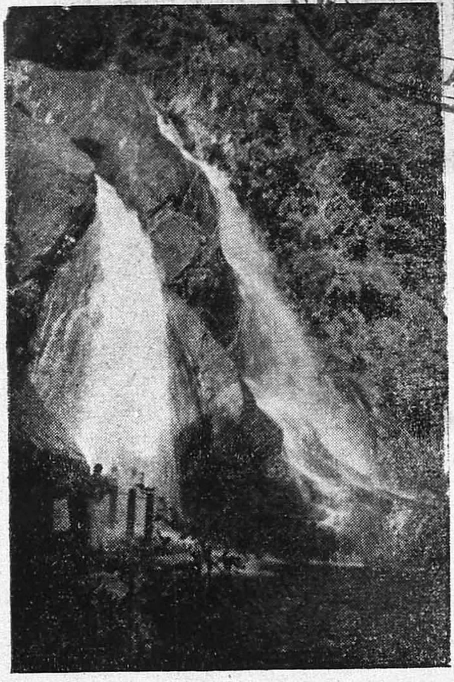
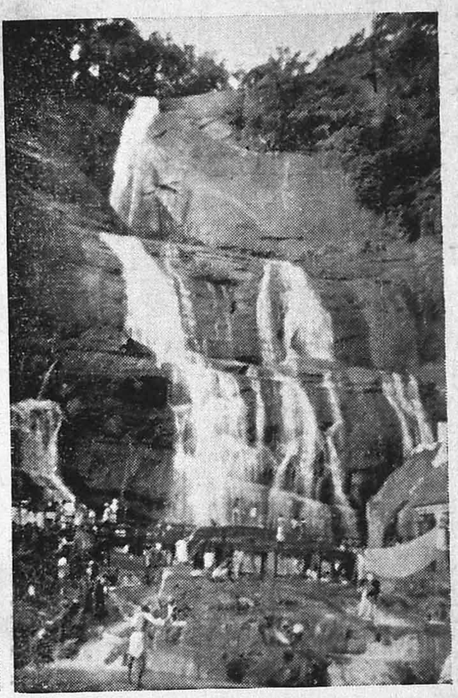
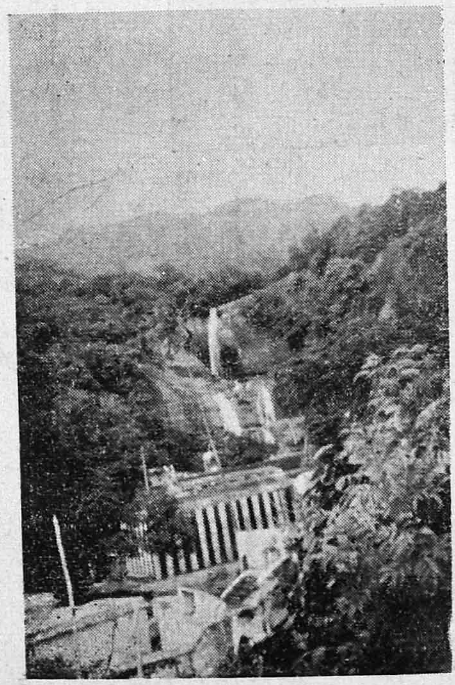




COURTALLAM



Photos by Ramanarayanan II, U.C.

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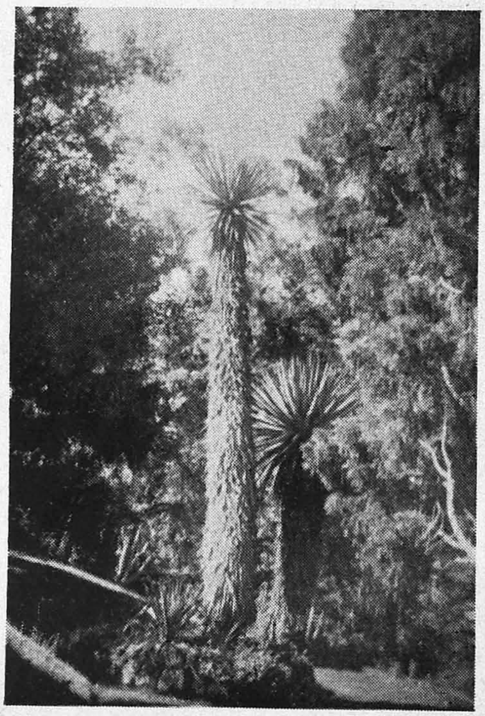
MADRAS

COURTALLAM BOTANY EXCURSION



VIEWS

1, 4, 5 & 6 by P. S. Herbert, IV B.Sc.
2 & 3 by C. D. Nicholas, IV B.Sc.

10 DEC 1955 MADRAS

say that before these ghats were built, many slipped from under the falls into the chasm below. The temple dedicated to Sri Kuttalanatha is small but of very fine and very interesting structure. The statuary and stone carving in the temple display great merit and it is said that the temple structure dates back to at least the 7th or 8th century A.D. Festivals are celebrated in the temple during April and May and are largely attended by the local population.

The 'Season' :—The bathing season begins with the outbreak of the South West Monsoon about the middle of June and continues down to the end of October. A small bridge leads from the temple to the falls at which bathing is rendered safe by a concrete railing and arch. Visitors start bathing even before sunrise and a constant stream of such bathers continues to pass till late after sunset. Visitors who are fortunate enough to stay for one or more weeks at Courtallam often go out on picnics to the Shembagadevi Falls or Honey Falls higher up the mountains. These picnics involve four or five miles of mountain walking through thick vegetation. A whole day can easily be spent on one of these picnics. The more adventurous may go even still higher up. On the way to these falls there is another minor fall called Chittaruvi.

The Five Falls :—There is yet one more famous fall called the Five Falls about 2½ miles from Courtallam temple in a westerly direction and in a very secluded spot, the water falling in five separate streams, which accounts for the name. Excellent bathing can be had there also amid picturesque scenery. The falls are about 40′ in height and are broken by a projecting rock about half way down. There is also a small shrine nearby. On the east of Courtallam is a final fall, small in size, called the Tiger Falls. The water though it drops only from a small height has a powerful force like a tiger, but that force has been broken and reduced somewhat by concrete fences which prevent visitors from being swept away.

Amenities :—Many well-to-do men of South India have built small residences in Courtallam to which they repair during the season for a short stay. A few hotels—not very high class—are also run during the season for the benefit of visitors. The temple authorities have built a few rest-houses which they let out to pilgrims and visitors. The village of Courtallam gets quite busy during the season when many temporary shops are opened to cater to the needs of visitors.

Courtallam stands out well when compared to the Nilgiris or Kodaikanal and is spoken about by all South Indians during the season.

Magic in Numbers!

By S. J. Bright, IV B. Sc.

Ask your friend to imagine any whole number between 1 and 100 (Including 1 and 100). You can tell him the number he has imagined!

For that ask him in which series (given below) his number finds a place. The sum of the numbers in brackets, corresponding to those series will give the number imagined.

Suppose your friend says that his number is in series 1, 3 & 7. Then his number is 8+2+64=74!

Series 1	Series 2	Series 3	Series 4	Series 5	Series 6	Series 7
(8)	**(32)**	**(2)**	**(16)**	**(4)**	**(1)**	**(64)**
56 88 24	32 54 44	2 70 35	48 80 16	4 36 69	1 73 37	64 76 89
57 89 25	33 55 45	6 74 39	49 81 17	5 37 70	11 83 47	65 77 91
58 90 26	34 56 46	10 78 43	50 82 18	6 38 71	21 93 57	66 78 92
59 91 27	35 57 47	14 82 47	51 83 19	7 39 76	31 5 67	67 79 93
60 92 28	36 58 48	18 86 51	52 84 20	12 44 77	41 15 77	68 80 90
61 93 29	37 59 49	22 90 55	53 85 21	13 45 78	51 25 87	69 81 94
62 94 30	38 60 50	26 94 59	54 86 22	14 46 79	61 35 97	70 82 95
63 95 31	39 61 96	30 98 63	55 87 23	15 47 84	71 45 9	71 83 96
8 40 72	40 62 97	34 3 67	56 88 24	20 53 85	81 55 19	72 84 97
9 41 73	51 63 98	38 7 71	57 89 25	21 54 86	91 65 29	73 85 98
10 42 74	52 41 99	42 11 75	58 90 26	22 55 87	3 75 39	74 86 99
11 43 75	53 42 100	46 15 79	59 91 27	23 52 92	13 85 49	75 87 100
12 44 76	43	50 19 83	60 92 28	28 60 93	23 95 59	88
13 45 77		54 23 87	61 93 29	29 61 94	33 7 69	
14 46 78		58 27 91	62 94 30	30 26 95	43 17 79	
15 47 79		62 31 95	63 95 31	31 63 100	53 27 89	
		66 99		68	63 99	

* * * *

One Student to another:—"I felt fine this morning until I Woke up."

Damodar Valley Corporation

By V. R. Ganesan, II U. C.

IT is a known fact that India is a land of rivers. There are three big rivers namely, the Ganges, the Sind and the Brahmaputra in the North ; while in the South there are the Godavari, the Krishna and the Cauvery. The above-mentioned North Indian rivers are ever flowing, but in the case of the South Indian rivers they depend only upon the monsoons. Thus India has ample resources of water which when utilised properly India will no doubt become most fertile. India receives a rainfall during the four months of the monsoon. For the rest of the year successful cultivation is not possible in most parts of our country without the aid of irrigation in one form or other. At present water utilised for irrigation purposes is only about 6% of the water that flows annually through the rivers of India.

In many rivers of India, floods rise and destroy a lot of cities, villages, and also sometimes people. To prevent this, dams have been built across the rivers. There are projects under execution in different parts of our country for more such dams.

Among these projects, the Damodar Valley Project is the most important. The Damodar river, a tributary of the river Hooghly is well called "The River of Sorrow" for it causes enormous damage to the neighbouring towns and villages annually.

The Damodar Valley Project is modelled on the lines of the famous Tennesse Valley Project in U. S. A. The project when completed will be very useful for irrigation purposes in West. Bengal and Bihar. Floods rise in the river and not only cause destruction but also all the waters go unused into the ocean. To prevent that, it has been proposed to build five dams across the river in various places and thus to make the water useful for irrigation. It is also proposed to construct dams with "hydro-electric power stations." Besides these stations, an additional thermal power station will be situated at Bokaro.

Two of the proposed dams are completed and they are known as "Konar Dam" and "Tilaya Dam." The other dams namely the Maithan Dam, Panchet Hill Dam and Durgapur Barrage are yet to be completed.

The Damodar Valley Corporation was set up on 7th July, 1948, as a result of the enactment of Damodar Valley Corporation's Bill in 1948. This Corporation was established to promote economic development of the Damodar Valley and adjoining areas. A short account of the dams individually is interesting.

"Bokaro Project"

This Bokaro Power station is the biggest in India. It is designed for a capacity of nearly two lakhs of Kilo-watts. In this station coal is used, since coal is most abundant in the adjoining areas. The construction of this Bokaro Power station began in 1950. When it was completed, the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, opened it on 21st February, 1953. It is functioning quite well. As a result, the Tata Iron Works, Copper and Coal mines, Fertiliser's factory at Sindri and Chittaranjan Locomotive works are getting power from this station.

A beautiful colony has been set up here, providing houses for both workers and officers. All modern facilities are found. It has a post office, a school and a hospital.

"Tilaya Project"

The Tilaya dam is a big one. The height of the dam is 99 feet and its length is 510 feet. The dam is made of concrete. The construction of the dam began on 20th January, 1950 and was completed in September, 1952. There are two big hydro electric generators each of a capacity of 2000 Kilo-watts. One of them was switched on the 21st of February, 1952 by Nehru. This scheme provides power to Hazaribagh City and the neighbouring mica mines at Kodarma. Just like Bokaro, this project has also got a colony consisting of about 200 houses with all modern conveniences.

"Konar Project"

Construction of this dam also began in 1950 and was completed in 1952. The dam is 160 feet height, and 910 feet long. The width of the base is 147 feet. The water checked by this dam is made useful for irrigation after supplying water for the Bokaro Power station. The hydro electric generation from the plant is very large. There is also a small colony here.

"Maithon Dam"

The river Barakar is one tribulatory of the Damodar. A dam is being constructed across the Barakar river, partially of concrete and par-

tially of earth. This dam is mainly intended to check floods. There is a power station with a very large capacity. Irrigation facilities are also possible. The water at present is diverted through a canal and work is still going on.

The staff camp is a very big one, consisting of about 500 houses with all facilities. Maithon is the site of the Damodar Valley Corporation's Soil's Laboratory and timber and mechanical workshops. The main distributing centre for the Sindri Fertilisers' Factory is also located here as it is the headquarters of the Transmission division.

"Panchet Hill Dam"

This dam is constructed similar to the Maithon Dam. There is a plant which generates electric current in large quantities. The construction is now going on and will be completed by the end of 1954. The dam is 1800 feet long and 133 feet high.

"Durgapur Barrage"

The water discharged by all the dams will be diverted into canals and distributaries by a barrage, 2500 feet long and 38 feet high. The whole of Damodar Valley Project is linked with Maithon and Panchet Hill dams. The two dams will be completed by the end of 1954.

When the Worm Turns...

A Fantasy in one Act—By L. Rangarajan, V B. Sc. Hons

AS the curtain rises, the stage is empty. It is a limitless plain, dark and forbidding—Barren rocks, slimy ooze here and there, a few prickly shrubs and loathsome cactus. A deathly silence reigns there. There are no trees to rustle, no brooks to play a tinkling tone, no birds to warble—it is an all pervading, awful silence—a place of loneliness, despair and misery. As the doom lightens a bit, a soldierly figure walks in—jaunty but yet obviously tired. The figure mops its brow, spits on his hand and sits on a table-like rock. An unearthly feddish light shines on its face and it is—it is Stalin—the same face that has looked down from so many photographs, a little more wrinkled and lined with age perhaps than the popular photos, but yet the same haughty race—the index of a mind that is not conscious of its evils—that is neither sorry nor repentant. That is proved when he begins to speak to himself, with a densive laugh.

Stalin :—What kind of Hell do they call this? I used to provide more terrible ones to my enemies when I was down there! They told me this was the way to Hell! I expected something more terrible, more frightening, more to my mettle! It is all a road and no destination. But who cares? Stalin, the mighty, is never sad nor anxious, no power can shake him, no hand can accuse him, no man can condemn him. Stalin is invincible, the friend of the people, the protector of the innocent, the brother of world workers, the doyen of peace-makers . . . . I accuse the spies and saboteurs, I denounce the warmongers . . . . . . (He begins to deliver a prepared speech, one of many, with a set face and eyes that show that he believes in all this hotch-potch—but suddenly stopping himself—half surprised, half amused). But what am I making a speech for? It is hell indeed to speak without an audience. I thought at least there would be spectres and demons, spirits and banohees . . . .

A Voice :—(Interrupting) But there are Stalin!

Stalin :—(Startled) Who is that? What do you mean?

(A figure in a tattered military dress walks with a slow tread. A figure with a terrible stoop as if a great weight is placed on its back. It reaches Stalin and begins to speak, in a voice once powerful but now thin, reedy and screeching).

The Voice :—There are spirits and demons, Stalin! but not the ones you expect. The demons are past memories which haunt you, the spectres are past crimes which follow you, the spirits are the spirits of the innocents whom you murdered and the banshees are the wailing voices of those wronged by you. They will gnaw you, Stalin, and they will shout and wail and rage and laugh at you, till you are scared and demented and cry for mercy. They will roast you in the fire of your crimes, they will put you on the rack of your past murders. Each crime will be a hot nail driven into your body, each murder a rack for twisting your bones, each . . . .

Stalin :—Stop this nonsense! I am not afraid of anybody. No hand can be raised against me. I am feared and worshipped.

The Voice :—Was, Stalin, was! But here no power can save you. You must suffer and suffer . . . .

Stalin :—But who are you with all this silly blabber . . . .

The Voice :—You know me Stalin! I am or I was Hitler—Once mighty as you, once as cruel and heartless as you. I killed and murdered, I plundered and raped, and I tortured and punished but my sins have caught up with me. I have suffered and am suffering. There is a terrible weight on my back. You too will feel this, Stalin, it is the doom, doom . . . . . .

Stalin :—You blabbering idiot! I always knew you were a milksop—A tiny man with a tinier brain and muscle, a leader—pah!—of guttural hooligans. I am no coward like you . . .

Hitler :—All your courage cannot save you. No power can rescue you—except Almighty God's mercy! No hand can retrieve you, except the hand of the Saviour. You are condemned and are ignorant of it. You are doomed and do not know it. You are DOOMED AND DO NOT KNOW IT. YOU ARE DOOMED . . . .

(The voice fades as the figure recedes)

Stalin :—(Unconsciously repeating it) You are doomed and do not know it! You are doomed and do...(suddenly checking himself). Why am I repeating this! That accursed idiot! He was always like that—making up by his hypnotising speeches what he had lost in brains. I will not repent! What have I done to repent?

A Woman's Voice :—What have you not done to repent, Josef?

Stalin :—(Bewildered) Anna, Anna, why are you here?

(Anna, Stalin's wife, walks up from left. As the light shines on her face, we see a face that was once beautiful, but now, transformed with years of suffering and pent up hatred...As she speaks, her face becomes a picture of hatred......)

Anna :—I am here because I loved you once, Josef! But now, I have wandered all these years, forlorn and alone, concentrating all my hatred burning up within myself, impatient to see the hour when you suffer, as I have suffered. I have waited for the moment when all my burning emotions and seething passions turn back and broil you and roast you in them. I want to see you suffer......

Stalin :—(Bewildered) But why Anna, why? You used to love me once, did you not? You were lucky to be the consort of the mighty...

Anna :—(furious) Stop it, you blundering jackanape! It was by this that you killed my love! And when my love was killed, I had nothing more to live for. I committed suicide, and all my love became hate. I loved not you Stalin but the innocent boy from the Georgian hills, the quaint shepherd, the lover of nature and music. I love not you, with your hands soiled with blood, with your mind tainted with crimes. With all my hate, I want to see you suffer, to see you wail and shout, to see you turning and twisting in your suffering, to see the agonized features, to hear the choked sounds, to see you feel the pain in every limb of your body......

Stalin :—Stop it! Stop it! (his eyes protruding, his brow bathed in sweat) Go, go, go away! Away you accursed woman! I do not know you!—I do not want you! Go, go, go! (shouts in a screaming voice)

A Voice :—Shout, shout Stalin! You can shout at her but not at your own memories!

(A group of three people, tall, upright and of noble bearing are seen on the right as the figure of Anna fades)

Stalin :—What yet again! (Mopping his brow, and mustering up his courage with his voice yet a bit shaky) Who are you? What do you want?

The Three :—(together) We are the prosecutors, we are the judges! We accuse and we condemn! We try and we punish!

(Stalin is speechless. A figure comes forward, points a threatening finger at Stalin and speaks. It is illumined by a bright bluish light, while others remain in the faint shadowish light).

First :—I accuse you, Stalin, in the name of all the people you have purged and murdered! I, Trotsky, accuse you of my murder, of the murder of so many, many Russians, whom you have purged! I accuse you in the name of every murdered man, in the name of every blighted hope, ambition and desire! In the name of the blood, red-blood which you split. (moves back into the Shadow)

Second :—(Coming forward, and accusing as before) I accuse you, Stalin on behalf of the subjugated people! On behalf of all the patriots whom you have murdered, on behalf of the countless people sent to your labour camps! I, Jan Masaryk, accuse you of my murder and of others like me! I accuse you in the name of my subjugated and suffering motherland, my Chechoslovakia, in the name of all peoples, of the suffering people of Poland, Hungary and Germany!

Third Voice :—(A soldier, evidently by his dress) I accuse you on behalf of the myriad soldiers who have perished, on behalf of the millions of civilians whom you have killed, on behalf of the orphans, the widows and the destitute, on behalf of the countless souls which thirst for revenge and which burn with hatred! I accuse you in the name of freedom, in the name of democracy and liberty, in the name of all that is holy in the world! I accuse you of the utmost sins in the world! And I sentence you to eternal misery and suffering!

Second Voice :—I condemn you to eternal torment and torture!

Third Voice :—And I condemn you to eternal doom and damnation!

All Together :—To misery and sufferings, to torment and torture, to eternal doom and damnation! to eternal doom and damnation! TO ETERNAL DOOM AND DAMNATION!

(The voices rise in tone but abruptly stop as a voice echoes back the same words. A man, nay a skeleton, walks slowly and painfully up to Stalin)

The Man :—To eternal doom and damnation! That was what you sentenced me to. Your doom cannot be worse than mine! Have you ever thought of the millions whom you sent to the slave labour camps? We toiled and toiled in the intense cold with barely a shred of clothing! We could not raise up our frail bodies in the morning in the freezing atmosphere, our wasted limbs had not the strength in them. We could not even cry nor shout. Our throats were parched and dry for want of water. Yet we were beaten and kicked, made to stand, stand on these wasted legs, and made to walk, and those who could not walk, crawled, to the mines,

to the forests to fell the mighty trees with our wasted limbs! You gave the soldiers bullets but refused us black bread! We were kicked when we cried with hunger and thirst,—kicked, each kick breaking a bone or a rib. Our faces were smashed by the thick iron-shod boots, our eyes were grounded out and we were starved, starved! We cried for water, we cried for bread, and above all we cried for mercy. We cried for mercy, but could not get it! You too will cry for mercy but will not get it!—The curse of a million tormented men is on your head and you cannot escape it! Mercy you did not show! Mercy you cannot get!

(In the background a great wail of voices mingled with cries for mercy is heard. In the turmoil, the skeleton man rises and moves away. As the wailing voices fade in the background, a chorus sings—)

Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry,
Thou wert suff'ring once as we,
Now enthroned in majesty
Countless angels sing to Thee.

(While the hymn is in progress, Stalin sits there, a puzzled and sad expression on his face.)

Stalin :—(Passing a hand over his brow)—Suffering and sorrow, torment and misery! I killed and plundered, sentenced millions to perpetual torture, but why! Why! (Suddenly straightening himself) I should not think about this! I will not think at all! That they should suffer was inevitable! It was a war, a perpetual war, between the ignorant masses, and the powerful few—(With a laught) yes it was a war.—

(As he speaks, an aged Korean comes tottering up the stage, a picture of abject misery, untold suffering etched on his face, every line a tale of sorrow, every wrinkle a tale of woe)

The Korean :—(With a bitter laught) Yes, it was a war, it was a war that did this to me! Oh, what a war it was that you started! Look at me, I who was once contented and happy and now THIS, See! See! I was not rich—But I was happy! I had my bit of land, hilly and unproductive perhaps, but mine own! I had my own house, a cottage and my loving wife, aged and ugly, but my partner through all my life!—my son, what a fine man was he, he was killed, Stalin, killed by your bullets! A fine figure of a man with all his life before him, with his young wife and newborn child! You murdered him and his blood is on your hands! Not him alone but so many like him! Think of the Korean youths you have killed, of the million homes you have demolished, of the countless orphans you

have made, of the myriad weeping widows! My land taken away from me, my house demolished, and my family wiped out! why do I live yet!...My land, it was beautiful! How many times have I wandered in the early morning, how many times have I passed my hands through the soil; Every drop of my blood, I poured as sweat into it and now it is gone—blasted by your bombs, no more a fertile field! Mother Earth thirsts for revenge, you cannot beat the soil, it will crush you!...Oh God! what a war! don't you feel it, the troops marching, the bombs bursting, the smell of smoke, and blood and sulphur, the wails, the sticky blood! do you not feel! Do you not see! Do you not hear!

(In the background the tramp of marching feet is heard.) It grows louder and louder. The whistle of a bullet is heard. Bombs burst and a few bullets pass through the air. The explosious increase. There are wailing voices crying for help and mercy. Above all there is the thud of marching feet—Left, right, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT—It is a pandemonium. As the noise increases in loudness, the Korean moves back. Stalin at first sits listening raptly, then he cannot bear it. He tries to close his ears with his hands but he cannot stop it. It grows and grows—till his face is..., his eyes start rolling, his brow is bathed in sweat, till he cannot bear it and cries uncontrollably, STOP! STOP! STOP! (The noise ceases.)

Stalin:—(with relief in his voice) Oh God! What a relief! (With a start he realises that he has spoken the word 'God' for the first time in so many years) NO, NO, I will not lose heart! I will not give up! I do not care about what I did! I will never, never think about it! Out! Base memories!—But then why should I not think about it? I am not sorry, I am never sorry—There is nothing that I need be sorry about!

A Voice:—HA! HA! HA! There is plenty, Stalin. (The figure of Anna walks in and laughs harshly and with hate.)

Anna! Anna! No, she died by her own hand—I did not kill her! I did not kill her——

Trotsky:—(Coming up and joining Anna) What about me?

Masaryk:—And me! And me, And me, And me?......(thousands and thousands of soldiers line up one behind the other, and cry) 'And me, and me, and me!'

Stalin:—(Covers his face with his hand) No, No, I did not kill! I did not kill, I did not kill, it was the war, the war, I could not help it......

You could not help it! You killed my husband!—The voice of a woman).

You killed my father!—(The voice of a young boy!)

You killed my mother!—(The voice of a girl!)

You killed my son!—(An aged couple point at him accusingly).

Stalin :—(Crying) No, No, No...(Turns to the other side.)

'You made me what I am!'—(The voice of the slave labour camp prisoner accuses him!)

'You made me what I am!'—(The voice of the Korean.) Stalin turns to the other side—

'You killed, you killed, you killed.' Trotsky and others accuse him.—In desperation, he turns again. The orphans, the widows and the destitutes accuse him. Wherever he turns he meets an accuser, wherever he turns he hears a wailing vioce.

They all stand in a circle round him and chant—

"You are accused; you are condemned! You are accused; you are condemned! to misery and sorrow, to torment and torture, to doom and damnation, to DOOM AND DAMNATION—"

Stalin :—Out! You fiends of torture! Go away you spirits of misery! Out! Leave me! Leave me!

(But they go on chanting—Chanting. Their voices rising, their faces alive and ugly with hate, their hands accusing—)

Stalin :—(Screams)Go, Go, Go, Ye demons of torture!

(The voices rise in tone and in loudness—Above this din, Hitler's voice mockingly echoes now from the background—) "The demons of memories, the spectres of crimes, the spirits of the murdered and the banshees of the wailing voices." As the voices reach an intolerable pitch, Stalin covers his face with his hand and cries.

'Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, Oh God.' Have mercy upon me! Oh Almighty have pity upon me! Oh God! Oh God! Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!

(The voices cease. The figures all disappear.) Stalin slowly falls on his knees on the ground, his hands in a praying fashion. In the background a chorus sings the hymn:—)

1. God of mercy and compassion,
   Look with pity upon me;
   Father, let me call Thee father,
   'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

(*Chorus*)

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy,
  Let me not implore in vain;
All my sins I now detest them
  Never will I sin again.

2. By my sins I have deserved
  Death and endless misery.
Hell with all its pains and torments,
  And for all eternity.

(*Chorus*)

As the hymn ends, a corner of the stage is brightly illumined and the figure of a Cardinal in robes, a body that has suffered much, but the face full of compassion and pity slowly walks up to Stalin, places his hand on Stalin's head and calls softly,—

Cardinal:—My son!

Stalin:—(Startled and frightened) What yet again! Spare me! Spare me! (Looks up. Sees the Cardinal's face and says with a bewildered voice) "You,—Y—You are Cardinal Mindszentsy! (frightened) Have you come to torture me like the others? Spare me, Spare me father! I implore you—

Cardinal:—My son! I have not come here to make you suffer! I have come to redeem you from suffering.

Stalin:—No, I won't believe it! You are more fiendish, more cunning. Why should you care for me? I made you suffer, I tortured you and yet you say you have come to save me—No! no—tell me—(Pleading) why are you here?

Cardinal:—My son! I am here because you are one of the lost children, come back to the fold! I have suffered, but what is my suffering, compared to the suffering of our Saviour.

(*Chorus*)

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
  On the Cross of Calvary;
To that cross my sins have nailed Him,
  Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

To that cross our sins have all laid Him! But yet He has suffered and died for all of us—And by that alone are you saved! The hand of the Saviour alone can save you! Turn to Him in your torment, and you will find solace there!

Stalin :—Father, I do not understand, but yet I do understand! Tell me, tell me, what shall I do to wash away all my sins? What shall I do to get back to the Saviour? (Kneels)

Cardinal :—Pray, pray, my dear son! Ask and it shall be given; knock and it shall be opened.

In the background, the chorus sings the Hymn—

Lead Kindly light amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on

. . . . . .

As the hymn progresses, the stage is brilliantly lit, Stalin is found kneeling in a worshipful posture, the Cardinal blesses him, there is a joyous pealing of bells, the chorus sings—

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

The motor-car driver may be to blame, but you cannot argue with him from the cemetery.

China Our Neighbour

By George James, K., IV B. A. Hons.

INDIA and China have had a glorious past, a common tradition, a similar history, and even now they are confronted with. many similar problems. When the western civilisation was in the womb of time, these countries had attained their high water mark of prosperity and culture. When Nationalism dawned upon them, however, they found themselves under the heel of foreign imperialism, and while struggling for independence and self-realisation, they felt a kinship and unity of purpose. But soon after the Chinese had shaken off their colonial status, they found that they had escaped only from the frying pan into the fire, from Colonial imperialism to Soviet domination. Red China is a drastic change for the worse from what China had been before. Hence we have to understand her anew in her new set-up before we can embark upon a policy towards her.

The version of Red China which has come to be widely believed in India is the creation of a few persons who have spent a few weeks in China as the members of delegations, organised by the communist party of India or other communist bodies. On their return they naturally used the choicest language to sing hymns of praise to the Communist regime for having ushered in an era of pastoral glory, industrial abundance and military might. A recent cultural mission consisting of poets and artists excelled all others in their eulogy of the terrestrial paradise now in preparation in China. On the other hand a true picture of China is given by the members of the Cultural mission sent by the Government of India last year. They were persons of high standing in their respective spheres: prominent politicians, experienced educationists, learned scientists and discerning journalists, like Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Narendra Dev, Amer Nath Jha, Frank Moraes, etc. It is instructive to know from them what Red China really is.

First of all, what is the form of the Government of China? On the surface, one my see many parties, but at bottom there is only one party—the Communist party. Acharya Narendra Deva wrote in the National Herald, "The Government is a coalition of all anti-Kuomintang parties, though the communists dominate them and other parties have little voice." And Dr. Amar Nath Jha stated: "No mass meetings are organised except those under the auspices of the dominant political party." Thus China is not a democracy, but a communist dictatorship.

The communist revolution of China is not yet completed. It is still in the process of evolution. Its ultimate aim is the dictatorship

of the proletariat. As Frank Moraes says—the communists do not conceal the fact that the present state of affairs only represents a transitional stage on the way to full-fledged communism. The attitude of China towards other countries is of a piece with its communist aims. All papers are full of Anti-American propaganda, and praise for government policies. As Dr. Amar Nath Jha observed the Chinese "are much worried that India is not a Communist country." The relation of China with Russia is close, almost filial. The number of Russian officers, technicians and army instructors in China runs to thousands. Being asked by Vijayalakshmi Pandit about their presence in such large numbers, a Chinese officer replied, "Our Soviet advisers are in the Soviet Union. They come here when we want them."

'The mind murder in Mao-land' may sound strange in this part of the world but it is only too true. The curriculum of education is all too systematically adopted to the calculated destruction of men's minds, and for the implementation of the communist pattern of thought in the place of the old 'bourgeois tendencies'. Edward Hunter in his book "Brain Wash in Red China" gives a vivid description of this process of "thought reform". Acharya Narendra Deva also notes this: "A thought reform process has been started in right earnest, by which it is meant that people should get rid of the bad habits and thoughts which are the legacy of the past." No artist can draw a picture if it does not deal with either a peasant or a worker or soldier; no literary men nor poets can deal with subjects other than these.

However, it must be admitted that the Government of Red China has established law and order in the place of confusion and lawlessness which had prevailed before. But to achieve this the communists have sacrificed the very purpose of government. The government considers the individual as a mere cog in a machine. The individual works and lives only for the government. His actions and even his thoughts are censored; and he cannot freely move about even within his own country. In a word the government of China is not for the people, it is a ruthless dictatorship over the people.

This system however cannot go on indefinitely. The wheel of history is turning. The biginning of the end has commenced. The East German rising of June seventeenth rings in the ears of all dictators like the 'Ides of March.' "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" We look forward to a really new China in which the Chinese people will have their true independence, their democratic institutions, their ancient culture—a China which, far from being a satellite of Russia, will be an independent nation taking its rightful place in the commity of the free nations of the world.

The Problem of the Suez Canal Zone

P. N. Vedanarayanan, V Hons.

WHEN Ferdinand de Lesseps opened the Isthmus of Suez in 1869, he meant to facilitate not only international trade, but also international amity and cooperation. The Canal is perhaps the most important roadway of the world, for it connects East and West, Asia and Europe, the two most thickly populated continents. It facilitates access to raw materials from the uttermost parts of the world, and the opening of new markets for manufactured goods. If the Canal is blocked the whole Western world is affected, most of all Britain.

But this strategic spot has become an important prize in the game of power polities; for the control of Suez means the control of the East. The canal is not only a trade route but an important gateway in times of war. It connects not only two land-locked seas, but all the great oceans. In the event of a war, as in the previous two wars, world powers would naturally compete with each other to control the area.

It was economic forces that necessitated the Suez Canal. In the ancient Roman eyes, Asia was a fabulous source of riches and luxury. Rome imported from India, perfumes, cloth, precious stones and paid for these in gold. In the Middle Ages too, India continued to supply Europe with these articles. But with the advent of the Industrial Revolution in the West, Asia became a precious reservoir of cheap raw materials and at the same time, an expanding market for the West's growing industries.

The passage from England to India by the middle of the 19th century required, via the Cape of Good Hope, 140 days by sail and 90 days by steam and therefore the necessity of a direct route was increasingly being felt. It was an age of liberalism and free trade and enterprise, with wide possibilities of capital, credit and competition. Lesseps was able to count on financing his project through a private company to which savings from all over the world would contribute. His idea was that the Canal should not become the property of any single power but

a common undertaking shared by all mankind. The concession was signed on November 30, 1854 by Mohammed Said, Viceroy of Egypt and Ferdinand de Lesseps, to whom was given full power to set up and direct a "universal" company for the piercing of the Isthmus and the exploitation of a canal between the two seas. The company was thus free from any national bias. The concession was made for a period of 99 years from the opening of the canal, that is, it would terminate in 1968, after which the Egyptian Government was to be the owner of the Isthmus.

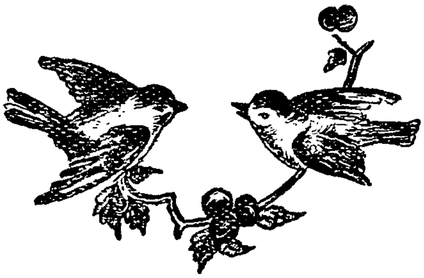
The Suez Canal proved above all a boon to the British trade. Ever since its opening, Britain has sent more traffic through it, than all other nations of the globe combined. During 1870—80 76% of the total tonnage that passed through the Canal was under the British flag, and France which came next, had only 8½%, while U. S. A. was insignificantly represented. Naturally Britain turned her attention towards the control of the area and its administration. She bought 177,00 shares held by the Khedive Ismail, and thus entered the company's administration. Next, she secured an effective rule over the country including the Canal zone by effecting a military occupation of Egypt in 1882. Lesseps recognized this position by giving Britain representation on the Board of Directors, on a basis of friendly and loyal co-operation.

The key to the East thus passed on to Britain. She still uses the Canal a great deal more than any other nation, and is therefore the Power most directly interested in it, from both a commercial and political point of view. U. S. A. has at present a large accumulation of economic and political interests in East Africa. Though only 7% of the tonnage has travelled in 1952 under the Stars and Stripes, America regards the Suez as vital both for aiding the under-developed areas in South East Asia, and for contravening communism. She is as much interested in the Canal as Britain.

It is on the basis of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936, that Britain occupies the Canal Zone for defending the Canal as well as for the maintenance of free passage through the other seas and straits along the route. But ever since 1922, when she acquired self-government, Egypt has insisted on the withdrawal of the foreign military power. In October 1951, Nahas Pasha, the then Prime Minister of Egypt abrogated the 1936 treaty, but Britain would not quit the zone, especially in the absence of a guarantee for the safety of a route indispensable to her in so many ways.

Up to the second world war, the free movement of traffic through the Canal was never questioned. But during the recent war in Palestine,

the Egyptian Government claimed a right to stop tankers on their way to Israel as well as the right to inspect ships and confiscate goods destined for an enemy. This naturally raised a crop of problems. Israel protested strongly against this high-handed action of Egypt, in trying to isolate her economy from the rest of the world. Since then there has been growing tension in the relations between Britain and Egypt over the Suez problem, culminating in regrettable incidents which are too well-known to need detailed mention here. In this context the problem of the Canal has become extremely complicated and requires most careful and statesman-like handling so as to reach a satisfactory settlement without prejudice to the interests of the countries involved and above all without jeopardising the Middle East defence against agression from U. S. S. R....



A lazy man is of no more use than a dead one,
and takes up more room.

The Birth of a State

THE first day of October 1953 will go down in history as a memorable date in the annals of free India. For on that day a new State was born in the Indian Union. It was the Andhra State, formed by the bifurcation of the old Madras State and comprising the Telugu districts of the latter.* It was launched on its career amidst scenes of great *eclat* and enthusiasm among its people everywhere and with the best wishes of the rest of India.

The inauguration of the Andhra State is the crowning act of a long period of the most earnest endeavour towards its attainment. The beginnings of the movement must be set in the literary and cultural renaissance led by Kandukuri Veeresalingam Pantulu. An offshoot of this revival on the political plane, which had far-reaching influence, was the Andhra Conference. The first Conference was held at Baptala in 1913 under the able leadership of Konda Venkatappaya. As a result of it the Andhra Mahasabha was organised for the purpose of fostering cultural and political solidarity among the Andhras. At the third Conference held at Kakinada in 1915 under the presidentship of Mocherla Ramachandra Rao, a resolution urging the formation of a separate Andhra State was passed for the first time, and it was reiterated at the next Conference over which the Raja of Panagal presided. A similar resolution was adopted at a special Conference convened in 1917 in connection with the visit of Mr. Edward Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, and communicated to him. While the constitution of an Andhra State was thus pressed, on the one side, with the Government of the day, efforts were made, on the other, to win for it the support of the Congress. The first advance in this direction was made when in 1917 the Calcutta session of the Congress was prevailed upon to approve of the formation of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee, thereby accepting the principle of linguistic division for purposes of party organisation. It was not long before that principle was accepted also for the reorganisation of States: in 1920 at its Nagpur session the Congress wholeheartedly endorsed the policy of linguistic States. Yet the creation of the Andhra State was far off, and in order to realise it both the Andhra Mahasabha and the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee had to work very hard, which they did relentlessly and without ceasing.

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* The districts included are Srikakulam, Vishakapatnam, East Godavari, West Godavari, Krishna, Guntur, Nellore, Kurnool, Anantapur, Cuddapah, Chittoor, and a part of Bellary (Adoni, Alur and Rayadrug Taluqs). The total area is 62,629 sq. miles and the total population 2,05,00,000.

The Andhra State movement entered on a new phase with the advent of Provincial autonomy in 1937. The Congress was in office with Sri C. Rajagopalachariar as Premier. Both Houses of the Legislature unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of linguistic States. Another resolution of the same kind was passed by them in 1947 when the Congress returned to power. Meanwhile a feeling of hesitation regarding linguistic States had begun to appear in certain Congress circles and it became more pronounced after Mahatma Gandhi's death. In this mood of hesitation and as a grudging concession to the insistent demand for an Andhra State, the Dhar commission was appointed in 1948. Its report was unfavourable. The disappointment caused by it was so great that another commission consisting of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Vallabhai Patal and Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya was constituted in 1949 to examine the problem. It recommended the establishment of linguistic States. High hopes were raised by this recommendation and they were increased all the more by the setting up of the Partition Commission soon after. But unfortunately there was little progress towards the formation of the Andhra State, the hurdle put in the way being the lack of prior agreement between the Tamils and the Andhras on several vital matters connected with the problem. Matters, however, were forced to a head by the death of Poti Sriramulu on December 15, 1952, after a fast of fifty-eight days undertaken as a protest against the delay in setting up an Adhra State. Four days later Pandit Nehru announced the formation of the Andhra State and Justice Wanchoo was appointed to report on the administrative and other adjustments necessary for the purpose. In the light of the latter's recommendations, the Andhra State was at last formed and inaugurated. It may be observed, here, that it was not so much the conferences and resolutions that helped the Andhra people to realise their cherished dream of a separate State as their united will gripped with a firm determination to achieve their goal at any cost. Of that will the conferences and resolutions are an outward expression, and Sriramulu's supreme sacrifice of his life a most heroic manifestation.

With the creation of the Andhra State it might be thought that the problem of linguistic States had been settled once for all. But it does not seem to be so. On the contrary it appears to have become a live issue again. It is exercising the minds of the leaders of the country, causing them no small concern and leading to the appointment of a new commission to examine the whole problem thoroughly. Now, the case for linguistic States rests mainly on the ground of cultural autonomy and its advantages. A State, with a common language and culture, will be homogeneous and united and will work smoothly and efficiently towards an all-round development. As Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya puts it, "it is meant to realise Swaraj in its full import so that the spread of education in colleges, the administration of justice in

Courts and the transactions of affairs in Councils may all be effected through the medium of the mother-tongue. This much is the minimum desideratum of Provincial Autonomy." On the other hand the case against linguistic States is based on the ground that they will lead to parochialism and fissiparous tendencies detrimental to the integrity of the nation as a whole. Pandit Nehru observes "I am no lover of provincialism or anything that comes in the way of the building up of the conception and the fact of a United India. We have to remember that there is no progress to-day without that essential unity and a considerable measure of centralisation." Putting the whole matter differently, it may be said that linguistic states would be justified if there were no danger to national solidarity. Another condition, which is also required, is that there should be a sufficient level of real and lasting linguistic consciousness. The question whether linguistic divisions would imperil national integrity or not requires the most careful consideration in the light of all the relevant factors. And an equally meticulous analysis is needed to sift the genuine and permanent linguistic consciousness from a passing linguistic fervour whipped up temporarily by the fancied ease of carving out a separate State. We trust that to these questions the Commission will give the attention they deserve.

At the same time an answer to the same questions is naturally looked for from the Andhra State. We are sure that its answer will be most satisfactory. There are, of course, many initial difficulties to be overcome, as is bound to be the case in every new State. But they will be surmounted in due course. The unity of purpose and spirit of self-sacrifice which won a separate State can be relied on to build it up into a stable and prosperous State. These qualities as well as the deep-rooted nationalism of the Andhras will make of their new State a shining example of enduring linguistic unity and integrated cultural autonomy and national solidarity.

Life is a one way street, and you are not coming back.

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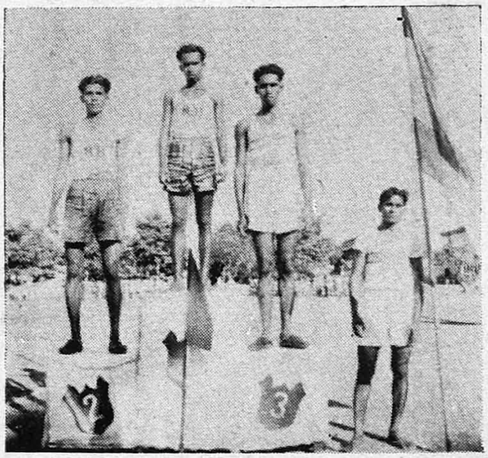
MADRAS

His Excellency arrives

Guard of Honour



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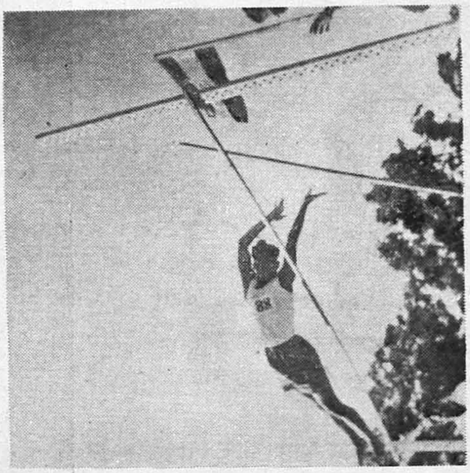
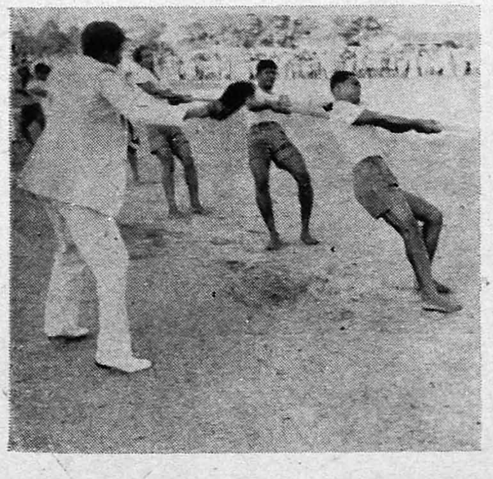


SPORTS ⁂ DAY



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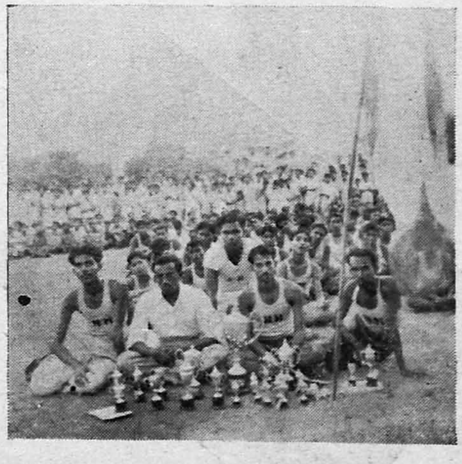

Photos by V. K. Lakshmanan

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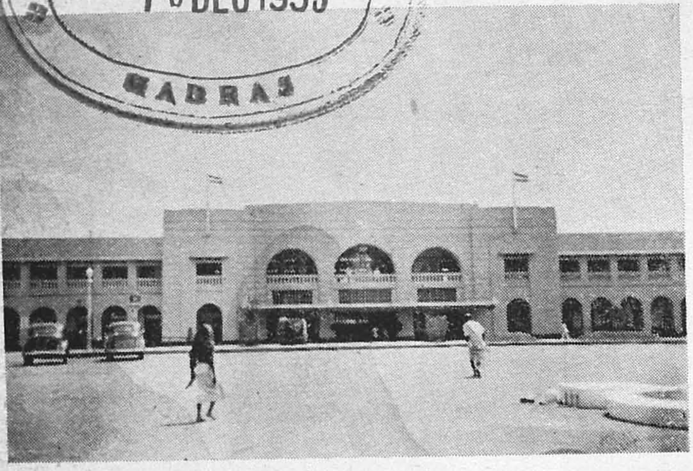
10 DEC 1955
MADRAS

TRICHY JUNCTION



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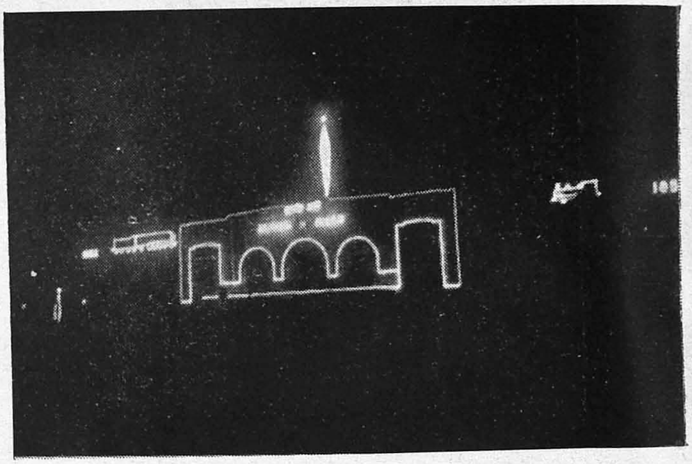

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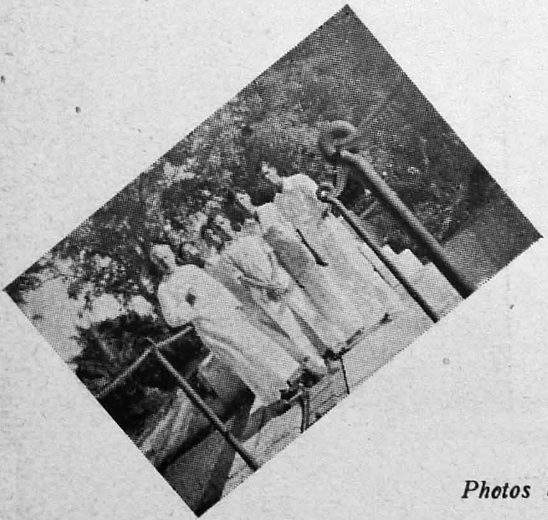

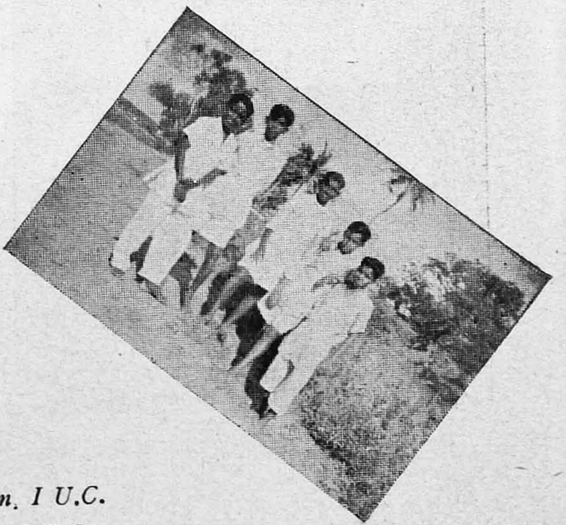

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Photos by 1 & 2 K. S. Gopalan, I U.C.
„ 3, 4 & 5 S. Joachim, I U.C.

BOOK REVIEW

HOW TO STUDY—(A Book for Students)

By E. W. Menzel, Pp. 266, Oxford University Press, 1952—Price Rs. 4/-

It is a truism in educational theory that what one studies is much less important than how one studies: all that is taught and learnt at school or college will be just so much ballast to be unloaded as soon as the examination is over, unless it has been assimilated into the learner's personality and either wholly or partially accepted as worth remembering and using for his own needs.

But this fundamental training in how to study is sadly neglected in our schools, as those who teach in our colleges are painfully and daily aware. The general want of *interest* in what they study is due less to the students' preoccupation with amusements and politics than to their ignorance of the way to study or even to read a book or listen to a lecture of some intellectual value.

Mr. Menzel has therefore done more service to teachers and students by his latest addition to the Oxford University Press's *Teaching in India* series than all those who have told them *what* to study for an examination or for success in life. Much less technical and 'psychological' than Dr. Mace's *The Psychology of Study, How to Study* is clear and simple and practical and none the less scientific and unobtrusively learned.

The first part is addressed to the teacher and discusses the part played in the process of study by concentration, observation, memory, reading, and language. After all the foolish things that have been said about 'concentration' (like the frequent excuse that one can't concentrate) and the charlatinism of psychiatrists who alone hold the key to it, it is refreshing to hear Mr. Menzel say that 'the ability to concentrate is partly a natural gift and partly a matter of training' and that this training in turn consists partly in interest and partly in self-discipline.

Of special usefulness to teachers at a time when so much unintelligent talk is heard of learning by doing and even by earning is the fourth chapter of Part I, which points out the importance of the pupil acquiring not mere information but skill in using it: learning how to use a dictionary or an encyclopaedia, how to make a map, a box, a folder, a sundial, will make many abstract and otherwise theoretical facts real and interesting and therefore easy to remember. Learning by earning is not a problem for educators; it belongs to the portfolio of Industries and Labour! Our traditional excessive emphasis on mechanical memorizing also receives a salutary snub in Chapter 7 where Mr. Menzel shows

the deceptiveness and sometimes even harmfulness of mere memory apart from understanding and association of ideas.

The Second Part of the book is directly addressed to students and deals with their practical problems, like the way to read a book, to profit by a lecture, to take notes, to use a library, to express their ideas clearly, to analyse a problem, to study languages, to take part in a debate, or to cultivate a hobby. Though all these chapters are useful, I may specially mention Mr. Menzel's hints on taking notes, where he makes the very true point that whether one is taking notes of a book read or a lecture heard it is important to understand and set down briefly (if possible in a sentence) the whole before taking down the parts. Note-taking, indeed, is more difficult than it would appear from the sight of students' notebooks, which are just mechanical reproduction of stray sentences without any grasp of the progress or connexion of thought and, still less, any attempt to express in their own way or *assimilate* what they have read or heard.

The last chapter, on the Personal Side of Study, is full of wisdom born of experience of Indian students. Mr. Menzel advises them to sit down with a will to study and get down to it at once: 'Start right in.' He tells them to study during the year and not just at examination time . . . not to feel jittery . . . and, perhaps best advice of all, to play a short game during examination days. To those who are reminded every day of those days as if they were the Crack of Doom, here are golden words: 'One of the most important things to do during examination time is to get your mind off the examination.'

Perhaps the best way of taking leave of this book is to define the word 'study' with which it begins. Mr. Menzel quotes fifteen definitions from Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. He might have done better to take the Latin origin which is reflected in Satan's '*study* of revenge'—utter concentration on one thing, complete devotion to a task or purpose. How rare in this true, original sense, is the *student* in these butterfly-like-flitting days! To those who really mean to study, Mr. Menzel's book is not only to be recommended—it is (in American) a *must*.

—T. N. S.

To see the humorous side of one's troubles is often to lose half of them.

Democracy vs. Utopia

A College Convocation Address

THE college is not only a seat of learning, it is also a preview of a more perfect society, and all of you who have gone through four years in this college have been partaking in advance of social relationships which you will be striving to bring into reality. Thus the college is a group of individuals. You have been accepted as individuals, you have been encouraged as individuals. You have counted, not for your self-abnegation but for your self-expression.

It has been a group of individual equality. By that I do not mean that each of you has been of the same capacity. But each of you has had the same opportunity. Not all of you are graduating with honors, but the road to honors was open to you all. And some of you may have chosen not to take the road to honors, so as to develop particular interests. So you have had a pre-experience of a society of equal opportunity. Here in college you have had this equal opportunity without much regard to your property possessions. And that, too, is a foretaste of the better world to come.

The accent in the college has been on the past and the future much more than you will find it in the non-college world, and that, too, is prophetic. For civilization, like education, is a heritage to which each generation must make its addition if the civilization is to live. But before the addition can be made, the attributes of the heritage must be known, the nature of its organic development must be appreciated, its values must be formulated. You in college have seen more clearly than the non-college world that what we call the present is a metaphysical convenience and not a reality, since the past really leads into the future without a halt. You have thought more about the future than most of your elders, and have related these thoughts to the past more than they. So you have caught a glimpse of the great continuity of life which society itself will have one day. To govern, someone has said, is to foresee. A more perfect government will be one of clearer horizons, the past will be better appraised, the future better charted. And you already have had some experience of this wiser society.

But I wish to come back to the topic of the conflicts through which you have gone, for you will be wise to see that these, too have been a preview even of a more perfect society. Civilization is not the

avoidance of conflict but its refinement. In a good society conflicts are kept within well-set bounds, and channels are provided for their settlement. But civilization being incomplete, the settlement of conflicts is not a perfected system. Injustice abounds not only abroad but in this land of ours. You are aware of that. You have thought about it a great deal. That is your pledge of improvement. For if you did not know sharply and passionately the injustices of our incomplete civilization, you would have no agenda for the work that is yours to do.

If I understand correctly, some of the liveliest hours you have spent in college have been produced by a conflict between the advocates of Utopia and the defenders of an imperfect democracy. It is a conflict in which the Utopians have a certain advantage. You can always outargue the apologist if you can rest your case on a blueprint. For there are no imperfections in a blueprint. And there are imperfections in the United States, in Great Britain, in any country with a long or short experience in self-government. There are many of them. But what is notable about this country of ours is not its completeness, but that the opportunity remains to complete it. The Utopians do not see this, for their blueprint is complete. And as long as it remains a blueprint, they seem to be winning all the arguments. When they come to do the building from the blueprints they will be making imperfections, too, and their dialectical advantage will begin to melt away.

What has been the basis of some of the conflict has been in the realm of loyalty. That word, I imagine, has caused more confusion in colleges than any other. The Utopian is loyal to his blueprint. And that loyalty has brought him into a curious jumble.

To begin with, loyalty is a great human capacity. It implies faith and discipline. A loyal person is one who is sure that when he hears that you, his friend, have done something which looks reprehensible, it will turn out to be reasonable and forgivable if all the circumstances are known. The man with loyalty practices the dictum that to understand all is to forgive all. He is willing to wait for the evidence to be produced. He will not prejudge you. He will see your good qualities and how they outweigh your deficiencies. He defends you, he praises you to others, and if he sees a fault in you he tells it to you privately, with forbearance and affection. This same loyalty can be given to a cause. And I am sure that a young man or woman who is loyal to a blueprint of Utopia is a meritorious specimen of mankind.

But there is one loyalty which is still greater than loyalty to a cause or to a friend. It is loyalty to truth. Here I beg of you not to dismiss that word truth as vague, abstract, and subjective. Instead of truth, I nearly said moral values, that a greater loyalty than to a cause or a

friend is the loyalty to moral values. I also nearly said loyalty to oneself. For the sense I have of truth is that it is a personal judgment based on a sense of social obligation, as well as on a scientific appraisal of evidence.

I do not believe that a Utopia can be built out of bad building material. I do not believe that Utopias are really ever made from blueprints. In social building, what is of value is the soundness of materials. What each of us has to contribute to society is himself or herself, his own honesty within himself, his faith in sincerity, his own sincere dealing. If any of you believe that you are going to achieve Utopia by deceit, by raising false flags, by wilful misrepresentation, by conscious misstatement, by guile, conspiracy, and fraud, and finally by giving over to someone else the power to think and judge and study the evidence for you, you know little of the ways of progress.

For Utopia is no different from democracy. It, too, is never completed. It is a start made in a desirable direction, and the task of constructing it is infinite. If it were otherwise—as some young people today believe—they might succeed in their sophistry. It might be so that the ends justify the means. One might arrive at a destination of a perfect society, and then in a great celebration and ceremonial make a vast bonfire of all the lies and all the surreptitious trickery which had been resorted to in reaching the destination, and then start life anew on an elevated plane of social decency.

Perhaps the chief difference between the generations is that the young people hope to achieve social changes more quickly than their elders. But their elders had the same hope, and only experience taught them that it is a slow grind and that it cannot be done with impetuous joy or with any temporary suspension of the moral code. When you are along in life and can look around you, you measure what it is your generation has done, you see a far different view of the Jerusalem that was to be built in this green land. You see that this Jerusalem is not a mirage, but that it is a tedious compilation, and you see quite clearly that what one gives to erecting it is not something outside onself, but from the very innermost heart of oneself. One sees that this Jerusalem is not a dream but a reality, and this reality is the sum total of individuals, and its strength and value are no more and no less than the strength and value of those individuals. Whatever trickery and deceit you take with you to this destination stays with you. The means you employ to achieve what you want become part of your achievement. And if you think you are building a better society by temporary deceit, you will be astonished to find that the deceit is not temporary, it is a permanent part of the society you have built. You do not arrive at the moment when you can throw off the social

immoralities, for social immoralities never buy anything but social immorality. They do not buy Utopia.

I hope that your experiences in College have given you a groundwork in appreciating the nature of the civil liberties in society. The words "civil liberties" are not to be bandied about carelessly. They are precious words, but they also are responsible and realistic words. Academic freedom, for instance, is not a long heritage, nor is it ever a secure heritage. Like all freedoms it must be continuously maintained. One importance of academic freedom that I wish to mention is that it allows for heresy. It is a recognition of the changing nature of orthodoxy, and it is a kind of life insurance, for without it thinking might come to a dead end and so die. But the guarantee of the right of heresy is the guarantee of the individual's right to seek the truth, wherever that search may take him. I am sure that you have grasped that. Academic freedom is the safeguarding of the scholar who is weighing truth in the scales of his own inner being. If he is not doing that he is not a scholar. If he is not a scholar searching for truth, academic freedom is not for him, and he has no right to appeal to its protection. If a man who has been a scholar takes on a political obligation which binds him to accept a judgment of truth outside his own experience and forbids him the privilege of search, he has himself contracted out of academic freedom. That is plain. You cannot be a scholar, entitled to academic freedom, and give up your right to think, inquire, and judge.

I hope, too, that it is clear to you that minority rights have been granted by the majority. Be quite hard-boiled about it; the majority has bestowed these rights not out of any quixotic altruism, but out of a wise sense of self-interest. It has given them because the majority wants a wholesome life, and a wholesome life is not to be had in any tyranny whatever, even the tyranny of the majority over the minority. But those who enjoy minority rights must know that they enjoy them only so long as the majority can be convinced that their freedom is to its own interest. The majority will never uphold the right of the minority to destroy the majority. That should be plain.

And a civil liberty that is used to frustrate the majority and to bind it, and to paralyze it, is not a liberty the majority will continue to bestow. For if the tyranny of the majority over the minority is not wholesome, the tyranny of the minority over the majority is less so.

It is good if you have had to contend with these concepts and conflicts here in the community of this college. For you will be contending with them for as long as you live. As I said, you go into a career of contention henceforth. You will find it a wearing and wearying career. You will find truth not elusive, but everlastingly incomplete,

You will find some of it here, some of it there. You will find some of it in the cause you do not espouse. You will find it in no one cause, not in one political scheme. If you appreciate this early, you will be early ready to serve the cause of democracy which provided this homeland of yours. For democracy is the conscious knowledge that an imperfect society can be made more perfect, as well as the political freedom to act to that end. Democracy is unfinished business. That is what we mean by saying that democracy is not fulfilment as much as it is a process—the contentious, wearying process—of always advancing toward fulfilment.

And in that building be sure that you have no other gift to make than yourselves. Some of you may be called upon to make that gift with great courage and great sacrifice. I humbly thank you for being capable of it. Others will make it in less spectacular ways. But be assured that what virtue you practise, what insight you gain, what restraint you place upon your intolerance, what sincerity you dare have with yourselves, what truthfulness and honour you pay to your comrades will be your contribution to your times.

A. RAYMOND SWING
(*Contributed*)

Literature is the art of saying what everybody else has said before you, but in your own words.

In Memoriam

Schol. Bro. Thevercad J. Joseph 1932—1953

K. M. M., S. J.,

The death of Brother Joseph Thevercad came as a rude shock to one and all—to his Superiors, to those who attended on him, to his old and ailing father and his dear brothers and sisters, to all those who knew him, and most of all to those nearest and dearest to him—his companions of the Juniorate. Bro. Thevercad had suffered from Amoebic Dysentery some four years ago. Somehow the germs of the disease had remained in his system ever since. Seeing he looked rather poorly, his Superiors got him medically examined. He was found to be very deeply infected with dysentery amoebae. Fearing these germs of disease might not only undermine his health and diminish his vitality, but even lead eventually to perforation of his intestines, Superiors decided to make him undergo a systematic treatment to rid him completely of these germs.

A first rather exhaustive treatment for a fortnight cleared away the germs from other parts of his body but not from his blood. It was decided to begin the treatment over again after overfeeding him for eight or ten days. This second treatment began with a purifying of the blood itself. However weakened, Bro. Thevercad seemed to stand the treatment alright. We were all rejoicing that he had reached the very last day of his treatment, when that very evening he complained of a little pain in the chest and developed a little fever. The doctor attending on him suspected pneumonia. He rushed up to the doctor at Kodai and brought him down for a consultation. The latter confirmed the diagnosis regarding pneumonia, but assured us that the patient would be all right in a few days. Thevercad's pneumonia, however, was not the ordinary Broncho-pneumonia easily cured today by penicillin. It was the far more deadly Lobar pneumonia, which, together with acute pain, reaches its fatal crisis in a short time. So it is that, before we were aware of the dread reality, in less than 24 hours, dear Bro. Thevercad was dead. While being anointed, he calmly passed away at 2 p.m. on Thursday, September, 3rd.

Joseph Thevercad, known in the world as T. J. Joseph was born at Paippad, Travancore, now in U.S.T.C., on April 22nd, 1932. He was the third of seven children. In March 1948 he passed his E.S.L.C. Examination, and the following June joined the St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, as a student in the First Group. It is there that most of his brethren in religion came to know him. He passed his Intermediate examination in the First Class, and on the 28th June, 1950 he was one of the 8 candidates who came up to Shembaganur to join the

Novitiate. We do not know for certain when the thought of a priestly career first came to him, nor when he took his final decision to become a Jesuit. But from his conversations it would appear that his final decision was taken only towards the end of his College days.

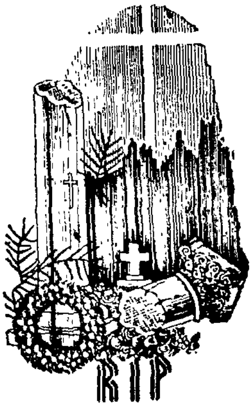
T. J. Joseph had in him the makings of an orator. Already indeed in his school days he was a regular competitor at the elocution contests. And he seems to have been even then a not ineffectual speaker. We have two proofs of this. One is the fact that during the national agitation in Travancore, the school authorities sent a note to his father asking him to warn his son not to make speeches on political matters. A second, more positive proof is the fact that he carried off the Gold Medal in the Malayalam Speech contest on the occasion of the 24th Anniversary of the all Kerala Catholic Congress at Ramapuram in May, 1949. In Shembaganur also he gave proof of this talent. The phrase "O happy bullet!" he used in his panegyric on St. Ignatius in the Novices' Refectory on July 31st 1951, is still on the lips of his then fellow-novices and of those who picked it up from their seniors. All were agreed that he had indeed a happy power of invention and composition, and of communicating his ideas to his hearers. After a catechism class given by him in the Novitiate, the Father who presided could find nothing to remark, except to congratulate the catechist.

The crowning proof of Bro. Thevercad's manliness of character was his unswerving fidelity to his religious life. In entering religion he had meant business, and he took to his chosen vocation seriously. All—his Superiors and companions alike—are at one in saying that he meant first to be a good religious, and everything else afterwards. On hearing of his death, one of his absent teachers wrote: "Bro. Thevercad was indeed a jewel of a man—so faithful and loyal to everything touching his vocation." The priest who was his Father 'Socius' (or Assistant to his Novice Master) in the Novitiate, wrote likewise: "He was ever an example to his companions, who could hardly ever point to anything in him that needed correction. God grant us and our young Juniors to imitate Bro. Thevercad, especially in his scrupulous observance of all the little rules of the Society."

It is undeniable that his fidelity to his rule was admirable. He had the grit to show that he would rather not oblige one of his Brothers than break a rule. Another proof of this fidelity was the fact that he confined his needs to few things and thus observed religous poverty very minutely. A yet further poof of his abiding fidelity was given while he was undergoing his last treatment in the infirmary. His people asked him whether he would like to spend some time in his native place with a view to improving his health. He seems to have replied that,

as he had come here to work in the vineyard of his Master, he could not and would not think of going home, alleging besides that his Superiors would not approve of it either.

We may conclude this short notice in the words of one of the two Fathers who had the best opportunities to know Bro. Thevercad intimately. His Father 'Socius' writes: "God had given him the originality of a genius, the charm and affability of a saint, the holiness of an angel. It was my conviction that he would achieve great things for God in the Society. He may perhaps now achieve greater things through his companions, who cannot wipe away from their memory the salutary example of his life. From the time I received the news of his death there echoes and re-echoes in my mind this apt saying of Holy Scripture: *"Consummatus in brevi explevit tempore multa. Placita enim erat Deo anima illius: propter hoc properavit educere illum de medio iniquitatum."* (Wis. 4.)



எங்கள் ஊர்

அரு. சுப்பிரமணியம், *IV B. Sc. (Chem.)*

"யாதும் ஊரே! யாவரும் கேளிர்" என்ற சமத்துவ தத்துவத்தை, சமரச கீதத்தை ஆயிரம் ஆண்டுகட்கு முன்பே இசைத்துச் சென்றுவிட்டார் ஓர் இன்றமிழ்ப் புலவர். எந்த ஊராக இருந்தால் என்ன? நாம் அந்த ஊரிலே வதியுமட்டும் அது நம்மூர்தானே என்ற அளவிலே "எங்கள் ஊர்!; .கேளீர் அதன் பெருமைகளை!" என்று பேச முற்படுவது மனித இயல்பு. இயற்கையன்னை கொடூரக் கோலத்தோடு கொலு வீற்றிருக்கும் எடின்பரோ என்ற நகரைப்பற்றி, என்ன என்னவோ ஏற்றம் இயம்பினான் ஸ்டீவன்ஸன். தன்நகர் என்றதோர் காதலால் புகையும் மாசும் மண்டிய, மனிதன் இயந்திரமாக இயங்கிடும் லண்டன்மா நகரைப்பற்றி இசைஏற்றி இயம்பச் சொற்கள் கண்டிலனே என்று கவலைப்பட்டான் சார்லஸ் லாம்ப். எந்தவொரு மனிதன் இலண்டன் நகர்பால் அலுப்புக் கொள்ளுகிறானோ அவன் நிச்சயம் இந்தப் பொன்நிகர் பூமி வாழ்வையே வெறுத்தவனாக இருக்கவேண்டும் என்று அறுதியிட்டான் ஜான்ஸன். ஏன்? லண்டன் நகரிலே மேயர் பதவி கிட்டுவதற்காகவா? முடிபுனைந்து ஆங்கில ஆட்சியிலே அமரவா? இல்லை இல்லை! "எங்கள் ஊர்!" என்பதால் ஏற்பட்டதோர் எக்களிப்பு! தான்வாழும் ஊர்மாட்டு ஊற்றெடுக்கும் காதல்கொண்டு உயர்வேற்றி உரைத்தல் மாந்தர்தம் விழுமிய இயல்பு.

எங்கள் ஊர்! எது தெரியுமா? "மருங்குவண்டு சிறந்து ஆர்ப்ப, மணிப்பூ ஆடை அது போர்த்துக் கருங்கயற்கண் விழித்து ஒல்கி" நடக்கும் காவிரி அன்னை ஒருபுறம். "பூவார்சோலை மயிலாடப் புரிந்து குயில்கள் இசைபாடக் காமர் மாலை அருகசைய"ப் பிறிதொருபால் நடைபோடும் நங்கை கொள்ளிடம். இவ்வாறு இரண்டு எழில் நதிகள் இருமருங்கும் எல்லைக் கோடாக ஓடும் இனிய ஊர் எங்களது! வண்ணமலர்களும், தேங்கனிகளும், வீசிடும் மணமும் விரிந்த சுவையும் வகையாக வழங்கும் வான்பூமி எங்கள் ஊர்! இயற்கை அழகும், மனிதனின் முயற்சியால் முகிழ்த்த செயற்கை அழகும் ஒருங்கே அமைந்து செவ்விதின் சிறப்பது எங்கள் ஊர்!

இயற்கை அழகை இனிய முறையிலே மாந்தித் திளைக்க விழையும் கவிஞர்களும் சரி. விழும்நாளுக்கு விரைந்து சென்றுகொண்டிருக்கும் வயது முதிர்ந்தவர்களும் சரி, அதிகப் பரபரப்பில்லாத நகரவாழ்வு துய்க்க விரும்புபவர்களும் சரி, எல்லோரும் இன்புற வாழ்வதற்கு இயைபு உடையது எங்கள் ஊர்!

சென்னை இல்லாவிடில், தமிழர் தலைநகரமாதற்குச் சகல விழுப்பங்களும் உடைய மாநகர்க்கு அண்மையிலே அமைந்திருக்கிறது எங்கள் ஊர். கோச்செங்கட் சோழனுக்கும் சிவன்பால் சிந்தையைச் செலவிட்ட சிலந்திப் பூச்சிக்கும் சிவலோகந்தந்த சிவனார் வதியும் ஆனைக் காவும் அமைந்திருக்கிறது அண்மையிலேயே.

ஊரின் அமைப்பு புதுமையானது. முழுதாக மலர்ந்த தாமரை மலரைப் பார்த்திருக்கிறீர்களா? கமலம் பூத்துக் கவினுற அமைந்தது எங்கள் ஊர்.

அக்கஞ்ச மலரின் இதழ்கள் எழிலுற வட்டமாக வடிக்கப் பெற்றிருத்தல் போல் சுற்றிச் சுற்றி அமைந்திருக்கும் தெருக்கள். மலர் நடுவண் இலங்கும் பொகுட்டினைப் போன்று காத்தற் கடவுள், கார்மேகவண்ணன், ஆழிக்கை யான், செவ்வரிக் கண்ணன் துயிலுங் கோலத்தே வீற்றிருக்கும் கோயில். ஊரின் அமைப்பே ஒருதனி எழிலுடையது.

காலை நான்கு மணிக்கே ஞாயிறுகூடத் துயிலெழா நேரத்திலே எங்களூரில் மக்கள் குழுமிச் செல்வர் இருபெரும் ஆறுகள் நோக்கி. பண்டைத் தமிழ் இலக்கியத்திலே எழுதப்பட்டிருக்கின்றனவே—காலை "வைகறை யாமம் துயிலெழுந்து நறவந் தோற்ற நல்லிசை யொலியொடு நங்கைகள் ஆறுசெல்வர்" என்று—அதை இன்று இந்த நாளிலே இங்கே காணலாம். அநேகமாக ஆறுமணிக்கு ஊதும் சங்கோடு ஊரும் விழித்துக்கொள்ளும்—காலை 9½ மணி "ஆபிஸ் வண்டிக்கு"ப்போகும் அலுவலாளர்கள் மாணவர்கள் வீட்டிலே இந்தச் சங்கொலியோடு எழும் ஓர் பரபரப்பு ஒன்பது மணி சங்கூதும்வரை நீடிக்கும். 9 மணி சங்கூதியவுடனே ரயிலுக்கு ஓடுபவர்கள் வீதியை நிறைப்பார்கள்—அந்த அவசரத்திலே ஒரு அழகு—ஒரு ஜீவன்—ஒரு மகிழ்ச்சி.

ஒன்பதரை மணிக்கெல்லாம் பள்ளி செல்லும் பிள்ளைகளும் பெண்களும் கட்டுப் புத்தகங்களைக் கையிலே ஏந்தியவண்ணம் செல்வர். உலகத்தின் கவலையின் சுவடுபடாத இளஞ் சிறுவர்களும் சிறுமியர்களும், கள்ளமில்லாத சுழியோடும் சிரிப்பைக் கேட்டாலே நிம்மதி ஏற்படும். எங்களூரில் ஆண்களுக்கென்றும் பெண்களுக்கென்றும் தனித்தனியே அருகிலேயே இரண்டு பள்ளிகள் இருக்கின்றன.

பன்னிரண்டு மணிக்கு ஊதும் சங்கொலியோடு மகளிரது சங்குவளையல்களின் ஒலியும் சேர்ந்து ஒலிக்கும். தண்ணீர் நின்றுவிடப் போகிறதே என்ற பரபரப்பில் முன்னேறப் போட்டி; சின்னஞ் சிறு பிணக்குகள். இயற்கை தானே!

மாலை 5 மணிக்கு ஊதும் சங்கோடு ஊருக்கே ஒரு ஜீவன் பிறக்கிறது. கற்று மீளும் கல்லூரி மாணவர்களும், உழைத்துத் திரும்பும் பெரியவர்களுமாகத் தெருவிலே நெருக்கமிடுவார்கள். உழைத்ததால் ஏற்பட்ட அலுப்பு—ஆயினும் அதனோடே உழைப்பு முடிந்துவிட்டது என்ற நினைவால் ஏற்படும் ஒரு மகிழ்ச்சி; இத்தகைய இருதிறத்த, வேறான உணர்வுகளால், விசித்திரமானதொரு பாவத்தோடு ஒளிரும் முகங்கள்.

கடைத் தெருக்களிலே ஒரு புதுச் சோபை. எங்கும் ஒலி, மகிழ்ச்சி ஒலி. இந்த நேரத்திலே இத்தகையதானதொரு சூழ்நிலையிலே கவலை கொண்டவனையும் முறுவல் பூக்கவைக்கும் திறனுடையது எங்கள் ஊர். கீதம் பாடி வட்டமிடும் புள்ளினங்களும் செவ்விய ஒளியை எங்கும் சிந்தும்; மறையும் ஞாயிறும், காண்போருக்கு உவகை ஊட்டும்.

ஊரின் பெரியது கோவில். இங்கே—

கையிலே சிற்பத் திறன் செறிந்ததோர் தட்டு—கனிவகை முதலிய பூசனைப் பொருள்களுடன்—தாங்கிவரும் ஒரு மங்கை; தட்டிலே இருக்கும் செம்மலர் சிவந்ததோ அல்லது ஏந்திவரும் ஏந்திழையாளின் செவ்விதழ் சிவந்ததோ? சிரித்துச் சொல்லாடிச் செல்லும் சிலர்; எங்கும் இயைந்து

நிற்கும் இனிய கானம்—இவர்களுடே இறைவன் நினைவை அகத்தில் இருத்தி, புகழ்மாலை போற்றிச் செல்லும் பக்தர் குழாமும் பார்க்கலாம்.

சற்றுத் தள்ளிச்சென்றால் எங்களூரில் உள்ள இரண்டு சினிமாக் கொட்டகைகளில், மக்களை ஈர்ப்பதற்காக வைக்கப்படும் இசைத்தட்டு இன்னிசை கேட்கலாம். "அமைதியிலாதென் மனமே" என்று சரியாக ஆறு மணிக்கு அந்த இசை எழும்போது, எத்திறத்த அமைதியில்லாதவன் மனமும் அமைதி அடையவேண்டுமே என்று அந்தப்பாட்டின் பக்தர்கள் பேசுகிறார்கள்.

இந்தச் சினிமாக்களில்தான் எவ்வளவு கூட்டம்! சாதாரணமாக அண்மை மாநகரிலே ஓடி அலுத்த படங்கள்தான் இங்கே திரையிடப் பெறுவது வழக்கம். இருந்தாலும் கூட்டத்திற்குக் குறைவு கிடையாது. நான் தினமும் ஆச்சரியப்படுவேன்.—கோயிலிலோ கோலாகலக் கூட்டம்—சினிமாவிலும் நெருக்கம்—கடைத்தெருக்களிலே நெரியும் மக்கள்கூட்டம்—ஊர்மக்களே திரண்டு இம்மூன்று இடங்களில் குழுமிவிட்டார்களோ என்று—வீடுகளிலோ விளையாட்டொலியும் வளையொலியும்! எங்களூரின் மக்கட் தொகை 30,000 என்று மதிப்பிட்டிருக்கிறார்கள். ஒரு இரண்டு பூஜ்யங்களை விட்டு விட்டார்களோ, என்னவோ!

8 மணி சங்கொலியோடு ஊரும் மெதுவாக அடங்கி அயருகின்றது. 9½ மணிக்கெல்லாம் நித்திராதேவி ஊராட்சி செலுத்தத் தொடங்கி விடுவாள்—மக்களும் இவ்வுலக வாழ்வை மறந்து, துன்பமும் துயரமும் துதைந்த தரணியைமறந்து இன்ப நினைவுகளின் கனவுநிலையிலே ஊடாடு வார்கள்—கழுகும் கண்ணுறங்கும் நேரத்திலேகூடத் தன் கடமையைச் செவ்வனே செய்துகொண்டிருக்கும் முனிசிபாலிட்டி விளக்குகள், ஆங்காங்கே ஊளையிடும், ஒருசில வீதி நாய்கள், இரண்டாங்காட்சி சினிமாவினின்றும் திரும்புபவர் சிதறும் ஒலி அலைகள்—இவைகள் தவிர ஊரின் முழு அமைதி நிலவும். பகலிலே ஆரவாரத்தோடு ஓடிய மக்கள் அடங்கித் துயில் கொண்டிருக்கும் விந்தைநோக்கி விண்மீன்கள் கண் சிமிட்டும்—வான்மதியும் இந்த அழகு நங்கைமீது தன் வெண்ணொளி உடை போர்த்தி மகிழ்வாள். முழுநிலவின் மோகன நிலவொளியிலே, இலையும்கூட ஆடாது நிற்கும். அமைதிநிலையிலே எங்களூரின் உள்ளங்கவரும் அழகை எழுதி உணர்த்த முடியாது—அழகும் அமைதியும் பின்னிக்கிடக்கும்!

ஞாயிற்றுக்கிழமையன்று பரபரப்பு அமைந்திட்ட ஓர் அமைதி! எங்கும் ஒரு "விடுமுறை மனப்பான்மை" ஓய்வாகச் செயலாற்றும் ஒரு பான்மை—மற்ற நாட்களிலே "பரபரப்பு" என்னும் அணிபூண்ட எம்மூர் நங்கை இந்நாளன்று "அமைதி" என்னும் ஆபரணம் பூண்டு இலங்குவாள். மகளிர் நாளுக்கு ஒரு நகை பூணுதல் இயல்புதானே!

எங்கள் ஊர் கோயிலில் வருடம்முழுதும் வருநாட்கள் யாவும் திரு நாட்களே! "குழாய்த் தண்ணீரையே அருந்துங்கள்"! "காலரா ஊசி போட்டுக்கொள்ளுங்கள்!" என்ற முனிசிபாலிட்டியாரின் விளம்பரங்களோடு ஆரம்பமாகும் வைகுண்டஏகாதசி, உண்மையாகவே கூட்டத்தில் விழி பிதுங்கி சொர்க்கத்தின் வாயிலுக்குக் கொண்டுபோகும் சொர்க்கவாசல் காட்சி, சித்திரைத்தேர், உத்தரரதம் என்று நாளும் அரங்கநாதர் விழாக் கோலத்தராகவே உள்ளார்.

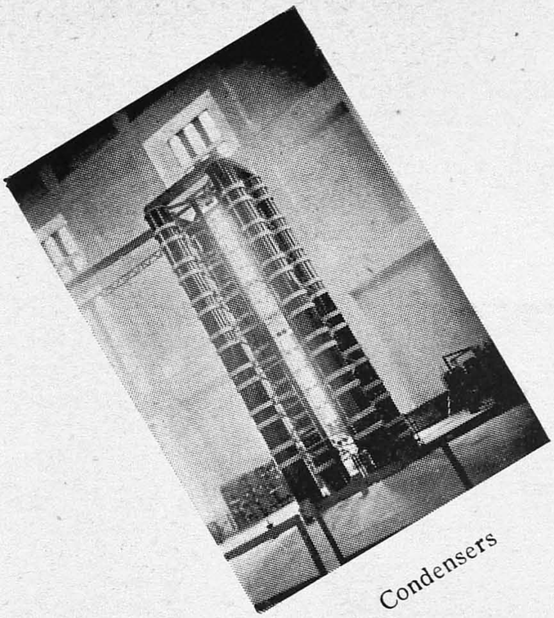
இந்த விழாவை ஒட்டி வயிறு வளர்க்கும் பிச்சைக்காரர்கள்—எத்துணை எத்துணை! சித்திரைத்தேருக்குத் திரண்டுவரும் கிராமத்து எளிய மக்கள் எத்துணை எத்துணை! தங்களுக்கே உரித்தானதோர் ஆடல் பாடல் முழவுகளுடனே முறுவலுடன் முழங்கி, காவடி எடுத்துக் கண்ணிபாடி, மாவுபிசைந்து மாண்புடன் விழாநடத்தும் அழகைக்கண்டு ரசிக்கவேண்டும். கோயிலிலே செறிந்திருக்கும் சிற்பச்செல்வம் எவ்வளவு தெரியுமா? எங்கள் ஊர்க் கோயிற்சிலைகள் பல்திறத்தன. அங்கே கல் உங்களோடு பேசும், கொஞ்சும், பாடும், சிரிக்கும், செவ்வையாக ஆடும்......

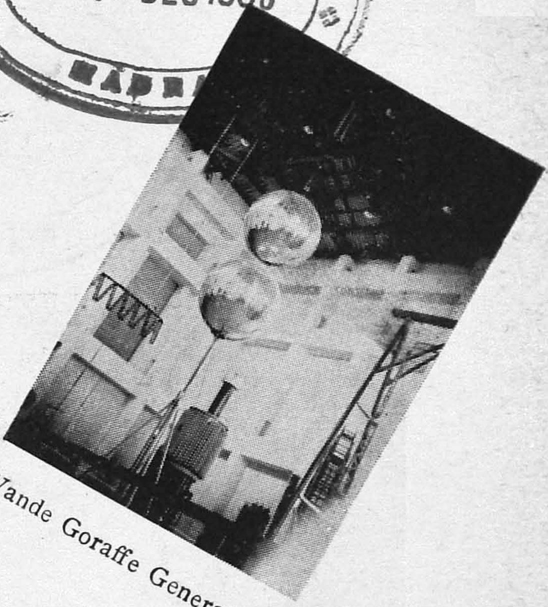
எங்கள் ஊருக்குக் காவிரியும் கொள்ளிடமும் ஆடையும் அணியும். இயற்கையின் இனிய எழில் சிறந்ததோர் சிறப்பு அழகு. திருவரங்க நாதர்தான் கைப்பிடித்த கணவர். அண்மைத் திருச்சி நகர்தான் சோதரி. சிவனூர் செறிந்த திருவானைக்கா உயிர்த்தோழி. இன்பம் நல்கும் இனிய மொழியாள்! கன்னல் கைக்கும் கன்னி!! நறவம் நாணும் நங்கை!!!

"ஸ்ரீரங்கத்துக்குப்போய் ஸ்ரீரங்கநாதரைத் தெரிசிக்காத ஜன்மமும் ஒரு ஜன்மமா?" என்று ஓர் அடி அடித்துவிட்டு, "உன் ஜன்மம் வீண்தான்!" என்று முடிவையும் அவசரமாகக் காட்டுவார் பட்டாச்சாரியார். "இயற்கை எழிலை ஏற்றமுறையில் சுவைப்பதற்கேற்ற இடம் ஸ்ரீரங்கம்தான் என்கிறான் இயற்கைப் பித்தன்" "திவ்வியமான ஊர்! இந்தண்டை காவிரி—அந்தண்டை கொள்ளிடம் காலம்பற ஸ்நாநம் பண்ணிட்டு ரங்கநாதனைச் சேவிச்சுண்டிருந்தா ஜென்மம் சாபல்யமாயிடுமே" என்கிறாள் சேஷிப்பாட்டி. "திருச்சி நெருக்கத்திலிருப்பதைவிட ஸ்ரீரங்கத்திலிருந்து காலேஜுக்குப் போறது சௌகரியமாக இருக்கிறது ஸார்!" என்கிறான் அடுத்தவீட்டுக் கல்லூரி மாணவன், "அதெல்லாம் கிடக்கட்டும்—வந்துதான் பாருங்களேன்!" என்கிறேன் நான்—நீங்கள் என்ன சொல்கிறீர்கள்?

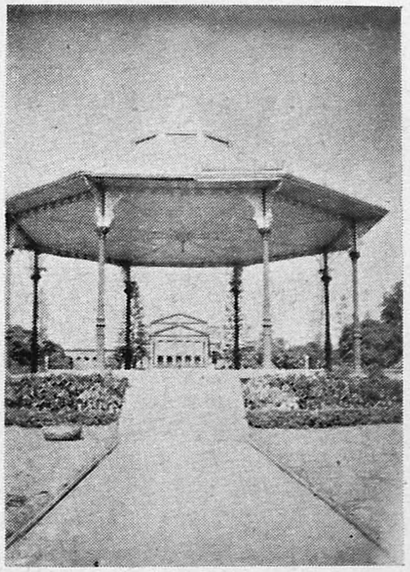
10 DEC 1955

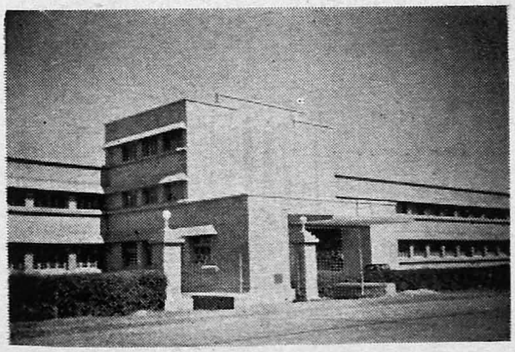
DEC. 1953


Condensers


Vande Goraffe Generator

BANGALORE EXCURSION


Secretariate, Bangalore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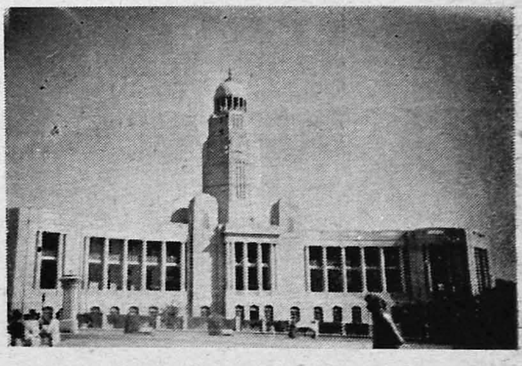
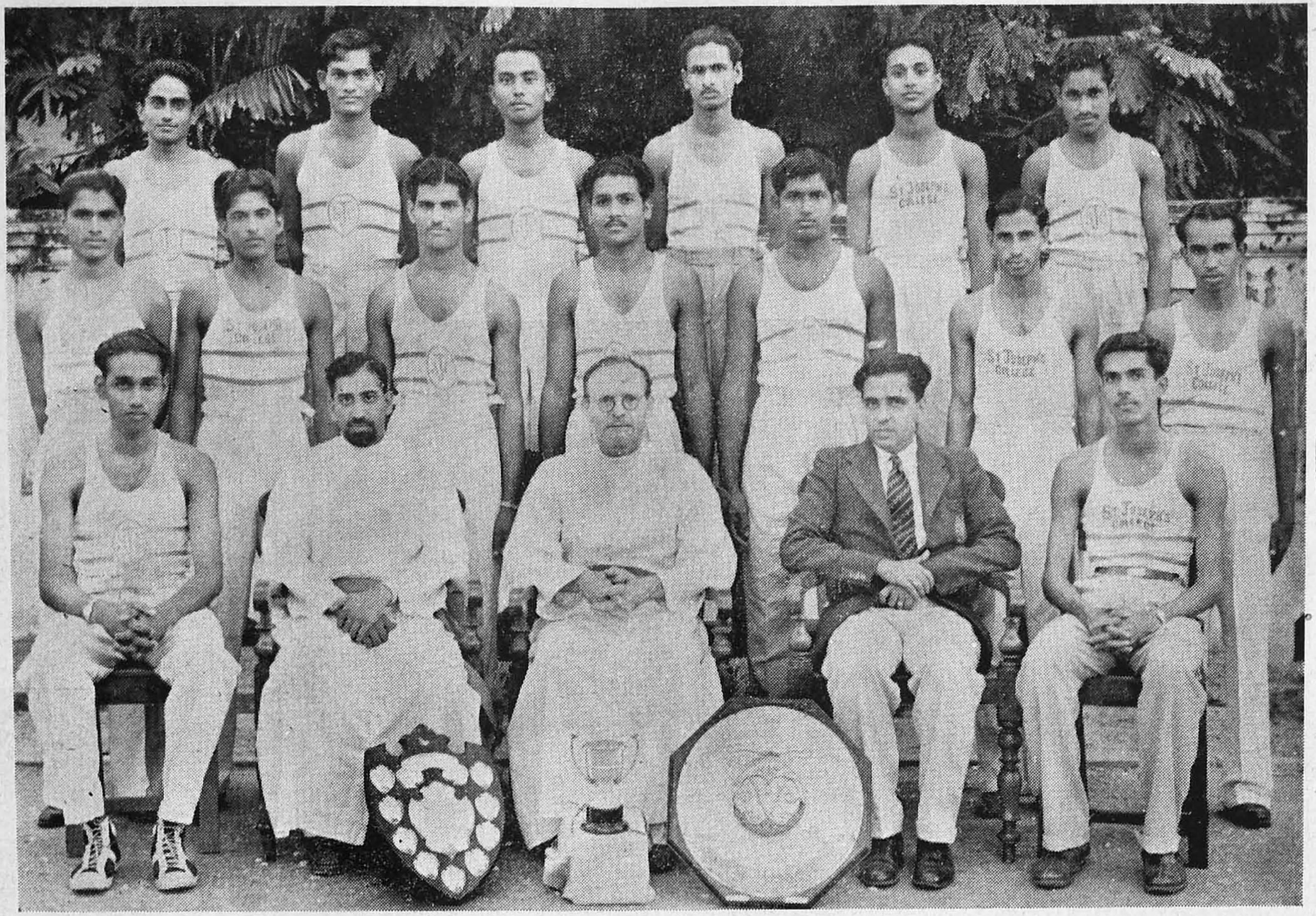
S. Mahadevan,
B.Sc., (Phy.)


Krishna Rajendra Institute



THE ATHLETIC TEAM 1953—54

Winners of the Inter Collegiate Divisional Championship Cup
and the T. D. A. A. open Athletic Championship Cup.

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காட்சி

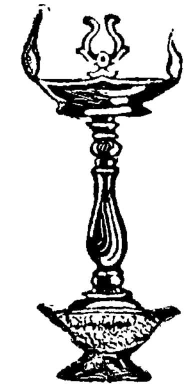
R. Gurunadhan, II U. C.

1. அலைமிகு கடலை விட்டே
   அழகினை அள்ளி வீசிக்,
கலைமிகு உலகந் தன்னில்
   கதிரவன் தோன்றல் மாட்சி!
திளைத்திட்டேன் அதிலே நானும்
   தெவிட்டாத இன்பக் காட்சி!
இலையொரு சொல்லும் சொல்ல
   எழுதவும் முடியா தம்மா!

2. பொன்னிற வெண்ணிலாத் தான்
   பொதிந்துள முகிலை விட்டு
விண்ணிலே ஒளிருங் காட்சி
   விரிந்த இவ்வுலகந் தன்னில்
பெண்ணினம் உரிமை பெற்றுப்
   பெருந்தளை நீக்கித் தாமும்
"முன்னணி வரலோ?" என்று
   முழுமகிழ் கொள்ளச் செய்யும்.

3. விரிந்தநல் நீல வானில்
   வெண்மணற் குன்றம் போலத்,
தெரிந்திடும் மேகக் கூட்டம்
   தேனினும் இனிய காட்சி!
சிற்பி தன் திறமை யாலே
   செதுக்கிய பதுமை போலே,
பொற்புடன் விளங்கும் மேகம்
   பொழிந்திடும் மழையைப் பின்னே!

4. பழுத்தநல் ஆலின் கண்ணே
   பறவைகள் இனங்க ளோடும்
பழத்தினைத் தின்னுங் காட்சி,
   பாபுனை பண்பார் காட்சி!
கழுத்திலே தாங்கிக் கலப்பை
   கையிலே ஏறுங் கொண்டே.
உழைத்திட உழவன் செல்லும்
   உயர்வகைக் காட்சி என்னே!

குல  விளக்கு

அல்லது

கடைசிச் சொட்டு

V. S. Kandasamy, III U. C.

[சரிதந் தழுவிய கற்பனை ஓரங்க நாடகம்]

இடம் :—*பாஞ்சைப்பதிக்குப் பக்கத்தில் உள்ள கக்கரம்பட்டியருகில் இரணகளம்.*

இருப்போர் :—*வீரபாண்டியக் கட்டபொம்மன் தம்பி ஊமைத்துரை, வீரமறவர் இருவர், மூதாட்டியர் சிலர்.*

[அந்தி மயங்கும் வேளை. மெள்ள மெள்ள உலகை இருள் கவ்விக்கொண்டிருந்தது. வெகு தூரத்தில், அடிவானத்தில் செம்மண் பூசியதுபோல செக்கர் படர்ந்திருந்தது. பிணக்குவியல்களின் இடையில் முனகும் இரு வீரர்கள்; பிரக்ஞை அற்றுக்கிடக்கும் ஊமைத்துரை. வீரர்களில் ஒருவன் சிவசங்கு; மற்றவன் வில்லாளன்.]

சிவசங்கு **:—(படுகாயங்களுடன் இரத்தச்சேற்றில் கிடக்கிறான்; தாங்கமுடியா வலியால் முனகுகிறான்)** *என்னருமை நன்னாடே! இன்று நீ எடுத்தாள்வோர் நாடானாயே. இதோ என்னைச் சுற்றிலும் தாய்நாடு, தான் பிறந்த மண், தன்னை வளர்த்த தாயகம் வாழவேண்டுமென்பதற்காகத் தங்களையே அர்ப்பணித்துக்கொண்ட கண்மணிகள். பிணநாற்றமும், இரத்த வாடையும்தானா அந்தக் கண்மணிகளுக்கு நீ கொடுக்கும் பரிசு. உதிரத்தை வாரியிறைத்தும், உயிரையே பணயம் வைத்தும் விளையாடிய இந்த வீரப் போராட்டத்தில், என்னருமைத் தாயகமே, நீ எங்களுக்கு என்ன கைம்மாறு தருகிறாய்? கைம்மாறா? எங்களுக்கா? நீ விடுதலையுடன் வாழவேண்டுமென்று துடிக்கும் எங்களுக்கு ஒரே ஒரு கைம்மாறு செய்யம்மா! எங்கள் காலடிபட்ட இடத்தில் வேற்று நாட்டானை, இந்நாட்டின் நலத்தை வேட்டையாடுபவனை விட்டுவைக்காதே.*

வில்லாளன் **:—***சிவசங்கு! எங்கப்பா போய்விட்டாய் நீ! வஞ்சகர் உள்ளம்போன்ற இந்நள்ளிருளில் ஆள் அடையாளம்கூடத் தெரியவில்லையே! சிவசங்கு, நீ சவமாகிவிட்டாயா?*

சி **:—***வில்லாளா, இதோ இங்கிருக்கிறேன். சாவும் நம்மைப்பிரிக்க முடியாது! நீ சொன்னபடியே சவமாவேன் நான் சற்று நேரத்தில்.*

ஆனால் அதற்குள் உரிமைப்படையின் ஈட்டிமுனை கூர் மழுங்கிவிடக்கூடாதே என்பதற்காக இரத்தக்கண்ணீர் வடிக்கிறேன். நாடாண்ட நம் மன்னன், உரிமைகேட்டு அதற்காக உயிரையும் அடகு வைத்தவன், தியாகமூர்த்தி, ஊமைத்துரை இதோ இங்கே மரணத்தை அணைத்தபடி கிடக்கிறார். மனதிருந்தும் ஆனால் உடல் இல்லாமல் வீழ்ந்து கிடக்கிறோம் நாம். நாட்டின் எதிர்கால வாரிசு, என் தாயின்மேல் வீழ்ந்து கிடக்கும் இரும்புச் சங்கிலியை—அடிமைத்தளையை—அறுத்தெறியும் சம்மட்டி யார்? எங்கே? நாம் பட்டபாடுகள் விழலுக்கு இறைத்த நீரா? கண்ட கனவு பாலை வனத்துக் கானல் நீரா? எந்தையும் தாயும் மகிழ்ந்து விளையாடிய நாட்டில் இங்கிலாந்துக்காரனும், எட்டப்பனுமா?

வி :—**(தடுமாறும் குரலில்)** தண்ணீர் கொடு—கடைசி முறை என்னுட்டின் நீர் என் நாவில்பட்டு என் ஆயுள் முடியட்டும். மரண தாகம், நீர் தரமாட்டாயா? ஒரு சொட்டு! ஒரே ஒரு சொட்டு.

சி :—**(தான் மெள்ள நகர்ந்து தன் மார்பைத் துப்பாக்கிக் குண்டு துளைத்ததால் வழியும் ரத்தத்தில் கொஞ்சம் பிடித்து வில்லாளன் உதட்டில் ஊற்றுகிறான். ஆயினும் அவனால் சுவைக்கவோ, குடிக்கவோ முடியவில்லை.)** இதோ என் கடைசிக் காணிக்கை—உதிரம்—எடுத்துக் கொள். அதோ செக்கச் சிவந்திருக்கும் செவ்வானத்தைப்போலத் தோன்றும் இந்த இரத்தத்தைக் குடி. என்னை ஊட்டி வளர்த்த தாய் நாட்டின் நலனுக்குப் போராடி மாண்ட ஒரு தியாகிக்கு உதவி செய்தேன் என்ற திருப்தியாவது எனக்குக் கிடைக்கட்டும். தொட்டால் ஒட்டும் இவ்விருட்டைப்போன்று, துரோக சிந்தனை கொண்டுள்ள தாய்நாட்டுத் துரோகிகள் உன்னைப் பார்த்தாவது மனந்திருந்தட்டும். என்னப்பா முணகுகிறாய்!

வி :—நீ கொடுத்த நீருக்கு என் நன்றி—வெளிறிப்போன என் வாய்க்கு நீ கொடுத்த நீர் ஒரு வாடை வீசுகிறதே! மறந்தேன் சிவசங்கு! எங்கே நம் சாமி. **(பார்வையைச் சுழற்றுகிறான்)**

சி :—இன்னும் சிறிது நேரத்தில் இன்னொரு உலகத்தில் சந்திப்போம். சிரிக்கும் தாரகைகளே! ஏன் நகைக்கிறீர்கள். வஞ்சகம் தெரியாததால் வந்தவனுக்கு நாட்டை விட்டுவிட்டு நாங்கள் நாதியற்ற பிணங்களாகக் கிடக்கிறோம் என்பதற்காகவா? அருந்திறலோடு போராடி, அரசதிருவையும், ஆருயிரையும் இழந்து விண்ணாடு வந்திருக்கும் ஊமைத் துரையைக் கண்டபின் இங்குள்ள எட்டப்பனைப்பார்த்து நகைக்கிறீர்களா? வழி காட்டுங்கள்; வாளொன்று கொடுங்கள்; துண்டிக்கப்பட்டு ஒற்றைக் கையோடு கிடக்கும் நான் சென்று எட்டப்பனுக்கு ஒரு முடிவுகட்டுகிறேன். விண்ணிலிருக்கும் தாரகைகளே, விரைந்தோடும் காற்றே நீங்களே கேளுங்கள்; இன்றில்லாவிட்டாலும் நாளை தோன்றப்போகும் எங்கள் வீர பரம்பரையிடம் ஒன்று சொல்லுங்கள். தாய்நாட்டின் விடுதலைக்காகப் போராடித் தனியே அநாதைகளாகக் கிடந்தார்களடா உங்கள் மூதாதையர்கள் என்று சொல்லுங்கள். மறைந்து வாழும் வேடதாரி எட்டப்பன் இன்னான் என்றும் சொல்லிவிடுங்கள். தாய்நாட்டின் பேரிலுள்ள பற்றால் கூறுகிறேன்—துணைக்கு யாரும் இல்லாமல் துஞ்சப்போவதால் கூறுகிறேன். **(சிறிது பொறுத்து)** செய்யமாட்டீர்கள்—சொந்த நாட்டுக்காரனே துரோகம் இழைக்கும்போது நீங்கள்யார் உதவி செய்ய? ஆனாலும் உடன் பிறக்கும்

வியாதியே நம்மைக் கொன்றாலும், மலையில் பிறக்கும் மூலிகை நமக்கு உயிர் தருகிறதல்லவா? அந்த உதார குணத்தைக்கொள்ளுங்கள். **(நரியொன்றின் ஊளையிடும் சத்தம் கேட்க அப்பக்கம் திரும்புகிருன்)**

வி:—நாட்டிலுள்ள நரிகள் துரத்த அந்தக் கொடுமைக்கு ஆட்பட்டுக் காட்டில் கிடக்கும்போது காட்டு நரிகளின் தொந்தரவா? உருவத்தால் பேதப்படும் பலர் உள்ளத்தால் ஒன்றுபடுகிருர்கள். இனம் இனத்துக்கு உதவுகிறது. இந்தா கொண்டுபோ உன் பங்கை.

சி:—வில்லாளா! என்ன காரியம் செய்கிருய்? தசைகளை அறுப்பதா! தற்கொலையாகுமப்பா அது. தமிழன் அதைச் செய்யமாட்டான். வீரமன்றி வேருென்றைக் காணுது அந்தப் போராட்டத்தில் மாற்ருன் விடும் வேல் நம் மார்பில் பாயவேண்டுமொழிய, அவன் வாள் நமது துடிக்கும் தசையை அறுக்கலாமேயொழிய நம் வாள் நமது உடம்பைத்துணிக்கக்கூடாது. என்ன—என்ன அங்கே. ஆத்திரம் அறிவைக் கவ்விச்செல்வதுபோல உன் அறுபட்ட தசையைக் கவ்விச் செல்வதென்ன?

வி:—நாட்டுக்குச் சேவைசெய்யக் கடைசிச் சந்தர்ப்பம். நமது 'சாமி' யின் உடலைக்கடித்துத் தனது வயிற்றுக்கு இரைகொள்ள வந்த நரிக்கும் ஓநாய்க்கும் போடுகிறேன்; நமது சுதந்திரத்தைக் கவ்வவரும் வெள்ளையருக்கு எட்டப்பன்கள் இரையாகக்கிடைப்பதுபோல.

சி:—செய்யப்பா செய். ஜீவாதாரப்போராட்டத்தில் ஈடுபட்ட நாம் எதையும் தாங்கும் இதயம் பெற்றிருக்கவேண்டும். நரியும் அரியும் வாழும் காட்டில் தீரத்திற்கும், ஈனத்தனத்திற்கும் ஈடு கொடுக்கத்தான்வேண்டும். **(சற்றுநேரத்தில் இருவரும் மயக்கமுறுகிருர்கள்.)**

(இச்சமயம் சில நரை மூதாட்டிகள் கையிலே விளக்கேந்திக் களம்நோக்கி வருகிருர்கள். களம்கிட்டி வீழ்ந்துகிடக்கும் பிணங்களில் தங்களது வீரக் கொழுந்துகளைத் தேடுகிருர்கள். அவர்களில் ஒரு கிழவி தனது குல விளக்கான சங்கை எடுத்து ஆனந்தக் கண்ணீரோடு அழுகைக்கண்ணீர் வடிக்கிருள்.)

கிழவி, முத்தம்மாள்:—நாட்டினைத்தாங்கி நிற்கும் தூண்களில் நீயும் ஒருவனுய் இருப்பாய் என எண்ணினேன். ஆனுல் நடுக்காட்டில் நீ தன்னந் தனியாக மரணத்தை முத்தமிடுவாய் என நினைக்கவில்லை. ஈன்ற பொழுதினும் பெரிதும் மகிழ்கிறேன் சிவசங்கு. கோட்டையைவிட்டு ஏன் ஓடிவந்தீர்கள்.

சி:—அம்மா! உறவினரும், மரபினரும், படைவீரர்களும் நாலாயிரம் பேர்கள் இறந்துபட்டார்கள். கோட்டை உடைந்தது கொடியவர்கள் இதயம்போல. புகைகள் எங்கும் பொங்கி அடர்ந்தன. ஆகவே வெளியேறினேம். தினம் உண்டு தினம் உறங்க அல்ல அம்மா. பதியிழந்து, அயலடைந்து, துயருழந்திருந்தும் மீண்டும் ஆடலாண்மையுடன் பொருதுமிடலோடு நிற்கவே வந்தோம். நடுவழியில் அந்த இனத்துரோகி எட்டப்பன் செய்த சதியால் இங்கு செத்துக்கொண்டிருக்கிருேம். அம்மா! பதினுறு மாதங்கள் சிறை வைத்து வெளிவிட்டபோதும், பின்னுல் வெள்ளைத்

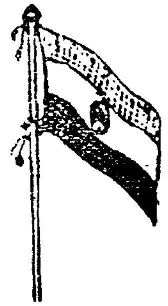
துரையைச் சிறைப்பிடித்து, அவன் மனைவி வேண்டுகோளுக்கு இரங்கி சிறை விடுத்த ஊமைத்துரையைப் பெற்றெடுத்த உன் தாய்க்குலம் ஏனம்மா அந்தக் கறையான் எட்டப்பனைப் படைத்தது. தெரிந்தே தெய்வம் தவறிழைக்கலாமா?

கிழவி :—சிவசங்கு, தாய்க்குலத்தைப் பழிக்க முயலாதே. எட்டப்பன்கள் இல்லாவிட்டால் உனக்கெல்லாம் ஏதப்பாவேலை. சரி—சற்று சாய்வாகப்படு, உன்னைத் தூக்கிச் செல்கிறேன்.

சி:—அம்மா! நான் இறந்துவிடுவேன். அதோ கிடக்கிறார் நம் சாமி—ஊமைத்துரை, அவரை எடுத்துப்போய் சிகிச்சை செய்யுங்கள். அவர் பின் நம் நாட்டுக்கு சிகிச்சை செய்வார். சீமையில் பிறந்திருந்து, திரை கடல்கடந்து வந்து, தாமுயர் பொருள் கைக்கொண்டு, தாய் நிலத்தையும் அடிமைகொண்ட அந்நியர் என்ற மூல வியாதியின் மூலிகை அவர். எட்டப்பனின் சம்மட்டி. நாடு கண்டெடுத்த குன்றிமணி...மயங்காதே அம்மா. உன் ஆணை கேட்டு, விரல் காட்டிய திக்கில் நடந்து, இப்பொழுது, நீ இட்டபணியில் சந்தோஷமாகச் சாகிறேன். சாமியைக் காப்பாற்றச் சதையை அறுத்தீந்து வில்லாளன் இதோ என்னருகில் எலும்புக்கூடாகக் கிடக்கிறான். சாகிறேன்—கவலையில்லை—ஆனால் நாடு நயவஞ்சகருக்கு ஆட்படக்கூடாது. அதற்காக இந்த வேண்டுகோளை நிறைவேற்றம்மா—சாமியை எடுத்துச்செல். **(கிழவி பல மூதாட்டியர் துணைகொண்டு ஊமைத் துரையைத் தூக்கிச்செல்கிறாள். அவளது கடைசிச்சொட்டு இரத்தக் கண்ணீர் சிவசங்குமேல் விழுகிறது. இந்தக் காட்சியைப் பார்த்துக்கொண்டே சிவசங்கு உயிர் விடுகிறான்.**

"சிங்கம்போல் வீறுடையான்
சேய்போல வஞ்சமிலான்
தங்கமணிக் குரலான்
சாவிற்கும் அஞ்சாதான்"

—என்ற கீதம் அவன் காதில் ஒலிக்கிறது கடைசி முறையாக.



மலையும் மடுவும்

க. மு. க. காமாட்சி, I U.C.

கொண்ட கொள்கையிலே உறுதியாக நின்று தாங்கள் நீதியென உணர்ந்ததை நிலைநாட்டும் முயற்சியிலே மாண்ட ஈடிலா வீரர் பலரே இமயவரைபோல நின்று தாங்கள் தோன்றிய நாட்டிற்குப் பெரும் புகழை அளிப்பவராவர். அன்றி இடையிலே தவறிவிடுவோர் எல்லோரும் எய்துவது பெரும் பழியேதவிர வேறல்ல. நாடுகளின் உயர்வுக்கும் தாழ்விற்கும் இத்தகையோரின் செய்கைகளே காரணமாக அமைகின்றன. அத்தகையோரில் இருவர் வகைக்கு ஒருவராக வந்து போகின்றனர் இங்கே.

வரும் இருவரும் நீதியை, நெறிமுறையை நேசித்து அதற்காகவே வாழ்ந்தவர்கள்தாம். இருவருமே ஒரே அளவு சிறந்தவர்தாம்—அந்த இறுதிக்கட்டத்தில்மட்டும் மாறுபடாமலிருந்தால். மாறுமிடத்திலேதான் அவர்கள் பாதை பிரிகிறது; வெவ்வேறு பாதையிலே போகின்றனர். குணமெனும் குன்றின் உச்சிக்கு முன்னவனையும், செய்ந்நன்றி கொன்ற சேறுநிறை குட்டைக்குப் பின்னவனையும் இட்டுச்செல்கின்றன அப்பாதைகள். இனி......

* * *

வீரக் களை சொட்டும் இவன் என்ன வேந்தனோ என ஐயம் எழுகிறதோ? ஐயம் வேண்டாம்; இவன் ஓர் அரசனே. தருமப்பண்புதான் இவன் பெருமை. வந்தவர்க்கெலாம் வாரிவாரி வழங்குவது இவன் தன்மை. இவ்வீகைத் தன்மையே அவனது உயிர்க்கிறுதி ஆகிவிடுகிறது. இல்லையென வந்தோர்க்கு ஈந்துவக்கும் பண்பின் எல்லையிலே நின்ற அவன் "உலகிற்கு ஒளிகொடுக்கும் அவன் உன்னிடம் வருவான்; வஞ்சிக்க முற்படுவான்; வலையிலே வீழ்ந்திடாதே" என எச்சரிக்கப்பட்டிருந்தும், பொன்னோ, மணியோ, அன்றிப் பொருளோ இவற்றில் ஒன்றுமற்றிருக்கும் அந்த நிலையிலும் "யாது வேண்டும் உனக்கு" என உசாவுகிறான் இரந்தவனை. அவன் கேட்டது ஒரே ஒரு பொருளைத்தான். மன்னன் காதிலே அணிந்துள்ள குண்டலங்கள் போதுமாம் அவனுக்கு. ஆம், இவனது வலிமையின் உறைவிடத்தையே இரக்கிறான் அவன்! தருமப் பண்பினின்றும் தவறாதிருத்தலே தனது கடனென்ற கொண்ட கொள்கைக்காக இரந்ததை ஈந்தான்—ஈந்தால், தன் வலிவு குன்றும், அழிவு அடுக்கும் என்பதை அறிந்திருந்தும்.

நாட்கள் உருண்டோடுகின்றன.

ஈதென்ன பயங்கரம்! களிறுகள் பிளிறும் ஒலி காதை அடைக்கிறதே! தாக்குண்ட புரவிகள் இடும் ஓசை உள்ளத்தை உலுக்குகிறதே! கையற்றும் காலற்றும் கிடக்கும் போர்வீரர்களின் கூக்குரல் நம் உள்ளத்தை மட்டுமல்ல உடலையும் நடுங்கச் செய்கிறதே! இத்தகைய அவலக் காட்சிகளிடையே அடிபட்டு வீழ்ந்து ஆவிபிரியும் நிலையிலே கிடக்கும் ஆசிரியர் முன்பு அவன் நின்றுகொண்டிருக்கிறான்.

நாக்குக் குளறினும் வாக்கு வெளிப்படுகிறது ஆசிரியரின் வாயினின்று: "அரச மரபினனப்பா நீ, அவ்வைவரும் உனது தம்பியர்தானப்பா."

'அறிவேன் குருவே அதை.' இது அவனது பதில். அவர் தொடர்ந்தார்:

"'உனது வீரமென்ன, விற்றிறமென்ன, அறிவென்ன, ஆற்றலென்ன, கொடைத் திறம் என்ன! இத்துணையும் நன்மைக்காகப் பயன்பட்டால் எவ்வாறிருக்கும்? அவர்கள் உன் சோதரர்கள் என்பதற்காக அல்லாவிடினும் நீதிமான்கள் என்பதற்காகவாவது அவர்கள்பால் நீ சேரத்தான்வேண்டும்......

" இயலாது குருவே."

இதுதான் அவனது பதிலா? நீதியை நேசிப்பவன், தருமம் செய்வதே தனது கருமமாகக்கொண்டவன் கூற்று இது? விந்தையாக இருக்கிறதே! 'அப்படியானால், உனது சோதரர்களுக்கு எதிராக, அந்த நீதிநெறியற்றவனோடு சேர்ந்துகொண்டா யுத்தம் செய்யப்போகிறாய்? வேறு முடிவே கிடையாதா?'

ஆசிரியரின் கேள்விப் புயல் அவனது மனஏரியிலே எண்ணஅலைகளை எழுப்பிவிட்டது. மறக்கவொண்ணாக் காட்சிகள் சில அவன் மனத்திரையிலே தோன்றிமறைந்தன.

" க்ஷத்திரியனே, சமர்புரியத் தகுதியுண்டா" எனக் கேட்ட எதிராளிகள் முன்புதான் மயங்கிநின்ற வேளையில், "வீண்பெருமை பேசுவோரே, வெட்டிப்பேச்சு வேண்டாம். இதோ இவனை அங்கத்தின் அதிபதியாக்குகிறேன்" எனக் கூறி அக்கணமே தன்னை மன்னனாக்கிய அவன் மாண்பு, ஒரு கணம் வந்துமறைந்தது.

கணவன் வரக்கண்டு காரிகை எழ, " ஆட்டத்தில் தோற்றுவிட்டா ஓட்டமெடுக்கிறாய்" எனத் தான் அவளது முன்தானைதனை இழுக்க, அதனால் முத்தாரம் சிந்திச் சிதறிய அவ்வேளையிலே, "எடுக்கவோ, கோக்கவோ" எனக் கேட்டுநின்ற அந்தக் காட்சி, அழியாத ஓவியமாய் அங்கே தோன்றியது.

உரிமைகொண்ட உற்றாரின் உடைமைகளை வஞ்சனையால் கவர்ந்ததும், உடைமைகளைமட்டுமல்ல, உயிர்களையும்கூடச் சதிசெய்து பறிக்கத்துணிந்ததும், இறுதியாகத் தூது வந்தவனையே கொல்லத்துணிந்த அவன் புல்லறிவாண்மையும் இடையிடையே தோன்றின. மனப்போர் முடிந்தது; மன்னன் வாய் திறக்கிறான்:

அவர்கள் என் உடன்பிறந்தார்தான்; நீதிவழி நடப்பவர்தான்; ஆனாலும் இவனை—எங்கோ கிடந்த என்னைப் பரிந்தெடுத்து வளர்த்து இந்த உயர்நிலைக்குக் கொண்டுவந்த இவனை—என்னால் விட்டுப் பிரியமுடியாது; அதுவும் அவன் ஆபத்திலிருக்கும் இக்காலையில் விட்டுப்பிரிவதென்பது என்னால் முடியவே முடியாது; பிரிந்து, நன்றிகொன்ற குற்றத்திற்கு ஆளாக முடியாது. மன்னித்துவிடுங்கள், என்னை......திவலைகள் கண்களிலே தேங்கி வழிந்தன.

வெறும் நீர்த் திவலைகளா அவை? அல்ல. உள்ளமெனும் கடலினிலே விளைந்த நன்றியெனும் சிப்பியினின்று, கண்களெனும் தொழிலாளிபெற்ற ஒளிவீசும் முத்துக்கள் அவை.

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காலம், காட்சி, இடம், பொருள் எல்லாமே மாறிவிடுகின்றன.

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கரியதிரு மேனியனுய்க் காட்சிதரும் இவனைப் பாருங்கள்! "உடலைப் போன்றே உள்ளமும் கரியதோ"—என்ற எண்ணம் எழுகிறதோ? இல்லை; உடல் கரியதாயினும் இவன் உள்ளம் கரியதன்று. இறையன்பு பூண்டு தவமும் கைவரப்பெற்ற இவன், அறநெறி வழுவாது நேயம் மறவாத நேர்மையோடும், நிலைபெற்ற வாய்மையும் கொண்டவன்.

இவனுக்கு ஒரு அண்ணன். இளையோனே இத்துணைச் சிறப்புள்ளவனாக இருக்கும்போது, அண்ணன்மட்டும் விட்டுக்கொடுப்பானா? செருக் கடந்த புயவலி பொருந்தி, "எவராலும் வெல்லப்படாய்" என இறைவன் தந்த வரமும் அடைந்து, முயன்றுபெற்ற பெருந்தவத்துடன் மூன்றுகோடி வாணாளையும் பெற்றவன் அவன். இவைமட்டுமா! ஆயிரம் மறைகளையும் கற்றவன்; உணர்ந்தவன்.

இத்தகைய மாண்புமிகு அண்ணனும் ஒரு குற்றம், மாபெருங் குற்றம், மன்னிக்கமுடியாத குற்றம்—தான்பிறந்த பெருங்குடிக்கே அழியாப் பழிதரும் ஒரு குற்றத்தைச்—செய்துவிட்டான். குற்றம் எடுத்துக்கூறப்படுகிறது. தம்பியும் தனது கருத்தைத் தெரிவிக்கிறான்; தவற்றினை, குற்றத்தினை எடுத்துக்காட்டித் திருத்த முற்படுகிறான்.

திருந்தினானா அண்ணன்? அதுதான் இல்லை. தருமநெறி கூறிய தம்பியின்மீது சினம்மிகுந்து சீறினான்; அவனையே இழித்துரைக்கிறான்; "நஞ்சினை ஒத்தாயோ," "அரசினை விரும்பினாயோ" என்றெல்லாம் ஏசுகிறான்.

தான் உணராததுமட்டுமல்ல, பிறர் உணர்த்தியும் உணராத அவனோடு இனி என்னசெய்வது? விட்டுநீங்குகிறான். நீதிவழிநின்று, நேயமும் நன்றியும் மறவாத தூயமனப்பாங்கு உடையவனாகத்தான் இதுவரை இலங்கியது மெய்யானால், அவன் அத்துடன் நின்றிருக்கவேண்டும். நின்றானா? இல்லையே! அண்ணன் பாதை தவறே. எனினும், அவன் சென்ற பாதை......! அண்ணனின் எதிரியிடமே அடைக்கலம் புகுகின்றான்!

"நீதியைத் தருமத்தை நேசித்தேன். அண்ணனோ அந்நெறி கடந்தான்; அடாத செயல்புரிந்தான். அறிவுறுத்தியும் திருந்த மறுத்தான். எனவே தான் உனையடைந்தேன் அண்ணலே; ஏற்றுக்கொள்வாய்"—எனக் கூறி, எதிரியிடம் சரண்புகுந்தான். "அறுவரை எழுவராக்கிய அன்பனே"—என மொழிந்து ஆதரவு ஈந்தான் அவனும்.

காலச் சக்கரம் கடிது சுழன்றது.

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நீதிதவறிய அண்ணனை அழிக்க எதிரிக்குத் துணையாக நிற்கின்றான். முடிவு......போர். போரின் பயன்......'மண்ணினை அளந்துநின்ற மாலெனை வளர்ந்துநின்ற' ஒரு அண்ணன் மடிகிறான்; வில்லேருழவரை எண்ணும் போது, விரல்முன்னே நிற்குமொரு வீரனான அண்ணன் மகன் மறைகிறான். இறுதியாக அந்த அண்ணனையே இழந்துவிடுகிறான்!

அறிவுரைகூறிப் பிரிந்துவந்தபின்னர் மறுமுறை அண்ணனைக் காண முடிந்தது போர்க்களத்தில்தான். அதுவும் என்ன நிலையில்? மும்மடங்கு பொலிந்த முகத்துடன் கிடக்கும்போது. என்ன? கிடக்கிறானா......ஆம். மாண்டுகிடக்கிறான் அந்த மாபெரும் வேந்தன்; மரணத்திலும் அவன் முகத் தாமரை மலர்ந்து மும்மடங்கு பொலிகிறதாம்!

போரிடைப் புறங்கொடாது எதிர்நின்று பொருதுவீழ்ந்த அவ் வீரனின் முதுகிலே காயம்கண்ட அவனது பகைவன்—தற்போதைய அவனது நண்பன்—"புறங்கொடுத்தவனையா கொன்றேன்"—எனத் தவறாக எண்ணி வருந்தியவேளை, "புறங்கொடுத்ததாலல்ல; போர்முகத்தில் யானைகள் தம் கொம்புகளால் குத்தியபோது ஊடுருவிச்சென்றதால் ஏற்பட்டது அது"—என எடுத்துக்காட்டித் திருத்திய அவன் மனக்கண்முன்னே.........

மாட்சிமைதங்கிய அண்ணனின் ஆட்சிகாலக் காட்சிகள், புயவலியும் தவவலியும்பெற்று, அவன் பெருவாழ்வு வாழ்ந்த நாட்கள், அடுத்து அவனிழைத்த குற்றம், தனது இறுதிப் பிரிவு எல்லாமே வந்து சென்றன.

துக்கம் தொண்டையை அடைக்க, விண்ணகம் சென்றுவிட்ட அந்த வீரனை நினைத்துப் புலம்பினான் ஆங்கே, போர்க்களத்தில். இப்போது புலம்பி என்ன பயன்?

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முந்திய பாதையிலே சென்ற முன்னவன், கொடைக்கு இலக்கியமா மலையை ஒத்து மாண்புற விளங்குகின்றான். பிந்திய பாதையிலே சென்று, பின்பற்றக் கூடாத பெருமை படைத்தவன் விபீடணன். மடுவையொத்த படுகுழியில் வீழ்ந்து கிடக்கின்றான்.

இன்பமே! உன்னையே போற்றுதும்!!

தி. கே. அருணாசலம், *II U. C.*

அயர்வுடை நெஞ்சினுக் காறுதல் அளிப்போய்!
உயர்வுடை ஒளியினை உள்ளிலே ஊட்டுவோய்!
மண்ணிலே வாழ்ந்திடும் மக்களுக் துண்மையில்
விண்ணினைக் காட்டுவோய்! வருக! நீவாழ்க!
அழகிலே, அன்பிலே, அருளிலே, பொருளிலே,
பழசிலே, புதுசிலே, பாவிலே, நாவிலே,
தண்ணெனும் பொழிலிலே, தழுவிடும் காற்றிலே
கண்ணினைக் கவர்ந்திடும் பொய்கையின் பொலிவிலே,
காலையின் கதிரிலே, கடலிலே, வானிலே,
மாலையின் மதியிலே, மலையிலே, மலரிலே,
திகழொளி வீசியே அகவிருள் அகற்றிடும்
மகளிரின் உருவிலே, மயக்குறு மொழியிலே,
கவர்ந்திடும் குழவிகள் பகர்ந்திடும் மழலையில்,
கவலையைக் களைந்திடும் கலைகளின் உயர்விலே,
தாவியே காதிலே தேன்பொழி இசையிலே,
ஆவியே நிகர்த்த அருந்தமிழ் மொழியிலே,
உறைந்திடும் இன்பமே! உன்னையே போற்றுதும்!
கறையுடை யுலகிலே கண்டிடும் துன்பெலாம்
பறந்துடன் மறைந்திட, நிறைந்திடும் சுடர்களைத்
திறந்துடன் காட்டுவாய், சிறந்திடும் இன்பமே!

பல்லவர் சிற்பக் கலை

தி. நாகசுந்தரம், III B. A.

பண்டைத் தமிழ்நாடு பாரதத்தின் கலைக் கோயிலாக விளங்கி வந்திருக்கிறது. அரசர்கள் பேணியதெல்லாம் கலையும் சிற்பமுமே. கலையைக் கட்டாயத்தால் வளர்க்க முடியாது என்பதனைப் பெரிதும் உணர்ந்து மதித்துவந்த அம்மன்னர்கள் சிற்பிகளின் உள்ளத்தே பிறந்த எழில்மிகும் கலைத்திறனை நன்கு பயன்படுத்திக் கொண்டனர். அவர்கள் சிற்பக் கலையின் சிறந்த ரசிகர்களாகிச் சிற்பிகளைச் சேர்த்துப்போற்றி வந்ததனால் சிற்பக்கலை தனது உச்சநிலையை எய்தியிருந்தது. அரசன் தனது வாழ்நாட்கள் முழுவதையும் சிற்ப வளர்ச்சியிலும், கோயில் எழுச்சியிலும் கழித்துக் களிப்புற்று வந்தான். சிற்பிகளின் செயற்கையுருவிற்கு மனவாக்கினில் தட்டாத தனிப்பெரு மதிப்பளித்த காலமது. சிற்பத் தாலெழுந்த சீரெழில் பெற்றுத் திகழ்ந்த செயற்கை யானைக்கு உணவு படைத்த உன்னத காலமது.

மகேந்திர பல்லவன்தான் அப்பொழுது பல்லவ நாட்டின் மன்னர் மன்னனாக விளங்கி வந்தான். இவனும் இவனது அரும்பெரும் புதல்வன் மாமல்லன் என்ற நரசிம்ம பல்லவனுமே பல்லவ வமிசத்தில் மிகச் சிறந்த மன்னர்களாக விளங்கினர். இவர்களது காலம் கி.பி. 7-ம் நூற்றாண்டு. மகேந்திரவர்மன் இளமைமுதலே சித்திரம் வரைவதில் நிபுணனாக விளங்கி வந்ததால் இவனுக்குச் "சித்திரப் புலி," என்ற பெயருமுண்டு.

மகேந்திரன் அமைத்த கோயில்களின் தோற்றுவாய்களில் அழகிய சிற்பங்களில்லை. ஆனால் நீண்ட சதுரமான முற்றங்களும் சிறிய வடிவமான உள்அறைகளும் இருக்கின்றன. கோயிலில் விளங்குகின்ற லிங்கம் முக்கோண வடிவுடையதான பீடத்தின்மேல் நின்று பளபளப்புடன் காணப்படுகின்றது. வாயிற்காவலர் காண்போரை நோக்கி வெகுண்டு பார்த்துக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றனர். ஒருவன் தண்டாயுதத்தின்மேல் கையை வைத்துள்ளான். மற்றொருவன் கையை உயர்த்தி வணக்கம் கூறிக்கொண்டு இருக்கின்றான். மகேந்திரன் அமைத்த தூண்களின் மேற்பகுதியிலும் கீழ்பகுதியிலும் தாமரை மலர்கள்போல் செதுக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. கோயிற் பெருங்கதவு விரிந்த தோற்றம் உடையது. பாறைகளில் செதுக்கப் பட்ட படிக்கட்டுகள் வரிசையுற அமைந்துள்ளன. பொதுவாக நோக்கினால் மகேந்திரச் சக்கரவர்த்தி கோயில்கள் கட்டுவதில் அதிகக் கருத்தினைச் செலுத்தியிருக்கிறார் என்பது தெரியவருகிறது. செங்கல்லினாலும், மரத்தினாலும் அவன் மொத்தம் ஆயிரம் கோயில்கள் கட்டியுள்ளான். ஆனால் அவற்றில் மட்டும் அவர் திருப்தியடையவில்லை. என்றுமே அழியாத கோயில்களைக் கட்டி, என்றுமே அழியாத புகழ்பெற்று அமரத்வமடைய வேண்டுமென்ற அவா அவனதுள்ளத்தே எழுந்தது. அவனது உள்ளத்தே எழுந்த உயரிய எண்ணத்தின் வடிவியல் சிற்பங்களைத்தான் நாம் இன்றும் மாமல்லபுரத்தில் கண்டு களிக்கின்றோம்.

மகேந்திரனது—காலச் சிற்பங்கள் பலவற்றினுள் மிகச் சிறந்தது பகீரதனது தவத்தினைச் சித்தரித்துக்காட்டும் சிற்பமே. இப்பெரிய சிற்பம் இருபிரிவாகப் பிரிந்துள்ள ஒரு பாறையில் செதுக்கப்பெற்று விளங்குகின்றது. அங்கே ஆகாச கங்கையைப் பூமிக்குக் கொண்டுவருவதற்கு பகீரதன் கடுந்தவம் செய்துகொண்டிருக்கின்றான். அவனது தவத்தின் கடுமை தாங்காத தேவர்களும், முனிவர்களும் இருபக்கமும் காட்சியளிக்கிறார்கள். அவர்களது தோற்றம் வியப்பும், பக்தியும் கொண்டுள்ளன. இவ்வற்புதச் சிற்பத்தினைச் செதுக்கியெடுத்த சிற்பியின் புகழைமட்டும் எண்ணுவதா? அன்றி அவனை ஆதரித்த மகேந்திரனின் மகிமையைத்தான் எண்ணி மகிழ்வதா? எனக் காண்பவர் யாரும் வியப்படைவர்.

மகேந்திரவர்மனின் மனோரதம் முழுவதும் அவனது வாழ்நாளிலேயே நிறைவேறாவிடினும் அவனது புதல்வன் நரசிம்மன் தன் வாழ்நாளில் நிறைவேற்றப் பெரிதும் பாடுபட்டான். அவன் சிற்பங்களிடமும் சிற்பிகளிடமும் பெருமதிப்பு வைத்திருந்தான். சிற்பிகளுக்கு அரண்மனையிலேயே வசதிகள் அனைத்தும் அமைத்துக்கொடுத்தான்.

அச்சிற்பிகளோ சாமான்யமானவர்களல்ல. கைதேர்ந்தவர்கள். தங்களது வாழ்க்கையைத் சிற்பக்கலையினுக்கே தியாகம் செய்தவர்கள். அவர்களுடைய கருவிகளோ ஒரு சிற்றுளியும், சிறு சுத்தியலும்தான். அவர்களால் எழுப்பப்படும் சிற்பங்களோ கவிஞர் கருத்திற்கும் அப்பாற்பட்டவை. ஓவியர்களின் உயிரோவியங்களுக்கும் ஒப்பிட முடியாதவை. சிற்பக்கலை அவர்களிடம் தஞ்சமென வந்தடைந்தது போலும்!

நரசிம்மன்காலத்துச் சிற்பங்கள் மூன்று வகைகளாகக் காணப்படுகின்றன. அவை (1) குகைக் கோயில்கள், (2) திறந்த வெளியில் தனித்தனியாய் அமைந்த இரதங்கள் (3) பாறைச் சிற்பங்கள்.

குகைக் கோயில்களை நரசிம்மன் தனது தந்தையைப் பின்பற்றியே அமைத்தான். தோற்றுவாய் அழகிய சிற்பங்களாலானது. சிறிய சதுர வடிவமான உள்ளறையிலும் இணையற்ற சிற்பங்கள் பல திகழ்கின்றன. இவற்றுளெல்லாம் சிம்ம வாகனத்தின்மீது போர்க்கோலத்துடன் வீற்றிருக்கும் துர்க்காதேவியின் திருவுருவமே சிறந்து விளங்குவதாய் அமைந்திருக்கிறது. குகைக் கோயில்களைத் தாங்கி நிற்கும் தூண்களின் அடிப்பகுதியில் சிங்கம் நின்று தலைமீது தூணைச் சுமந்தவண்ணமிருப்பது தனியழகுடன் காணப்படுகிறது.

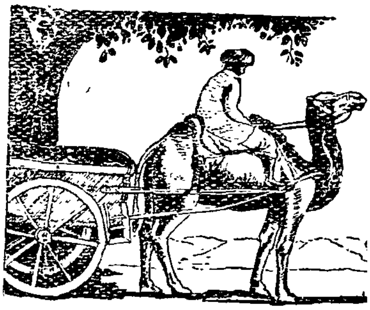
நரசிம்மன் திறந்த வெளியில் ஐந்து இரதங்களை எழுப்பியிருக்கிறான். இவைகள்தான் இப்பொழுது பஞ்சபாண்டவர் இரதங்கள் என்று அழைக்கப்படுகின்றன. கடற்கரை அருகே வீற்றிருக்கும் மற்றொரு இரதமும் (Pagoda) சிறப்புடன் விளங்குகிறது. கோயிலிற்கருகே கடலலைகள் அடித்தவண்ணமாயிருக்கின்றன. பாறைகளின்மீது அலைகள் ஆவேசத்துடன் மோதி மேலே எழும் மிக அழகான காட்சியைக் கோயிலிலிருந்தவண்ணமே காணக் கண்கள் பாக்கியம் செய்திருக்கவேண்டும்.

முற்காலத்திலேயே ஒரு சிறு குன்றின்மீது கலங்கரை விளக்கம் கட்டி அதன் பயனைப் பல்லவர்கள் அனுபவித்திருக்கிறார்கள் என்பதை மாமல்லபுரக்

கலங்கரை விளக்கம் இன்றும் நிலைபெற்று நின்று எடுத்துக்காட்டிவருகிறது. அங்கே ஒரு வட்டம் செதுக்கி அதனிடையே பல ஆரக்கால்களை இழுத்து, ஒரு குச்சியையும் நாட்டியிருக்கிறார்கள். திறந்த வெளியிலேயே இவ்வாறு செதுக்கப்பட்டிருப்பதால், கதிரவனின் உதவியால் காலத்தை நாழிகை தப்பாது கணக்கிடவேண்டியவற்றைச் செய்திருக்கின்றனரென்று தெரிகிறது. முற்காலத்திய கலங்கரை விளக்கத்தினருகிலேயே தற்கால, "லைட் ஹவுஸ்" ஒன்றும் நிற்பது இங்குக் குறிப்பிடத்தக்கது.

நரசிம்மன் காலத்துப் பாறைச் சிற்பங்களைப் பார்க்கும்போது நமக்குப் பெரு வியப்பு உண்டாகிறது. ஒரு பாறையில் நூற்றுக்கணக்கான சிற்பங்கள் செதுக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. சிற்சில பழங்கதைகள் சொல்லியவண்ணமும், சில நகைச்சுவையளித்தவண்ணமும், மற்றும் பல இயற்கை நலந்ததும்பிய வண்ணமுமாய்க் காணப்படுகின்றன.

இதுகாறும் கூறியவற்றினால் பல்லவ மன்னர்கள் நாட்டின் காவலர்களாக மட்டும் விளங்காமல் கலைஞர்களாகவும் திகழ்ந்திருக்கிறார்களென்பது விளங்குகின்றது. கீர்த்திவாய்ந்த தம் கலையானது அழியாமல் காக்கக் கருதியே அரிய பல கோயில்களை எழுப்பியிருக்கின்றனர். அவர்கள் சுமார் 1300 ஆண்டுகளுக்குமுன் கட்டிய மண்டபங்களும், கோயில்களும், சிற்பங்களும் நெடுங் காலமாகப் பழுதுபார்க்கப்படாமலும், செப்பனிடப்படாமலும் இருந்தாலும் நல்ல பொலிவுடன் நின்று பல்லவர்களின் புகழை உலகிற்கு இன்றும் பறையறிவித்து வருகின்றன.



हाय रे फ़स्ट क्लास !

By K. Nagarajan, I U.C.

एक दिन किसी ने यह समाचार सुनाया कि भारत सरकार ने रेल्वे के पहले दर्ज़े को रद्द कर दिया है। हमारे दोस्तों ने उसके कई कारण बताये। किसी ने कहा कि वह खर्चीला है; सरकार को उसकी हिफ़ाज़त करने में बडी तक्लीफ़ होती है; इसके अलावा आजकल उसमें सफ़र करनेवालों की संख्या कम हो जाने के कारण काफ़ी आमदनी भी नहीं होती। मैंने तो उस चर्चा में भाग नहीं लिया। मेरी याद उस पुराने ज़माने की तरफ़ दौडी, जब भारत के गुलाम होने के कारण विदेशों में उसकी इज़्ज़त मिट रही थी।

पराधीन भारत में पहले-दर्ज़ों पर अंग्रेज़ों का एकाधिकार रहता था। भारतीयों को टिकट खरीदने पर भी पहले दर्ज़े में बैठने का अधिकार नहीं होता था। हालांकि कुछ अमीर उस पर चढ जाते थे, पर कोई अंग्रेज़ आवे तो चुपचाप उतर जाना पडता था।

हमारे पूज्य बापू जब दक्षिण आफ्रीका में वर्ण भेद को मिटाने के लिये भारतीयों के पक्ष में सत्याग्रह कर रहे थे, उस समय की यह घटना है। एक बार पहले दर्ज़े का टिकट लेकर महात्माजी एक डिब्बे में बैठे थे। उसी वक्त एक अंग्रेज़ ने उस डिब्बे में कदम रखा। वहाँ एक काले आदमी को बैठे देखकर उससे रहा न गया। उसने गाँधीजी को बाहर निकल जाने का हुक्म दिया। गाँधीजी तो थोडे ही माननेवाले थे। उन्होंने भी तो फ़स्ट क्लास का टिकट लिया था। लेकिन अंग्रेज़ ने ज़बरदस्ती उन्हें बाहर कर दिया! गाडी चली गयी। जाडे का मौसम था। गाँधीजी प्लाटफ़ारम पर रात भर बैठे रहे। वहाँ की सरकार ने भी इस अन्याय का प्रतिकार नहीं किया!

स्व. श्री विवेकानंद से अपरिचित, भारत में विरले ही होंगे। अंग्रेज़ी में उनकी विद्वत्ता अद्वितीय थी। वे शरीर के भी तंदुरुस्त थे। एक बार वे अव्वल दर्ज़े में यात्रा कर रहे थे। उनके साथ दो अंग्रेज़ युवक भी सफ़र कर रहे थे। श्री विवेकानंदजी को एक भिक्षुक की पोशाक में देखकर उन अंग्रेज़ युवकोंने उन्हें एक मामूली सन्यासी समझा था और अंग्रेज़ी में उनकी खूब दिल्लगी करते हुए गालियां दे रहे थे। उनका विचार था कि यह भिक्षु कैसे हमारी बातचीत समझ सकता है! पर बात दूसरी थी। विवेकानदंजी सभी बातों को शांति से सुन रहे थे। रास्ते में एक स्टेशन आया। वहाँ के स्टेशन मास्टर से विवेकानंदजी ने अंग्रेज़ी में पूछा

"क्या? यहाँ कहीं पानी मिलेगा?" यह सुनकर वे अंग्रेज़ युवक चकित हो गये और आखिर विवेकानंद से माफ़ी भी माँग ली।

तीसरी तो बहुत प्रचलित घटना है। एक बार सर सैयद अहमद अपने पुत्र जस्टिस महमूद के पास जा रहे थे। एक अव्वल दर्जे की कम्पार्टमेंट में अपना सामान रखकर कहीं बाहर गये हुए थे। उसी समय एक अंग्रेज़ साहब ने आकर उसमें अपना सामान रखा और सैयद का सामान नीचे उतार दिया। फिर चाय पीने चले गये। यह समाचार पाते ही सैयद दौडकर आये और तुरंत अपना सामान डिब्बे में रखवाया और उस अंग्रेज़ के सामान दूसरी तरफ़ ज़मीन पर फेंक दिया। अंग्रेज़ साहब आये और अपनी चीज़ों की हालत देखकर आँखें लाल करके उनसे (सैयद से) बोले, "मुझे एक मामूली आदमी समझ रखा है! याद रखो, मैं हाई कोर्ट का जज हूँ"। यह सुनकर अहमद साहब ने भी गंभीरता से बताया कि, "मैं भी एक हाई कोर्ट के जज का पिता हूँ"। आखिर अंग्रेज़ साहब को ही सैयद अहमद से माफ़ी मांगनी पडी।

आखिर की घटना बडी दिलचस्प है। एक दिन तंजाऊर का एक गायक रेल के अव्वल दर्जे में एक अंग्रेज़ के साथ सफ़र कर रहा था। उसके सिर पर टोपी थी। उस अंग्रेज़ ने किसी तरह उसे भगाना चाहा। जब वह गायक अपनी टोपी उतारकर दूसरी ओर देख रहा था, तब अंग्रेज़ ने उसे उठाई और बाहर फेंक दी और उसके पूछने पर जवाब दिया कि 'टोपी तमाशा देखने बाहर गयी है'। कुछ देर के बाद उस अंग्रेज़ ने अपना 'कोट' उतारकर बेंच पर रखकर पाखाने के अंदर गया और लौटने पर देखा कि 'कोट' गायब हो गया है'। अंग्रेज़ के पूछने पर गायक ने व्यंग से कहा कि "कोट, टोपी की तलाश में गयी है"।

पहले दर्ज़े की ऐसी घटनाओं को देखकर ही शायद भारत सरकार ने सोचा होगा, कि स्वतंत्र भारत में ऐसी घटना कहीं न हो जाय! अतः विवश होकर उसने भारत की रेलों में पहले दर्ज़े को मिटा देने का निश्चय किया होगा!

भारत में अंग्रेज़ राज की जो हालत हुई, वही रेलों में पहले दर्ज़े की हुई। यह सोचते समय सहसा मेरे मुँह से निकल पडा, "हाय, रे फ़स्ट क्लास!"

भारत में उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम

By C. V. Lonappan, I U.C.

शिक्षा देने और पाने के लिये किसी न किसी भाषा को माध्यम बनाना है। ऐसा कोई भी विषय नहीं जो भाषा के माध्यम के बिना पढाया जा सके। क्योंकि मनुष्य भाषा की सहायता से ही विचारों को प्रकट कर सकता है। इससे यह सिद्ध होता है कि शिक्षा में भाषा का महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है।

आजकल हमारे बीच में एक बडा प्रश्न यह है कि उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम कौनसी भाषा होनी चाहिये। हरेक व्यक्ति यह चाहेगा कि अपनी मातृभाषा के माध्यम से ही शिक्षा दी जाय। लेकिन हमें याद रखना है कि भारत में करीब तेरह मुख्य भाषाएँ प्रचलित हैं। शिक्षा का माध्यम प्रांतीय भाषा हो तो उस प्रांत के लोग अन्य प्रांतों में जाकर अपनी उन्नति नहीं कर पायेंगे। अतः हमें मानना पडता है कि प्रांतीय भाषा उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम नहीं हो सकती। भारत के संविधान में साफ़ लिखा गया है कि हरेक नागरिक को समूचे भारत में अपनी उन्नति करने का अधिकार होगा। अब हमें सोचना है कि अगर राष्ट्रभाषा हिन्दी, शिक्षा का माध्यम बन जाय तो प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को भारत भर अपनी योग्यता का परिचय देने की सुविधा मिल सकती है? भारत के शिक्षित व्यक्ति हिन्दी के द्वारा विचार-विनिमय कर सकेंगे जिससे उनकी ज्ञान-वृद्धि हो सकेगी।

आज हिन्दी में वैज्ञानिक पाठय-पुस्तकों की कमी है। इतना ही नहीं सांकेतिक-शब्दावलियों का रूप भी स्थिर नहीं। पर सरकारी संस्थाएं तथा अन्य सार्वजनिक संस्थाएं ऐसी रचनाओं की सृष्टि में लग गयी है जिससे उपर्युक्त बाधा दूर हो जायगी।

पर राष्ट्रभाषा हिन्दी का रूप अबतक अनिश्चित-सा है। क्योंकि संविधान में साफ़ लिखा गया है कि राष्ट्रभाषा वह हिन्दी है जो समय समय पर आवश्यकता के अनुसार अन्य भाषाओं के शब्द आदि लेती रहेगी, पर आज के हिन्दी में रचना नहीं के बराबर है।

संविधान की दृष्टि से देखा जायतो श्री जयशंकर प्रसाद, आचार्य रामचंद्र शुक्ल, डा. श्यामसुन्दर दास आदि हिन्दी के धुरंधर विद्वानों की संस्कृत-गर्भित भाषा भी हिन्दी नहीं मानी जायगी। इसी तरह ऊर्दू लफ़्जो से भरी ज़बान भी कौमि-ज़बान

नहीं मानी जायगी। खासकर दक्षिण भारत के विद्यार्थियों के सामने जब इस तरह के दो रूप उपस्थित हो जाते हैं तो उन्हें यह पता लगाना कष्ट साध्य है कि राष्ट्रभाषा का सच्चा रूप कौन-सा है। अत: जबतक राष्ट्रभाषा का रूप स्थिर नहीं होगा तब तक वह शिक्षा का माध्यम नहीं हो सकती।

आज भारत में खासकर वैज्ञानिकों की कमी होती है। आजकल की स्थिति में विज्ञान की विशेष शिक्षा विदेशों से प्राप्त करने के लिये जो भेजे जाते हैं उन्हें वहाँ की भाषा अपनानी पडेगी। आज अंग्रेज़ी सभी राष्ट्रों में समझी जाती है। अत: यहाँ भी उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम अंग्रेज़ी हो जाय तो उपर्युक्त बाधा दूर हो जा सकती है।

आज की परिस्थिति में सारे संसार की उन्नति के साथ ही किसी भी राष्ट्र की उन्नति हो सकती है। यदि हम अंतर राष्ट्रीय मामलों से परिचित होना चाहते हैं तो हमें अंतर-राष्ट्रीय भाषा का परिचय होना अनिवार्य है।

इन कारणों से हमारा विचार है कि जबतक राष्ट्रभाषा का रूप स्थिर नहीं होगा और वैज्ञानिक शिक्षा के लिये अन्य राष्ट्रों की ओर ही ताकना पडेगा तब तक अंतर-राष्ट्रीय भाषा अंग्रेज़ी को ही उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम बनाना ज्यादा उपर्युक्त होगा। जब उपर्युक्त बाधाएँ दूर हो जायेगी तब से अंतर राष्ट्रीय भाषा को गौण स्थान दें, तो भी कोई आपात्ति न होगी। संक्षेप में कहा जाय तो आदर्श की दृष्टि से उच्च शिक्षा का माध्यम राष्ट्रभाषा होना चाहिये, पर व्यवहारिक दृष्टि से खासकर आज की परिस्थिति में अंग्रेज़ी हो तो अधिक लाभदायक होगा।

Report of the College Sodalities

THIS year marks no deviation from the age-old tradition of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary of St. Joseph's College. The great number of the members rendered it necessary for the sodality to function again in four groups ;—Sacred Heart Hostel, Inter-Dvision, New Hostel and Semi-boarding. The recitation of the little office and a short exhortation by the respective Directors constitute the weekly meeting of each group. Solemnity and grandeur were never lacking in the terminal feasts celebrated this year. To quote but a few incidents, the first terminal feast and the annual academy in honour of Our Lady were presided over by no less a person, than His Excellency the Rt. Rev. Benedict Mar Gregorios, O.I.C., M.A., D.D., an illustrious old boy of our college.

No one can excel or equal Rev. Fr. F. X. Froehly, S.J., in his ripe experience or in his ability to direct the sodality and therefore the Sacred Heart Hostel is proud of having him as the Director of its group. Besides the formal weekly meetings, the sodality has its own merits in the various fields of genuine activity.

The Liturgical section under the leadership of Mr. S. P. Arulanandam, teaches students to serve Holy Mass and appoints Mass servers.

Mr. K. V. Mani has continued to undertake this year also, to arrange for the visits to the Government Hospital. Fr. Director, accompanied by two sodalists, goes once a week to the Government Hospital to cheer up the mourning patients by his consoling and comforting words, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of our Lord, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The Adult Education Night School rightly deserves our Congratulations for the excellent and unselfish services rendered to the less fortunate. Under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. M. Doraiswamy, seven voluntary "lecturers" educate fifty "unlettered Muses." Honour to whom honour is due. The school celebrated its third Anniversary with a prize distribution.

Under the able leadership of Mr. V. S. Ouseph, the Elocution section is functioning with remarkable success. With 24 members on the roll,

the section conducted 12 ordinary meetings and an extra-ordinary debate. An extempore speech competition was also conducted under the auspices of this section with grand success. Much of the progress of the members in the art of public speaking is due to the able direction of Rev. Fr. Antony Panackal.

The Voluntary Catechism section is as usual very active. Twenty-six volunteers from among the sodalists teach catechism to more than 200 children twice a week. Annual examinations and athletic sports are held and prizes awarded for proficiency in both. The Press section of the Inter-Division sodality undertakes the sale of books, holy pictures, medals and rosaries within the college premises.

The Inter-Division sodality functions remarkably well under the enthusiastic and experienced guidance of its Director Rev. Fr. P. Ceyrac, S.J., whose inspiring words go a long way to increase and intensify the devotion of the sodalists and non-sodalists as well.

Rev. Fr. J. Adisayam, S.J., is the Director of the New Hostel sodality which ranks equally with the other groups in its successful functioning.

The following statistical analysis of the Marian army clearly bears testimony to the filial devotion of the Catholic students of our college to our Heavenly Mother.

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M., ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TIRUCHI.

	Number of Catholic Students.	Number of Sodalists.	Percentage.
Sacred Heart Hostel	175	128	73·14
Inter-Division	230	115	50
New Hostel	35	23	65·43
Semi-boarding	31	25	80·65
Total	471	291	61·78

May our Lady protect, guide and bless all those who have placed themselves under her mantle.

A. IRUDAYANATHAN,
Secretary.

C. S. U. Report

The election of office-bearers marked the beginning of our activities this academic year. The following were elected :—

President :—N. G. Thomas

Secretary :—S. D. F. Bibian

Joint Secretary :—Jose Olikkan

The annual Central Committee Meeting of the AICUF was held at H. Q. on the 11th and 12th July, when about 80 delegates from various units of the Federation from all over India were present. Unlike Central Committee Meetings of previous years, our last meeting was extended by one day which was set apart for group discussions among the students and Chaplains separately. And at this meeting, the C. S. U. of St. Joseph's played the host.

An extraordinary meeting was held in September at which Mr. Peter Reddy delivered an address on : "The Spirit of Christianity." The meeting, though an extraordinary one, was very informal.

In October, on the feast of Christ The King, a debate on the proposition : "In present circumstances, the work of Apostolate among Students and Intellectuals is more urgent than among workers and peasants," was held under the auspices of the C. S. U. units of St. Joseph's and the Holy Cross College. The debate, under the chairmanship of Rev. Fr. Thamby, S.J., was largely attended, eagerly listened to and enthusiastically appreciated. The motion, however, was defeated.

An event of some significance which cannot but be mentioned in this report is the formation of a separate unity by the dayscholars for the dayscholars. This unit is working very well. The members meet once a week and that too at the expense of thier leisure time during class days. This may well be pointed out as characteristic of that selfless charity that is expected of every member of the AICUF.

The climax of this year's activities, however, was the Mystery Play that was staged quite recently having as its theme, the Holy Mass. The C. S. U. that presented the play to a mixed audience of both boys and girls, has indeed, from the appreciations that were expressed, done a great service by bringing home to the audience the full dramatic significance of each and every aspect of the Mass.

We may mention here that 5 delegates from St. Joseph's took part in the "Leadership Session" held at Mysore during the last Summer Vacation. This Session lasted 10 full days and was characterised by a deep sense of unity and friendship between students coming from all over India.

The work of this year has been characterised by the successful working of the 'Cell-technique'—some 14 different units or cells were formed with some 10 or 12 members each. Most of them met regularly every week. Each unit had its own officials and programme. Yet a certain uniformity was achieved—thanks to the common enquiries on the Mass and the All Asia Seminar.

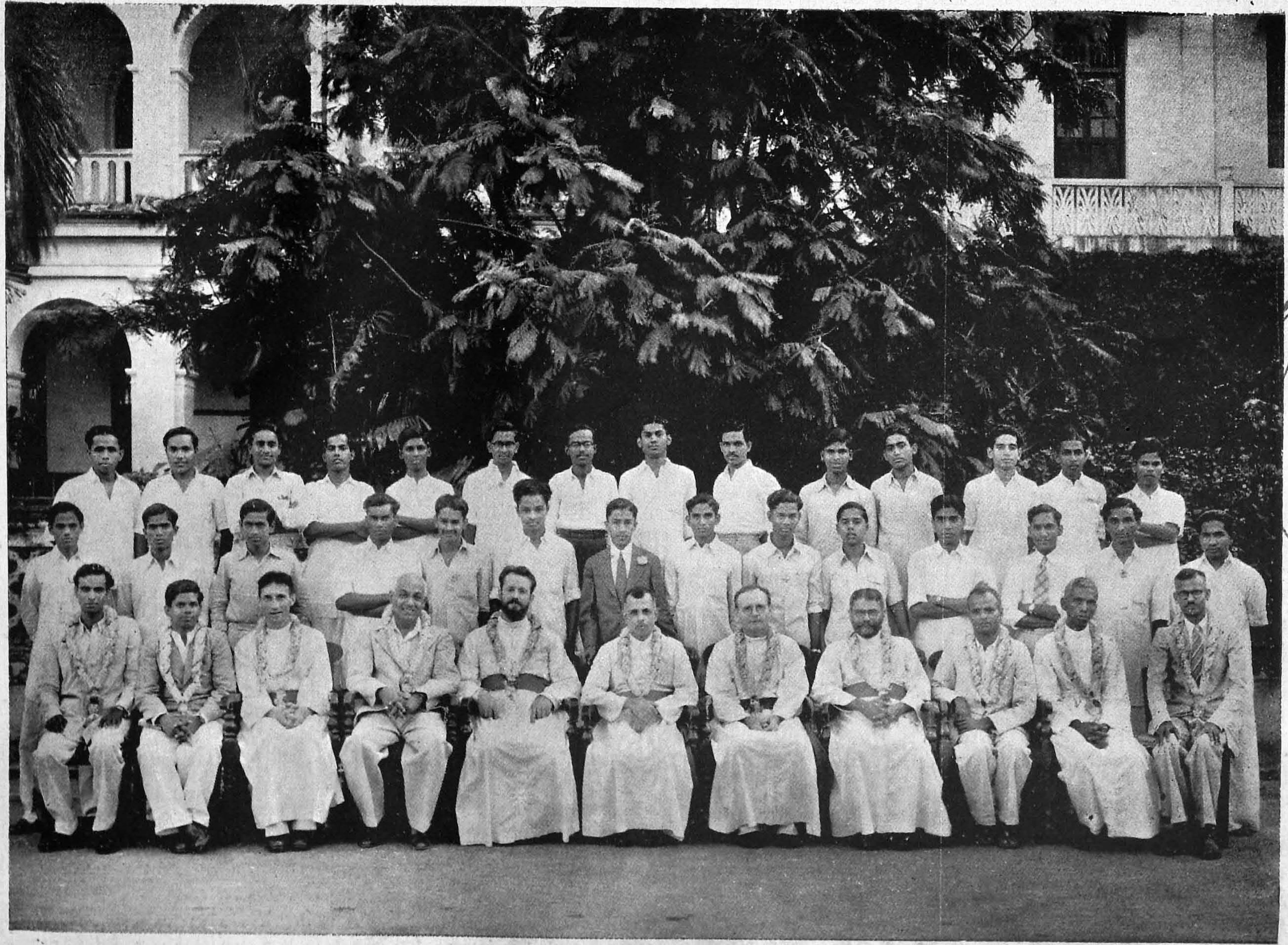
This report is but an outline of what the C. S. U. has achieved during the past year. And if much has been done, then let us turn our eyes towards what remains to be done during the course of the year ahead.

If you can keep your Lead when all about
you are losing theirs, you'll be a man.

Institute of Social Service

THE Institute of Social Service was inaugurated in our college on the 2nd of July 1953 with a view to offer to the Junior Students of the Degree Classes a one year Diploma Course in Social Service. Admission to this course was limited to 30 students, and lectures outside class hours, were given regularly for 5 hours in the week. Fr. Adisayam, the Director of the Institute, lectured on Social Work and Social Psychology, Mr. Hirudayasamy Reddiar, Mr. Irudayaraj and Mr. Sammanasu willingly agreed to lecture on Agriculture and Cooperation, Labour Welfare and Adult Education respectively. Dr. V. Enock, M.B.B.S. most gladly offered his services to teach Health and Hygiene. Fr. Fournier, the President of the Social Service League undertook to direct our Students in Field Work particularly in cleaning the slums. Br. Papusamy was kind enough to teach practical agriculture in our college farm at Pandamangalam. Thanks to his labours our students have learnt ploughing, green manuring, compost-making, and the Japanese method of cultivation. Under Dr. Enock they have learnt the practical methods of improving sanitation in slum areas and they have also acquired an adequate knowledge of First-Aid. Special mention should be made of the heroic efforts of Mr. Sammanasu to give practical training to our students in conducting a night school in the adult education centre opened by this institute with the kind permission of the Trichy Municipality in the Thennoor Municipal school building. Finally Mr. S. Srinivasan generously came forward to teach our students how to operate a 16 mm. projector.

In addition to all this regular routine work, the Institute arranged observational visits to institutions and study tours to the neighbouring Districts to help students understand and appreciate the problems of Social Welfare. The visit to the Golden Rock Work Shop and the adjoining Workers' Quarters enabled the students to see for themselves the efforts made by the Railway authorities to solve the housing problem of workers. The visit to the Sacred Heart Leper Asylum at Kumbakonam created in all a thirst for genuine social work. The Agricultural Research Institute at Aduthurai and Gandhigram brought us into contact with other agencies engaged in social service. A detailed account of these visits is found elsewhere in this magazine. Last December our students visited the Community Project Area at Erode and the best privately conducted Cattle Farm of the Pattagar of Palayakottai. This tour was so fruitful that our students intend camping in this Community Project Area during the summer vacation in order to take part in the national reconstruction scheme under the Five Year Plan.



INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SERVICE 1953 – 54

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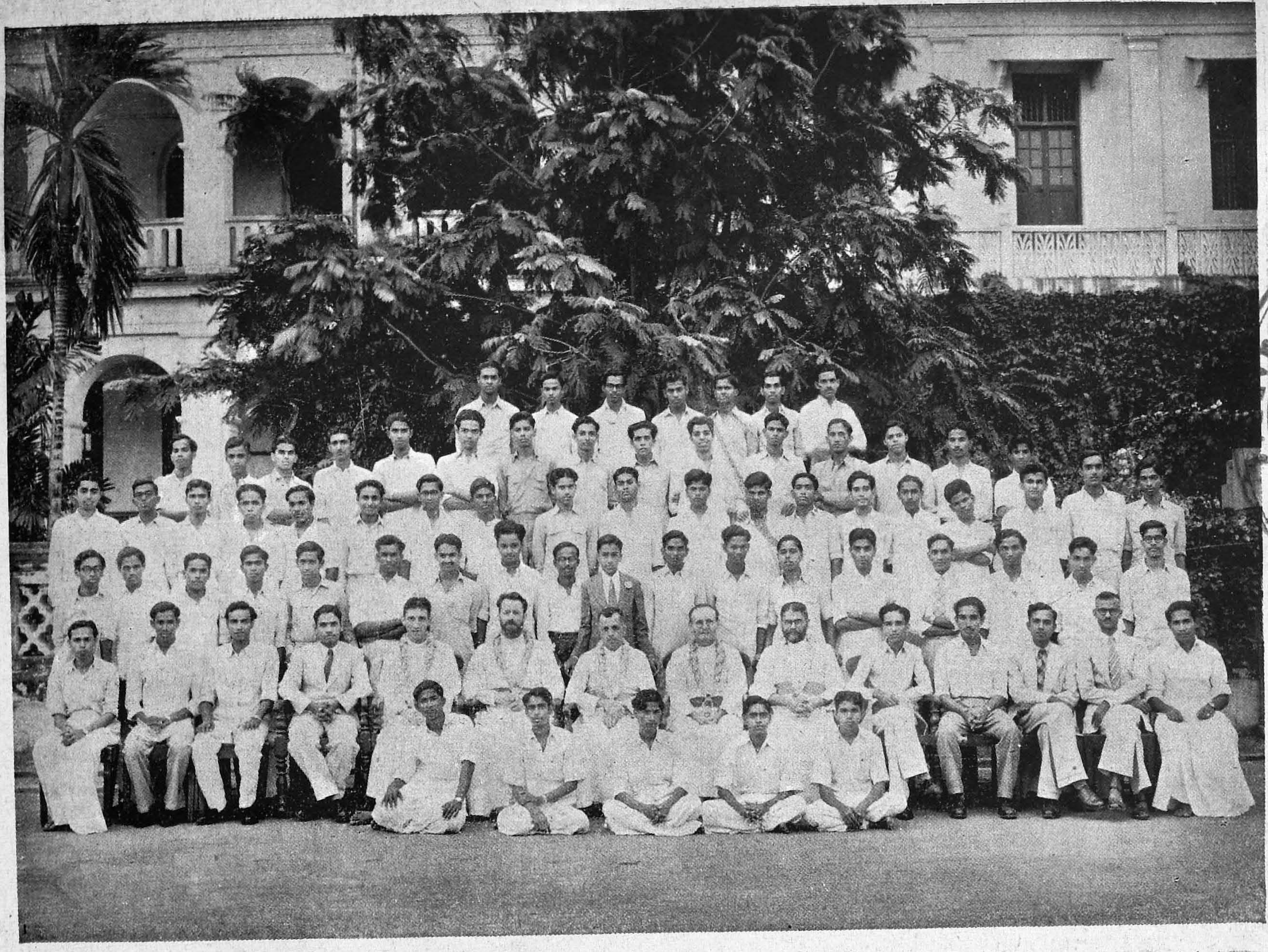

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE 1953—'54

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This brief account will make it clear that during the first year of its existence the Institute of Social Service has put in much serious work. For this we have to thank first and foremost God Almighty, Who has helped us to tide over many difficulties. Next our thanks are due to Rev. Fr. Rector for his generous encouragement, to Fr. Principal for his unfailing support, to the wardens of the various hostels for their kind cooperation and last but not least to the Staff and students of the Institute for their self-sacrificing devotedness in making this little venture the success it has been. It is our earnest hope that this tiny seed will, in the years to come, grow into a mighty tree and, spreading its branches far and wide, contribute its humble share to the prosperity and well-being of our country.

FR. ADISAYAM, S.J.

Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.

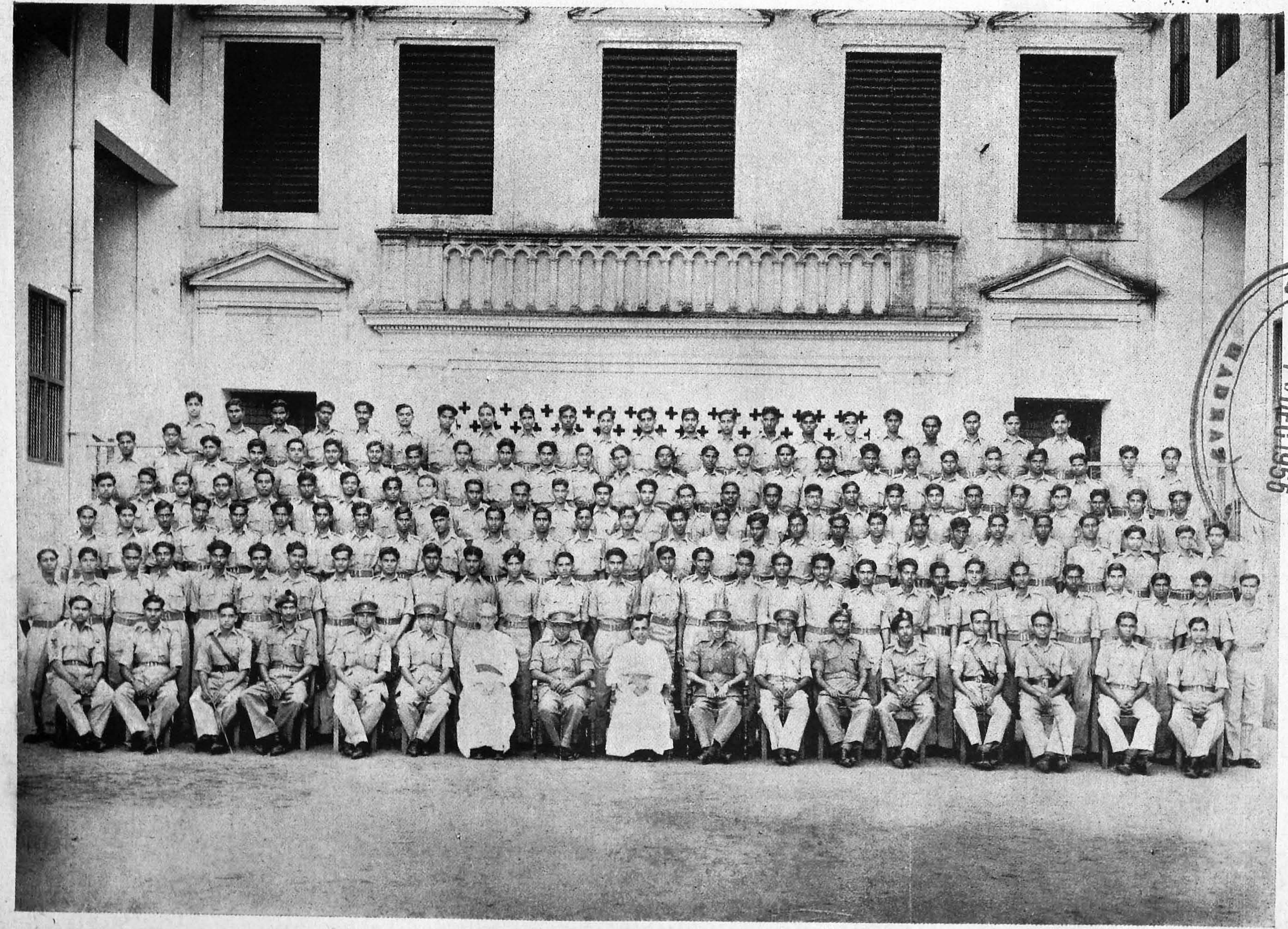
N. C. C. Notes

1953—54

THE academic year under review commenced with a change in the command of the Bn. when Major. S. Parthasarathy, Principal, Govt. College, Kumbhakonam gave place to Major W. N. C. Hensman of the 4th Madras Regt. We place on record our gratitude to and admiration for Major Parthasarathy for his thorough efficiency, dignity of manners and knowledge of military affairs which are equalled only by his versatility as a professor and scholar. We have already welcomed into our midst Major Hensman whose experience as the training Major at the Madras Regtl. centre and whose enthusiasm for sports and games will, we are sure, usher in a new era of glory to this Bn. Coming nearer home, Captain T. V. Krishnan's appointment as the Adm. Officer of this Bn. is a matter of pride for St. Joseph's in general and B Coy. in particular. We do not know in what measure we should thank this smiling, amiable but nevertheless tough disciplinarian for his most valuable services to this Coy. May be that we are sounding a note of selfishness, but being uppermost in our minds we do not desire to suppress it, that we all look forward eagerly to his early return to the College Staff.

Our team of regular staff with Jem. Arokiasamy and C.H.Ms. Govindankutty Nair and Sivasankaran Nair left us at the beginning of the year, their place being taken by Sub. R. M. Warrier and C.H.Ms. Govindan Nair and Unni Nair. We are very much indebted to Jem. Arokiasamy and his team for their hearty cooperation and complete identification with the affairs of this Coy. We have no doubt that the new band with our energetic and well-informed Sub Sab and devoted C.H.Ms. will find their stay with us happy and comfortable. It is a tribute to the tireless hard work of our Sub Sab that the armoury inspection report of this year was the best we have had in the last few years.

The recruitment of Cadets began in right earnest even towards the end of June soon after the reopening of the College. As usual recruitment was a tough and hard job. The vast number of young men who had enlisted for enrolment and the good majority of them rejected due to the limited strength of the Coy. speak volumes for the increasing popularity and public awareness of the importance of the N.C.C. Were it not for the requirement of certain physical qualifications and medical



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NATIONAL CADET CORPS 1954—'53

fitness, it would have been well nigh impossible for us to withstand the onslaught of the militant anxiety of some parents, in spite of our rifles and bayonets.

The first academic term is always a period of intensive preliminary training for the newly enrolled junior cadets and of preparation for the Cadre Camp in the case of the seniors. It was rather unfortunate that when our senior cadets were all agog with enthusiasm about their anticipated move to the Circle Cadre Camp at Madras, the first camp in the history of this Bn. outside Tiruchirapalli, Mother Cauvery should have been so merciless as to drown us all in unexpected and unprepared for holidays. Much as we regret our unavoidable inability to participate in this first camp on a circle basis, we are happy that our comrades from other Coys. and Bns. have done meritorious service to the poor slum-dwellers of Madras and won the approbation and praise of the Prime Minister himself. On 30th October we had the privilege of presenting a Guard of Honour to our ex-Governor-General and present Chief Minister, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, on the occasion of his visit to preside over our College Day Celebrations.

Our annual camp was held on the extensive grounds in Kajamalaipatti near the race-course area of Tiruchirapalli. The administrative arrangements of the camp by way of accomodation and food were good, there being fewer cases of stomach-ache and dysentery this year. In fact there was an increase in the average weight of cadets at the end of the camp. Entertainments were organised almost every night, there being either a housie-housie or a film-show. The inhabitants of the village of Subramaniapuram are thankful to the N.C.C. for the useful bit of social service done by our cadets in their leisure time. Our sports meet at the end of the camp was the biggest show ever. As ill-luck would have it the championship shield which we won last year is now in the hands of our A Coy friends. Our congratulations to them. So far as our Coy. is concerned, no account of the annual camp will be complete without mention being made of the encouragement given to us all by the visit of Rev. Fr. Rector, Fr Principal, Fr. Thambi and Fr. Balam. Fr. Coyle was conspicuous by his absence as he was at that time away in Ceylon. The happy and successful termination of the camp is illustrative of the administrative efficiency and scrupulous regard to details evinced by our Commanding Officer Major Hensman and Adm. Officer Capt. Krishnan.

On 26th Jan. '54 we participated in the Republic day celebrations in the college with flag salutation and a march-past, when Rev. Fr. Rector took the salute. The grandeur and attraction of the function were in no small measure due to the brilliant college band under the command of our versatile Vice-Principal, Sq. Leader, Rev Fr. Coyle, S.J. Three of

our cadets took part in the Republic Day celebrations at New Delhi and Cpl. Hanumantha Rao was one of 60 Cdts. who presented guards of Honour to a number of V.I.Ps. including the President, the Prime Minister and the Minister for Defence Organisation.

We sent a representative team of six cadets under Sgt. Varghese to the N.C.C. circle sports rally at Bangalore which came off on the 6th, 7th and 8th of February. They had their own share in winning for our Bn. the second place. Seven of our senior cadets have appeared before the Services Selection Board at Bangalore in connection with regular commission in the army. We are awaiting the results with hope.

Our information room with its dailies, weeklies and monthlies attracts a good number of cadets. In spite of the rather congested appearance of the place, it goes a long way in affording information and instruction to our cadets and it has come to stay as a useful part of our daily life.

January and February are very busy months because of the intensive special parades for the certificate trainees. We are sending up this year about 60 cadets for B cert. and 15 for C cert. and as usual we expect a very high percentage of passes.

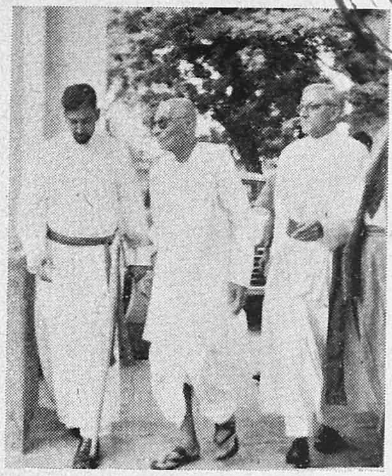
The last stage of our activities for the academic year consisted of the Inter-Platoon competitions in drill and games. Thanks again to Fr. Coyle who was our judge in drill competition. It is a matter of great satisfaction that this year also our cadets evinced as usual a very fine spirit of keen competition and healthy rivalry in all competitions. We thank Rev. Fr. Thambi and Mr. N. M. Joseph for their readiness ta comply with our request for some of the stores and materials for games.

In winding up this report let us take this opportunity to express our feelings of happiness and satisfaction that our commanding officer Major Hensman will be with us for some more years to command and guide the destinies of this Bn. with Capt. Krishnan as his devoted and able second-in-command. We also offer our grateful thanks to Rev. Fr. Rector, Fr. Principal and the Wardens of the College Hostels for their keen interest and consistent encouragement to the N.C.C. in general and to this Coy. in particular.

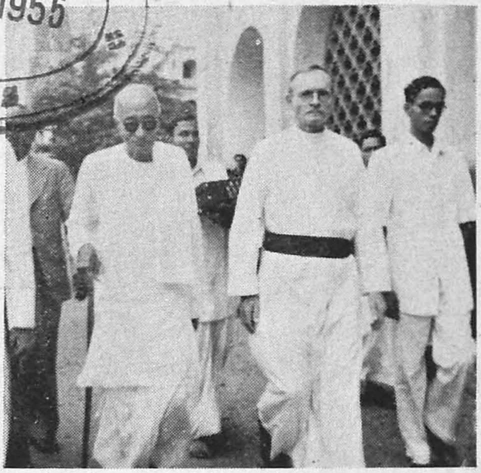
LIEUT. P. PRABHAKARAN,
O. C., B. Coy.

COLLEGE DAY

10 DEC 1955
MADRAS



Arrival



Meeting the Principal

On the way to the Hall

A Helping Hand

Principal's Report

President's Speech

Photos by Ponniah Studio

The Hon'ble SRI RAJAGOPALACHARIAR

CHIEF MINISTER, MADRAS.

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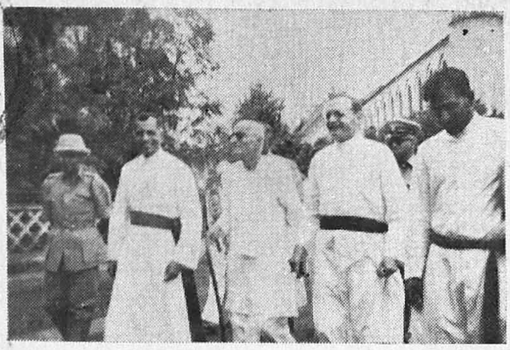


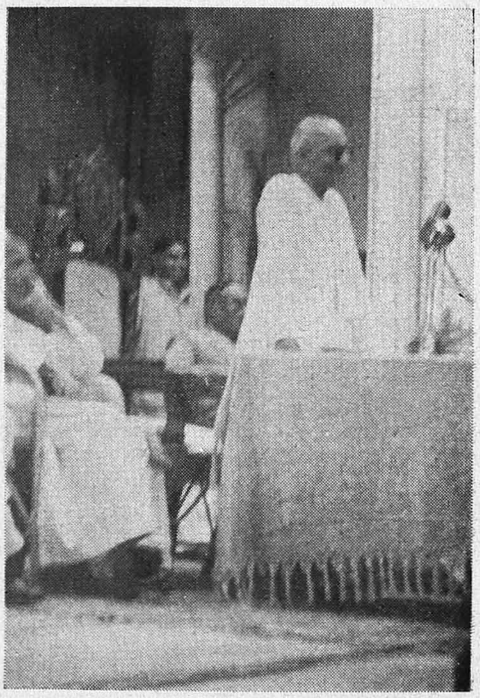
Arrival of the President
The Hon'ble Sri Rajagopalachariar
By Baby James, IV B.Sc.

The Principal's Report

COLLEGE

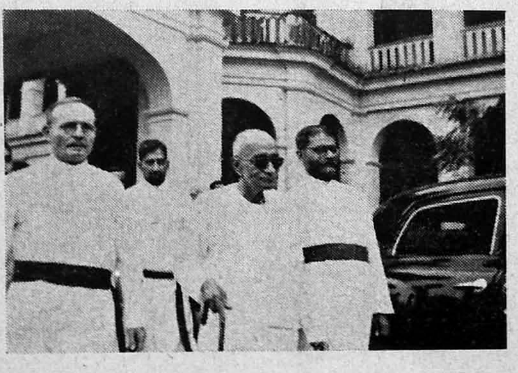
DAY

By Seetharaman, IV B.A.



The President's Speech

1953



By T. N. Seetharaman, III Hons. (Econ.)

Sacred Heart Hostel

REOPENING DAY :—The arrival of the members of S. H. Boarding and Hostel, new and old alike, on the 22nd June with a will and determination to work. Long queues are seen at different places, thanks to the Warden's effort for the division of labour. Moved at the sight of the sleepy, tired faces of our Hostellers, standing patiently in front of the Hostel Office, Fr. Warden says "Don't faint." Fr. G. P. welcomes us with a gentle smile and majestic look.

S. H. does a bit of changing. The I Division is shifted to the old High School Boarding. Is it because the youngsters are so small in size as only to be considered high school boys ? Let us ask our distinguished mathematicians to take an average. Again, a pleasant surprise! We find a new and spacious Library and Reading room with well-arranged shelves, and almirahs, stocked with monumental volumes of useful books; and a fan is provided to keep heads cool. Further, bathing rooms are provided with new pipes which are all in good working condition. Our sincere thanks to our Warden for the amenities he has provided for us.

WORDS OF ADVICE :—Our Spiritual Director, Fr. Froehly meets us in the Sodality Chapel, and gives us some words of advice. "Well-begun is half done. Begin your studies right from the very start. Adhere to the rules of the Hostel. Be regular in spiritual exercises."

"GAZETTE" PUBLISHED :—Why is there a crowd near the notice-board, on the 28th June ? Oh, the Gazette,—the list of names of the officials for the year 1953–54 has been published. Sincere felicitations to the office-bearers.

Fr. WARDEN SPEAKS :—Fr. Warden begins by reminding us of the special responsibility of the seniors : "Set an example to the juniors" and he continues "regular, steady work in co-operation with God's grace will crown you with a first-class."

The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak in the case of some . . . (Ed. Our Life)

ELECTIONS !—July I. C. S. U. General election announced.

JULY 7 :—The election of food-ministers ; the vote is cast in the open ballot box of every floor monitor.

STAY FRIEND ! :—From the beginning of this world, all events were directed to one end and from that onwards a new era began. And that end was the unprecedented sacrifice of Calvary, where Christ, the Son of God, shed His blood and tears to free humanity from the clutches of the prince of darkness. He came to console mankind oppressed by sin and shame. But you, weary pilgrim, drive yourself and

unload this heavy burden at the foot of Jesus, console the Heart of Our Saviour still "bleeding and dying." This is the message of this Adoration Sunday.

JULY 19 :—The Solemn Corpus Christi Procession as grand as ever. The routes however were changed; joyous tears are shed (from heaven) all through the procession. A public manifestation of our love for the suffering Jesus. This being the coronation year, we find crowns as decorations adorning the route. Some electric bulbs fused but lo! a thousand and more flashes were provided by Nature itself.

RETREAT :—The long awaited retreat begins in the evening of 22nd July. We have started a new life with strong resolutions. Our heartfelt gratitude to the preachers!

QUO VADIS ? :—On the 20th of July, Ramakrishna is filled to capacity by S. H. Hostellers and Boarders. Comments vary about acting, photography, sound system, music, scenes, etc. etc......One quotation please—"To be born in Rome is a miscalculation, to die a joy."—Petronius.

On the 26th "The Flame and the Arrow" entertained us.

THE GREAT FEAST :—The Feast of St. Ignatius; Solemn High Mass and Benediction......But the high light of the day, the garden party, is missing this year.

AUGUST 15 :—The Feast of the Assumption of B. V. M. and Independence Day. After a brief but inspiring speech, Prof. Thomas Srinivasan, M. A., B. L., hoists the National Flag. We salute the tricolour. Long live Free India! The film on this occasion "Pooram" proves to be difficult to appreciate. The great day ends, with Solemn Benediction in the evening.

THE FRIGHTENING FLOOD :—17th of August, all eyes on the waters of the Cauvery which had violated the "38th parallel." On the following day, New Hostel becomes an isolated island. The following day, the flood comes near our Hostel, causing great anxiety. The College is closed as a measure of prudence. An abrupt end of the term.

SEPTEMBER 4 :—Back again from holidays. A queue as usual before our Hostel office: every one pays the Warden a visit. A rumour is in the air—viz. "No examinations," and it goes the way of all rumours.

A MAN OF THIS CENTURY ?—On the 7th September, at 5-15 P.M. an extraordinary meeting of the C. S. U. is held in the Lawley Hall. A question mark in the hearts of many. Is he—Br. Peter Reddy—a man of this Century? Yes Friends! Let the spirit behind that outward appearance be a shining model to those who crave for the passing-in-no-time earthly position and power, honour and glory.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST :—An old student of our Hostel, Rt. Rev. Mar Gregorios, O. I. C. Archbishop of Trivandrum, arrives on the morning of 19th September to preside over the Sodality Academy. We feel the presence of our elder brother in our midst, narrating the stories of the by-gone days and experiences with the good Fathers in St. Joseph's. His Excellency requests his younger brothers to pray hard. A Mass in Malayalam is a novelty to many.

The following day we all assemble in the Lawley Hall. Guests from various places grace the occasion by their presence. His Excellency reveals the life of his predecessor and the secret of his success—devotion to Mary whom he used to call "Kanyasthri Ammachi." (My Tamil friends, please ask some Malayalees for further explanation, of the term.) His Grace, again emphasises the help which we, his younger brothers and sisters, should extend in the evangelical work which his predecessor of happy memory had begun.

We assure you of our prayers, Your Grace.

SEPTEMBER 25 :—Examinations begin for all classes. Best of luck to every one.

THE FOUR DAYS :—A short vacation of four days begins on the 30th. Fr. Warden is seen taking extra trouble to send home as many as possible. Excursions—A group of B. A. Students under the leadership of Fr. Mathias starts for Madras. Another group of B. Sc. students leaves for Mettur. On the 3rd October Fr. Warden leads an excursion to Tanjore—All in high spirits. The stay-backs explore the unknown corners of Trichy Town.

OCTOBER 5 :—The short holidays are over. Some have taken "French Leave," for a day more.

Fr. WARDEN SPEAKS :—Fr. Warden meets us for the first time this term on 7th October. He reminds us to do things out of a sense of duty and not by fear or just to please a person. He appeals to us to imbibe that noble virtue of sincerity of action and lays emphasis on Christian charity which is a distinguishing mark of a Catholic.

FILMS AGAIN :—On October 16, M. G. M. presents "The Pearl." It wins the appreciation of the students.

On the 17th "Thomas Edison in his Boyhood" is shown in the Lawley Hall. It makes us laugh and laugh and laugh. But who laughed last ? Films of this type are most welcome.

But soon on the Deepavali Day we get an excellent opportunity to admire "Henry V," "At best," says the common-man "it is a bore." Let the artists, at least, make a visit to the Hall.

RISE INDIA! :—On the occasion of the Mission Sunday, Fr. Adisayam, S.J., during Mass, brings to our notice the terrible responsibility of this microscopic minority which is the "salt of the earth, and the leaven of the world," to guard and preserve this country of ours from being corrupted by the spread of the godless ideals of Communism. At eight o'clock, the stalls are opened numbering about ten. Our Hostellers and Boarders keep up the reputation for generosity. At 11 o'clock, the results of the raffle are announced. A grudge in the hearts of many that a good portion of the prizes goes to the I. U. Cs... When the numbers of the Hostellers are called out, we often hear the common, highly undesirable "Zero." A Quiz programme is held in the morning in R. No. 22, under the auspices of the Sodality. Rev. Fr. Hession, S.J. was the Quiz Master. Our congratulations to the prize winners and also to those who took part. Grand Auction Sale after dinner in aid of the Missions. Many Fathers (their photos, I mean,) are being sold for mere Rupees, Annas and Pies. The functions ended with Solemn Benediction,

THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING:—Solemn High Mass in the morning. At 9-30 A.M. a grand debate in the Lawley Hall under the auspices of the C. S. U. A unique privilege: Fr. Warden as speaker delivers a speech which is brief but pregnant with ideas; all are enchanted by his convincing arguments. The proposition is lost, however, contrary to the expectation of many. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening.

"Rise India, thy millions lead,
And follow Christ, thy King."

OCTOBER 21 :—Pilgrimage to the Holy Redeemer's Church in the morning. Rev. Fr. Rector said the Mass. Our College Band and the College Choir were in attendance. The homeward walk opened our eyes to the most appalling lack of good sanitation in Trichy Town.

GREETINGS TO REV. FR. RECTOR:—On the 29th evening, we assemble along with other students and staff of the College and School in the Lawley Hall to express our greetings to the newly appointed Rector. There is a welcome reduction in the number of addresses read out. Fr. Rector explains the motto of the College, "Pro Bono et Vero" and appeals to students to discipline themselves accordingly. He declares the cancellation of fines and other punishments and makes the solemn proclamation, amidst cheers, that 31st October is a holiday in his honour. Long live St. Joseph's and its Rector.

30TH OCTOBER :—To the bitter disappointment of the Sportsmen. and of the Spectators, the President of Games, Rev Fr. A. J. Thamby, S.J., declares the postponement of sports *sine die*.

COLLEGE DAY:—Prize Distribution in the evening. Hon'ble Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Chief Minister of Madras, presides and distributes the prizes. On his arrival, the College N. C. C. presents a Guard of Honour; after tea, the proceedings begin. The Lawley Hall is filled to capacity. The Chief Minister pleads for the correct training of the personnel required for the administration of the country. He adds "let not our education be a wasteful gamble leading the students nowhere and creating only a sense of frustration in a great majority of cases."

DEEPAVALI:—The use of crackers within the hostel premises is strictly forbidden. Yet, some find it difficult not to violate the rule, and are duly rewarded.

Fr. Warden meets us at 11–15 A. M. in the spacious Boarding Hall. A heart-to-heart talk......Something more......! He is a bit annoyed at our performance in the last examination and points out ways and means to chalk out a programme of study. Fr. G. P. reminds us of the golden habit of silence. He stresses the need of mixer spirit in the Hostel. "To appreciate art, one needs a heart accordingly" is his concluding remark. The joy of many knows no bounds at the happy declaration of a free afternoon.

10TH NOVEMBER—COLLEGE SPORTS:—Despite the keen and healthy competition of a brother Hostel, we retain the Rapinat Trophy for the 9th year in succession. WELL DONE S. H. Our heartfelt gratitude is due to Fr. Timothy Gomez. Lieut. Col. Desikachari, B.A., B.L., presides over the function and Mrs. Seethamma Desikachari gives away the prizes.

And so time marches on.

Some folks rail against other folks because other folks have what some folks would be glad of.

New Hostel Notes

IT was on the 23rd June, 1953, that life began flowing once again in the mighty yellow blocks of the New Hostel. We were greeted by our Warden, Rev. Fr. Siqueira, S.J., and our Sub-Warden, Rev. Br. Mariasoosai, S.J. We were also glad to find that Rev. Fr. Adisayam, S.J., was here looking after the spiritual needs of our Catholic brothers.

Life in our hostel corresponds to life in a family in its best aspects. All the districts of S. India have their representatives here. Representatives are not lacking from the state of Travancore-Cochin or the newly constituted Andhra State. The hilly Nilgiris and distant Mangalore and Coorg have also contributed their share. These apart, we have students who have come flying all their way through the cloudy sky from distant Malaya and charming Lanka. As can easily be seen, all these 415 do not belong to the same creed, caste, or even nationality. Yet all these differences vanish once they breathe the air of New Hostel.

In fact Fr. Warden calls our monthly meetings 'family meetings,' only because of this well-known fact. In these family meetings he exhorts us collectively about the life to be lived in New Hostel and the wide world outside. We have had 8 such meetings so far this year, and the valuable advice given to us there we shall always cherish and ever carry its sweet memory in our hearts.

It was at the Family Meeting on the 27th June, 1953, that the office-bearers to be in charge of the various activities in the hostel were appointed. The representatives of the Messes, the Captains, and the Editors have been sincere in their wishes, honest in their endeavours and on the whole successful. The invaluable training in leadership which they thus got will never fail them in later life.

Success has been with us on many occasions in our academic, athletic, and social activities. We have kept up the enviable tradition of New Hostel in the examinations both at college and university. Fourteen academic prizes came to New Hostel on College Day, including the three prizes for Moral Science in the I, II and III U.C. In the University examinations of last March also the results have been brilliant. In eleven exams. our success was 100%. It has been 100% in the three branches of Honours, in Honours Prelim, in B. Com. Prelim, in M.A., in B. Sc. Chem., and in Botany B.A.

Such a success in the academic field may make one suspect that study alone is the characteristic of New Hostel. But our achievements in other fields will disprove this.

In the Athletic field this year we shone more than any other year. The Pruvot cup has come to us once again for the 5th year in succession. The new Popli cup awarded for Tug-o'-war is also with us. Though we lost the Rapinat Trophy to our healthy and fraternal rival, Sacred Heart Hostel, the loss is not so much to be grieved over, for it was only by a bare 9½ points that they carried it away.

Other extra-curricular activities have also found their due place among New Hostellers. Musicians, actors, orators, and painters are numerous among us. New Hostel Orchestra has been awarded a prize in the College Competitions. It was a member of our hostel, Nambudripad, who stood first in vocal music. Many other prizes for instrumental music have also been won by New Hostellers. It was a member of our hostel who secured the first place in the English Oratorical Competition held by the Tiruchi Rotary Club, and another member of our hostel represented our College in the English Inter-Collegiate zonal Oratorical Contest held at Karaikkudi. Numerous prizes have also been won by us for painting and drawing at the Exhibition held by our College Fine Arts Society at Dipavali time. The prize-winning picture of Nehru by C. Ranganathan, III B.Sc., now hangs in our Assembly Hall.

Our Orchestra born last year celebrated its birthday at a concert in our Assembly Hall on the 15th August, 1953.

Our Terminal Magazine, "*New Hostel Writes,*" is another special feature of our hostel. The September and December issues have already appeared and the work of our editors and budding authors contained in them speaks for itself.

Mention should also be made of the feasts in New Hostel. Such feasts are held monthly and they are so arranged as to fall on certain festive days, like Corpus Christi Procession, Dipavali and Pongal. At these feasts many Fathers and lay professors were our guests. We thank them for having lent grace and honour by their presence.

These Notes would be incomplete without the mention of a rather watery incident which came in perhaps to match last year's windy one. Just as the cyclone came uninvited in Nov. 1952, the flood visited us in August 1953. The loss was not much, but the disturbance caused was not negligible, for the college calendar had to be altered. None of us of course was upset or afraid. In fact all of us calmly waded through our difficulty, proud that we were the cynosure of sight seers and press photographers. Once again on the 31st of October the flood flowed into our hostel. But by this time we knew how to deal with it. Perhaps it was this that made 'Mr. Flood No. 2' beat a retreat within two days, after making an unsuccessful attempt to disturb us.

Another special feature of this year was the solo-acting competition held by our hostel which was open to all the students of our college. L. Srikanthan of Clive's and V. Jagannathan of our hostel were adjudged the first and second respectively.

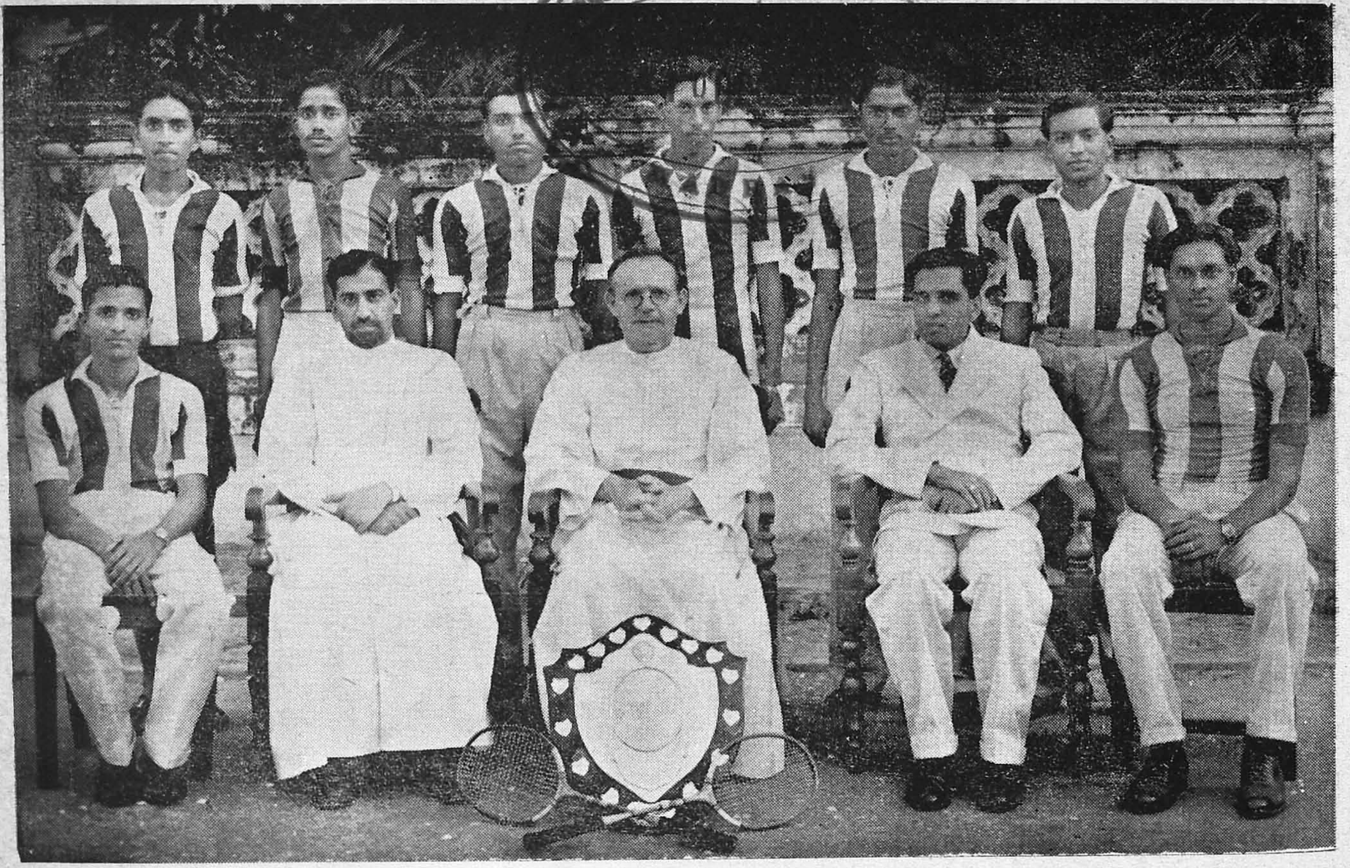
The dawn of the 26th day of January was also the dawn of our hostel day. It began with Mr. M. Arokiaswamy hoisting the National Flag followed by our Hostel Sports. In the evening at 4 the main function began. During tea the guests were treated to a fine exhibition of pyramid-building by our stalwarts. We were fortunate and honoured in having Sir K. S. Krishnan, F. R. S., Director of the National Physical Laboratory in New Delhi, to preside over our Hostel Day. In his short but impressive speech he congratulated us on our training here and stressed the need of a liberal education. He also gave away the prizes. Fr. Warden's special prize for Neatness, Order and Regularity was awarded to J. G. Krishnamoorthy, IV B. Com. The variety entertainment consisted of an English playlet, "The Queen and Mr. Shakespeare," a Tamil playlet, " Suzhyhin Veizhchi, Rev. Fr. Warden's Violin Solo, a dance by M. Kanagasabapathy and several songs. New Orchestra played artistically and Y. Lourduswamy gave a flute solo which was much applauded. The function came to a close at 9 p.m. with the floating of two fire balloons by the father of one of us.

These are only some of the incidents and experiences of this year. Above them all it is the invisible training which we had the opportunity to undergo collectively and individually under our Rev. Fr. Warden, that should be stressed. Wherever we may be and whatever we may be, we shall remember New Hostel as having shown us in the spring of our youth the beacon light of life as it should be lived.

M. MARUDACHALAM, IV Hons.

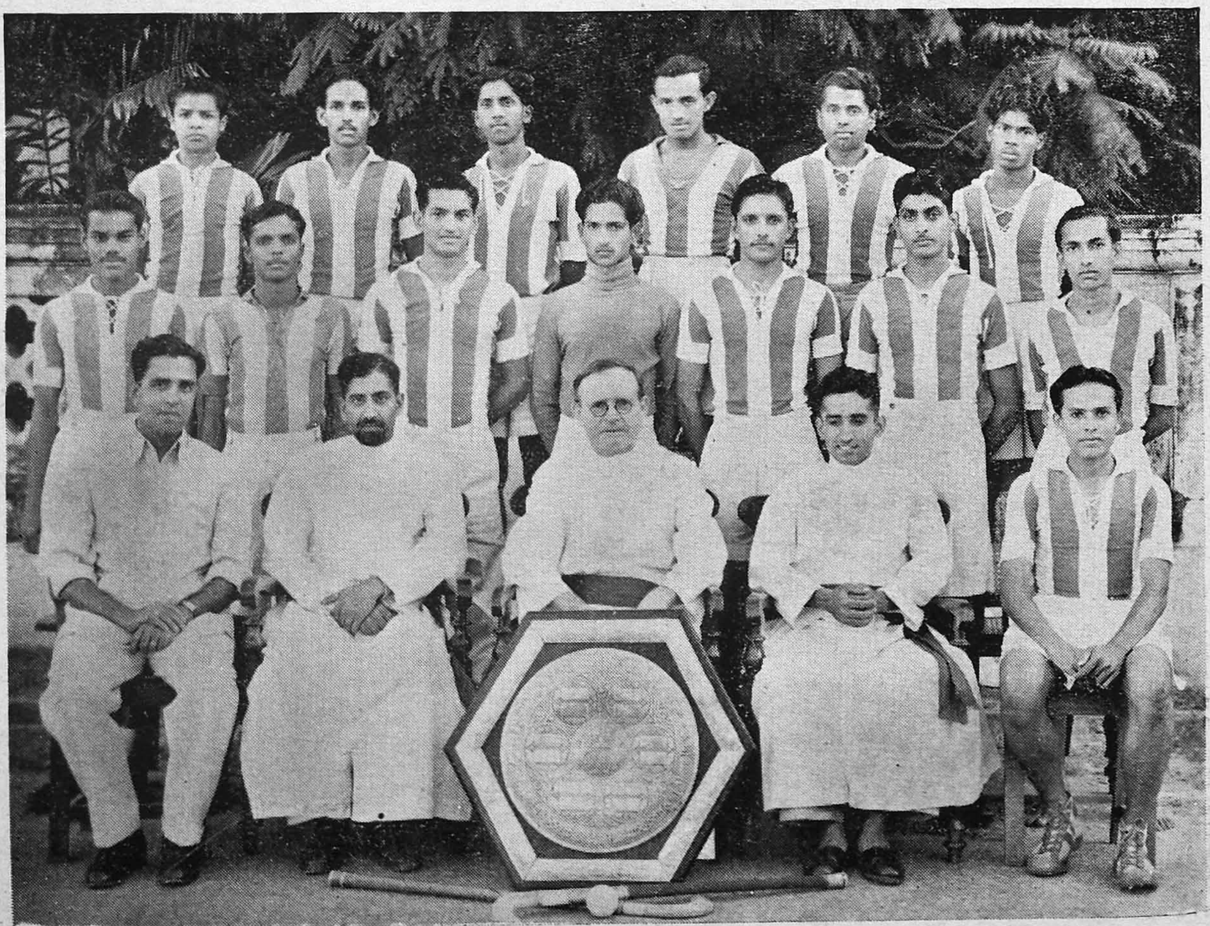
Group Photo of the members of the Physics Department taken
on the occasion of the visit of Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F. R. S., Director of the National Physics Laboratory, New Delhi.
(27—I—1954)

10 DEC 1955



THE BADMINTON TEAM 1953—54

Winners of the T. D. A. A. Open Badminton Tournament



THE HOCKEY TEAM 1953—54

Winners of the Inter Collegiate Madura Divisional Hockey Tournament

Clive's Calling

THE ringing in of the new academic year for Clives began with the seniors streaming in and Fr. Warden waiting to welcome them. In keeping with the hoary tradition of our hostel so fondly cherished and preserved, our semi-democratic office bearers were elected. They were immediately reminded of their responsibilities and duties by our Fr. Warden. Bright and cheerful young faces outnumbering the seniors were led into the Hostel by their relatives and friends with a hearty welcome from our smiling warden. The first quadrangle meeting was held on 25th of June when Fr. Warden asked us to "settle down to work right from the beginning." The flush of overwhelming joy and happiness could be seen on the faces of juniors on the day of the first feast though the seniors take it as a matter of course. We had our minor picnic to Pandamangalam on 23rd July. The green paddy fields extending for miles on all sides, the cool coconut tope, the sweet murmuring brook, the rows of lemon trees and the healthy cows and fat pigs are indeed a sweet remembrance of a happy day spent in presence of numerous guests and of course our beloved Fr. Warden. Independence day was celebrated when our national flag was hoisted under the distinguished presence of Kailai Anandar. An oratorical contest in English was held on the same day. The excess of bounty and kindness, that Nature showered on us in the form of rain resulted in a devastating flood which interfered with our normal activities necessitating the termination of the first term on 19th August itself.

The beginning of the second term was not as cheerful as it ought to have been since the impending examinations had a melencholic effect on the students. A refreshing contrast was provided and a lightness was felt in the atmosphere by the bright prospect of the coming of the festival of lights. The day of deepavali dawned delightfully with the detonation of crackers. At noon we had a delicious dinner. In the evening there was a film show when for the first time a Hindi film Poonam was screened in the Lawley Hall. An oratorical contest in Tamil was held by the end of November when our young speakers were given an opportunity to exhibit their talents. During this term our Warden's collection of birds was enriched by the new and novel addition of a young Monkey. (Alas! the beautiful green parrot that had been a member of the Hostel for the past eight years, met with an untimely death on 10—2—53, being guillotined by the cage-door.) It was coming out to greet the Warden, as was its daily custom. Towards the end of the term signs of weariness were clearly discernible on the faces of one and all caused by the obnormal duration of the 2nd Term.

The last term, indeed the last lap of a long journey blossomed forth with the sweet fragrance of the approaching gay occasions. The sun rising on the morning of the Pongal day witnessed the inauguration of the Fine Arts Exhibition by Rev. Fr. Siqueira S.J. With his characteristic elegance and simplicity he pointed out that the Fine Arts Exhibition was really an exhibition of the fine art of co-operation. The instrumental musical concert on that day proved to be an instrument of gaiety. A competition in vocal music was held on the same day. With the melodious voice of our budding musicians still ringing in the atmosphere, Republic day was ushered in. The National flag was hoisted on this solemn occasion by Mr. T. Srinivasan of our college. He dwelt on the duties and responsibilities of the youth of India. The singularly exact talents and acquirements of our students were revealed during the oratorical contest held in the term. Among the esteemed gentlemen who have visited our hostel mention must be made of Mr. Claude Journot, Cultural Attache to the French Embassy in India and Mr. Everett Woodman, Cultural Affairs officer U. S. I. S. The Hostel day was celebrated on 7th February 1954 with eclat under the presidentship of Mr. R. Krishnamoorthy, Principal, Pachiappa's College, Madras. In the morning the National flag was hoisted by C. S. Kamalapathi of Jamal Mohammed college when he spoke of the three B's of Ghandhiji namely "be quick, be brief, be gone." Mention must be made of the co-operative spirit shown by the Juniors in making the day a grand success. In the evening the function began with the usual tea-party consisting of a number of delicious dishes and palatable plates. As was to be expected from a man of his stature the presidential address was characterised by elegance of expression, eloquence of language and clarity of thought. The variety entertainment which followed was quite good and in the words of our Warden our students seemed to have been born on the stage.

T. SREENIVASAN, V B.Sc. (Hons.)

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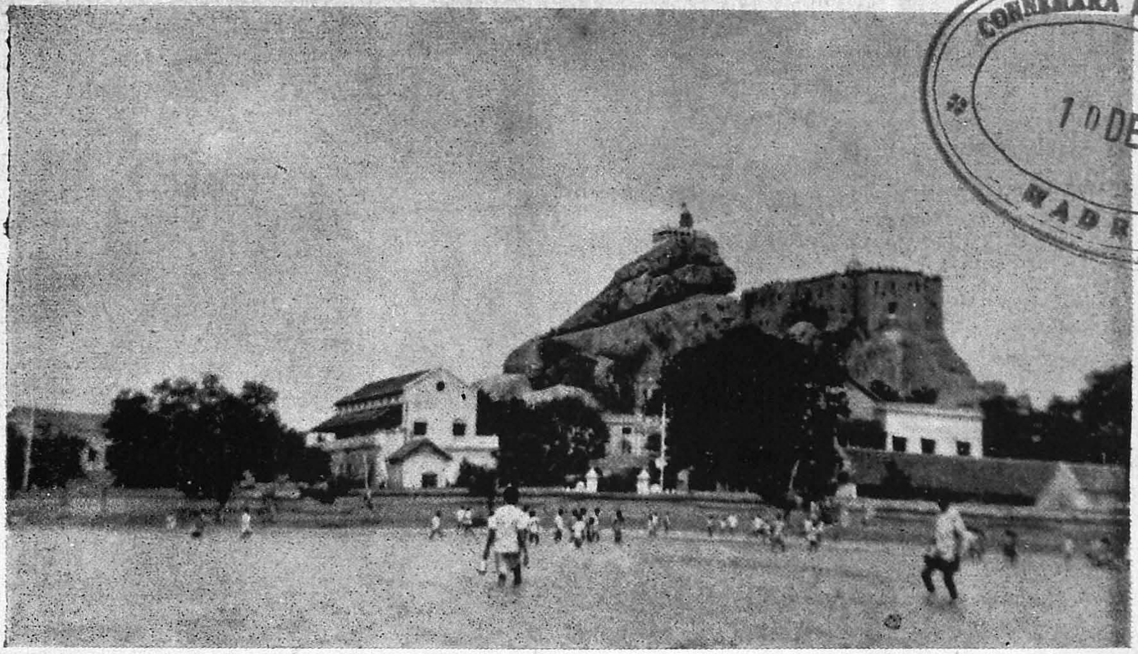
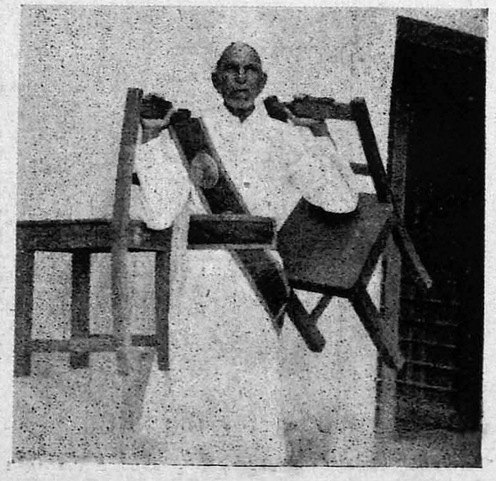


Rock Fort

Photo by Maria Kanakaraj.

50 HUSSAIN YEARS



Photos by K. J. Joseph, IV B.Sc.

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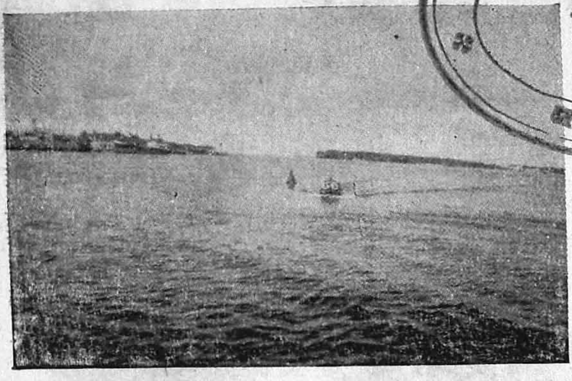
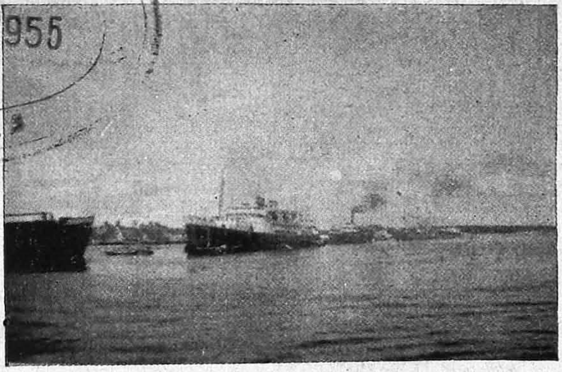
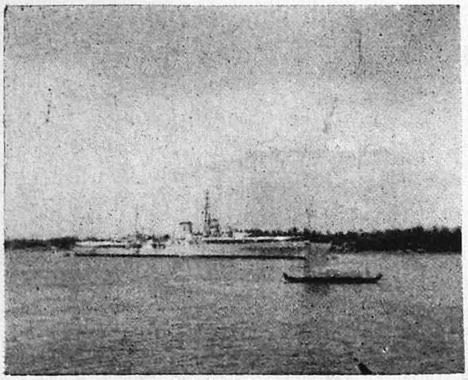


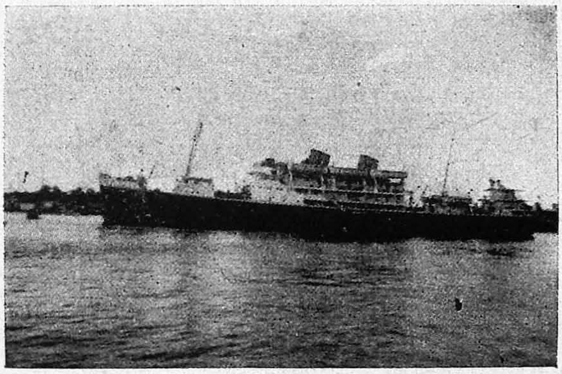
Entrance of the Cochin Harbour



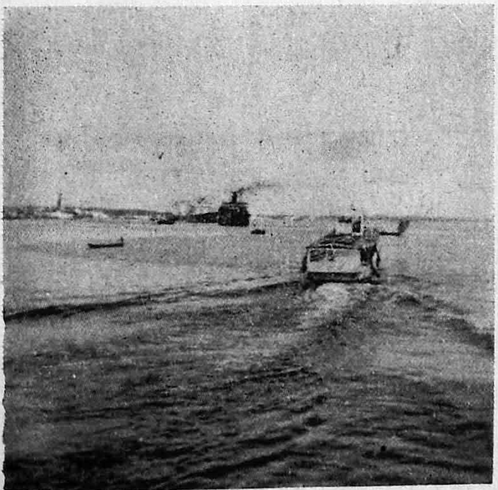
Ships Entering the Harbour



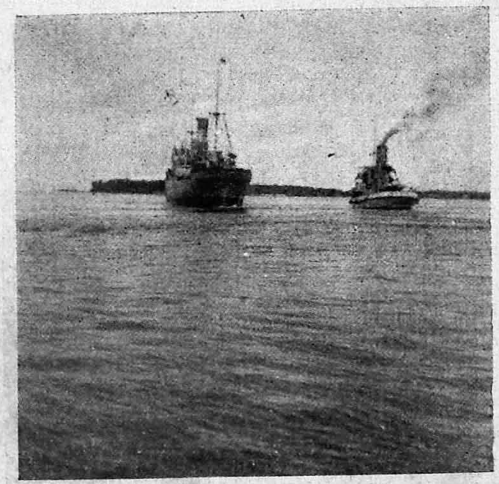
I. N. S. Delhi at the Naval Base



A day's rest



The Ferry boat at E'kulam.



Bound for the Sea

Photos by Mr. Joseph, Physical Director.

“കലയിലെ ജനകീയത”

M. V. Kunhan Nair, V Hons.

‘ജനകീയത’യുടെ കാലമാണിതു്. “ജനകീയ” ജനാധിപത്യം, “ജനകീയ”സേന, “ജനകീയ”ക്കോടതി—അങ്ങിനെ ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ ഏതുവശത്തിലും ജനകീയതയുടെ ചെഞ്ചായം ഇട്ടേ കഴിയൂ എന്നായിട്ടുണ്ടു്. അപ്പോൾ, മനുഷ്യജീവിതത്തെ സാരമായി സ്പൃശിക്കുന്ന സാഹിത്യത്തിലും “ജനകീയതാ” വാദം കടന്നുകൂടിയിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതു സ്വാഭാവികംമാത്രമത്രെ.

മാർക്സിസ്റ്റ്തത്വസംഹിതയുടെ ആവിർഭാവം കലാലോകത്തെ സംബന്ധിച്ചിടത്തോളം അതിപ്രധാനമായൊരു സംഭവമായിരുന്നു. മാർക്സിസ്റ്റ്ജീവിതനിരീക്ഷണഗതി അംഗീകരിച്ച ഒരു വിഭാഗം സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാർക്കിടയിൽ വളർന്നുവന്നതോടുകൂടി കലയുടെ ഉദ്ദേശത്തേയും ഉപയോഗത്തേയും കുറിച്ചു് വളരെയേറെ വാദപ്രതിവാദങ്ങൾ നടക്കുവാനിടയായി. മനുഷ്യജീവിതത്തിൽ ഭൌതികപുരോഗതിക്കേ അടിസ്ഥാനമുള്ളു എന്നു വാദിച്ച “പുത്തൻസിദ്ധാന്ത”ക്കാരുടെ ദൃഷ്ടിയിൽ, ആത്മീയാംശങ്ങൾക്കും പ്രാധാന്യമുണ്ടെന്നു വിശ്വസിച്ച അന്നുവരെയുള്ള എഴുത്തുകാരെല്ലാം “പഴഞ്ച”ന്മാരും “പ്രതിലോമകാരി”കളുമായി മാറി. യഥാർത്ഥജീവിതത്തിലെ ക്ലേശങ്ങളെ അഭിമുഖീകരിക്കുവാനാവാതെ, സങ്കല്പനിർമ്മിതമായ ഒരു സുവർണ്ണമേഖലയിൽ സ്വയം ഒളിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു അവരെല്ലാം എന്നു് ‘പുരോഗമന’ക്കാർ ആക്ഷേപിച്ചു. അവരുടെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ സാമ്പത്തികവും, സാമുദായികവുംസാമൂഹ്യവുമായ അസമത്വങ്ങളുടെ നിർമ്മാജ്ജനത്തിലേ, യഥാർത്ഥകല ഉദയം ചെയ്യുന്നുള്ളു; അതിനാൽ സമത്വസുന്ദരമായൊരു നവ്യനീതിയെ സൃഷ്ടിക്കുന്നതിന്നു് ജനതക്കാഹ്വാനം നൽകുകയായിരിക്കണം സാഹിത്യകാരന്റെ കർത്തവ്യം. മാർക്സിസത്തിന്റെ “ആധുനിക പ്രവാചക”നായ ലെനിൻ പറഞ്ഞു, “കല ജനങ്ങളുടെതാണു്. അദ്ധ്വാനിക്കുന്ന ജനസമൂഹത്തിന്റെ മദ്ധ്യത്തിലായിരിക്കണം അതിന്റെ നാരായ വേരുകൾ ചുഴിഞ്ഞിറങ്ങേണ്ടതു്.” സാഹിത്യത്തെപ്പററിയുള്ള ഈ “ജനകീയാ”ശയത്തെ ഉലച്ചലില്ലാതെ അവതരിപ്പിച്ച എഴുത്തുകാർ വളരെയുണ്ടു് കേരളത്തിൽ. ഏതായാലും, ഈ നവീന സിദ്ധാന്തത്തിൽനിന്നാണു് പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യപ്രസ്ഥാനം ഉടലെടുത്തിട്ടുള്ളതു്.

ഭാഷയിലെ പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യപ്രസ്ഥാനത്തിന്റെ നിലപാടെന്തെന്നു് “പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യം എന്തിന്നു?” എന്ന പുസ്തകത്തിൽ പ്രതിപാദിച്ചുകാണുന്നു. കോട്ടയത്തുവെച്ചു നടന്ന “അഖിലകേരള പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യസമ്മേളന”ത്തിൽവെച്ചു് ശ്രീ ചങ്ങമ്പുഴ, ആർ. എസ്സ്. കുറുപ്പു് എന്നിവർ ചെയ്ത പ്രസംഗങ്ങളുടെ സമാഹാരമാണാപ്പുസ്തകം. ആ ‘ജനകീയ’ സാഹിത്യസമ്മേളനത്തെ അഭിമുഖീകരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു് ശ്രീ ചങ്ങമ്പുഴ ഉൽഘോഷിച്ചു, “നിങ്ങൾ ഉറച്ച സ്വരത്തിൽ ഉച്ചത്തിൽ വിളിച്ചുപറയുക, പുരോഗമനസാ

ഹിത്യം കമ്മ്യൂണിസസിദ്ധാന്തങ്ങളുടെ കളരിയാണെന്ന്. അഭിമാനപൂർവ്വം നിങ്ങൾ ആ സിദ്ധാന്തങ്ങളെ പ്രചരിപ്പിക്കുന്ന സാഹിത്യത്തെ ആശ്ലേഷിക്കുക, ആശീർവ്വദിക്കുക." പക്ഷെ, പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ ലക്ഷ്യത്തെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള ശ്രീമാൻ ടി. എൻ. ഗോപിനാഥൻനായരുടെ അഭിപ്രായം മറെറാന്നായിരുന്നു. "ഭാരതത്തിൽ ഗാന്ധിയൻസിദ്ധാന്തത്തിൽ അധിഷ്ഠിതമായ പ്രസ്ഥാനത്തെ പുരോഗമനമെന്നു പറയാവുന്നതാണ്," എന്നാണദ്ദേഹം പറഞ്ഞതു്. കടകവിരുദ്ധങ്ങളായ ഈ രണ്ടു നിർവ്വചനങ്ങളെ എങ്ങിനെ ഒരേ ചരടിലിണക്കിക്കോർത്തുവെന്നതു് സാധാരണക്കാരനു് ഇന്നും അജ്ഞാതമത്രെ.

"കല കലക്കുവേണ്ടി" എന്നു പറയുന്ന "പഴഞ്ചൻ" സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാർക്കു് "പുരോഗമന"ക്കാരുടെ പ്രതിവചനമിതായിരുന്നു. "കല കലക്കുവേണ്ടി എന്നതു് കല എനിക്കുവേണ്ടി എന്നു പറയുന്നതുപോലെയാണു്." "കല ജീവിതത്തിന്നുവേണ്ടി"മാത്രമാണെന്നവർ വാദിച്ചു. ഈ വാദത്തിന്നു മറുപടി പറയുകയാണു് ശ്രീമാൻ കെ. എം. ജോർജ്ജ്: "മനുഷ്യന്റെ എല്ലാ പ്രയത്നങ്ങളും ജീവിതത്തിന്നുവേണ്ടിയുള്ളതാകയാൽ കല ജീവിതത്തിന്നുവേണ്ടി എന്നതു് ആവർത്തിക്കേണ്ട ആവശ്യമില്ല." അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ ഒരു സുന്ദര കലാസൃഷ്ടി, കലക്കുവേണ്ടിയായാലും കൊള്ളാം ജീവിതത്തിന്നുവേണ്ടിയായാലും കൊള്ളാം, സ്വീകാര്യമാണു്.

പുരോഗമന സാഹിത്യകൃതികൾക്കുള്ള പ്രധാന ദോഷം അവയിൽ പ്രചരണാംശം മുഴച്ചുനില്ക്കുന്നുവെന്നതാണു്. ഒരു കലാകാരന്നു തന്റെ കൃതികളെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള പ്രധാനോദ്ദേശം പ്രകടനം അഥവാ പ്രചരണം ആണെന്നു് പാശ്ചാത്യ നിരൂപകനായ ക്രോച്ചേപോലും അഭിപ്രായപ്പെട്ടതായി ശ്രീ ചങ്ങമ്പുഴ പ്രസ്താവിക്കുന്നു. പക്ഷെ, ശ്രീമാൻ ജോർജ്ജ് പറയുന്നതുപോലെ, ക്രോച്ചേ ഉദ്ദേശിക്കുന്ന പ്രകടനവും ഇന്നത്തെ സാഹിത്യകൃതികളിൽ കാണുന്ന നഗ്നമായ പ്രചരണരീതിയും രണ്ടും രണ്ടാണു്. ഒരു കലാകാരന്റെ സാമർത്ഥ്യം സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്നതു് തന്റെ ആശയഗതികളെയും ആദർശസംഹിതയെയും പ്രചരണാംശം മുഴച്ചുനില്ക്കാത്തവിധം, വായനക്കാരന്നു് അസ്വാരസ്യം അനുഭവപ്പെടാതിരിക്കത്തക്കവണ്ണം, സ്വകൃതികളിൽ ആവിഷ്ക്കരിക്കുന്നതിലാണു്.

ഇനിയുമൊന്നു്. സാഹിത്യകൃതികൾക്കുള്ള വിഷയങ്ങൾ തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കുന്നതിൽ പുരോഗമനസാഹിത്യകാരൻ ഇന്നവലംബിക്കുന്ന നില തുലോം പരിതാപകരമാണു്. വർഗ്ഗസമരത്തെയും, തൊഴിലാളി വിജയത്തെയും മാത്രമെ സാഹിത്യകാരന്നു് വിവരിക്കുവാൻ പാടുള്ളുവെന്നുവന്നാൽ കഷ്ടമാണു്. സ്വകപോലകല്പിതങ്ങളും സങ്കല്പനിർമ്മിതങ്ങളുമായ സുവർണ്ണമേഖലകൾ സൃഷ്ടിക്കുവാൻ സാഹിത്യകാരനെ അനുവദിക്കാത്ത ഏതൊരു സിദ്ധാന്തവും വിജയിക്കുകയില്ല. ദീനത്വത്തിന്റെ രോദനങ്ങളെയും നിസ്സഹായതയുടെ നെടുവീർപ്പുകളെയും ചിത്രീകരിച്ചു് വായനക്കാരന്നു് ഇന്നത്തെ സാമൂഹ്യയാഥാർത്ഥ്യങ്ങളെ അവയുടെ തനിനിറത്തിൽ കാണിച്ചുകൊടുക്കുന്നതു നല്ലതുതന്നെ. പക്ഷേ യാഥാതഥ്യപ്രസ്താവനയുടെ പേരിൽ വൃത്തികേടുകൾ, അറ

പ്പു ജനിപ്പിക്കുന്ന ഇന്നത്തെ രീതിയിൽ, ചിത്രീകരിക്കുന്നതു് അനാശാസ്യമാണു്. അതേസമയംതന്നെ ഭാവനാസ്വർഗ്ഗങ്ങൾ നിർമ്മിക്കുവാനുള്ള സാഹിത്യകാരന്റെ അവകാശവും അനിഷേധ്യമത്രെ. ശ്രീ സുകുമാർ അഴിക്കോട്ടു് അഭിപ്രായപ്പെടുന്നതുപോലെ "വിഷയത്തിന്റെ വിലയല്ലാ, ആവിഷ്ക്കരണത്തിന്റെ നിലയാണു് കലയുടെ കാതൽ." മാത്രമല്ലാ, കലാലോകത്തിലെ അസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത ഭയങ്കര പ്രത്യാഘാതങ്ങൾക്കിടവെയ്ക്കും. സ്വതന്ത്ര ചിന്താശക്തി നശിച്ച ഒരു ഭാവിതലമുറയുടെ സൃഷ്ടിക്കു് നാം കാരണക്കാരാകേണ്ടിവരും. അതിനുംപുറമെ, "അസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത കലയുടെ കളരിയല്ല. കാരാഗാരമാണു്; ഘോരാ കശാപ്പുപുരതന്നെയാണു്." തന്മൂലം കലയുടെ വളർച്ചയെ മുരടിപ്പിക്കുകയായിരിക്കും അത്തരമൊരു പ്രസ്ഥാനത്തിന്റെ പരിണതഫലം.

അപ്പോൾ യഥാർത്ഥ കല വെറും പ്രചരണ സാഹിത്യമല്ലെന്നു വ്യക്തമായി. അനശ്വരത ആസ്വദിക്കുവാനുള്ള കഴിവുണ്ടായിരിക്കും ഒരു യഥാർത്ഥ കലാസൃഷ്ടിക്കു് കാരുണ്യത്തെപ്പററി ഷേക്‌സ്പീയർ മഹാകവി പാടിയതുപോലെ ഒരു സുന്ദര കലാസൃഷ്ടിയിൽനിന്നുള്ള അനുഭൂതിയും,

"ഒന്നായതേകുന്നൊരു പൂരുഷന്നും
മറേറതേല്ക്കുന്നവനും ലഭിപ്പൂ"

ഈ വാസ്തവമാണു് കാളിദാസകൃതികളിലെ ജനകീയതക്കടിസ്ഥാനം. ഈ വാസ്തവംതന്നെയാണു് ഷേക്‌സ്പീയറെയും, ടാഗോറിനെയും ജനകീയ കവികളാക്കിയതു്. ഭാഷാസാഹിത്യത്തിലെ ഹാസസമ്രാട്ടായ കുഞ്ചൻനമ്പ്യാരുടെ കൃതികളെ ജനകീയമാക്കിയതും ഈ ഗുണമത്രെ. സാധാരണക്കാരനു് രസിക്കുവാനായി സാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ സാംസ്ക്കാരിക നിലവാരം താഴ്ത്തുന്നതിനുപകരം സാധാരണക്കാരന്റെ സാംസ്ക്കാരികോന്നമനം സാധിക്കുകയായിരിക്കട്ടെ സാഹിത്യകാരന്റെ ലക്ഷ്യം.

അമ്മ

John Kuzhiparampil, III B. A.

അമ്മ സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ സാമവേദമാണ്. ഹൃദയസാരള്യത്തിൽ പുളകം പുതപ്പിക്കുന്ന മധുരമന്ത്രം—ആശയിലും ആശങ്കകളിലും ആയിരമായിരം ഉരുവിടുന്ന രണ്ടു ദിവ്യാക്ഷരം—ജീവിതമന്ത്രത്തിലെ പ്രണവശബ്ദം. അതെ ഹൃദയത്തുടിപ്പുകൾ അനുനിമിഷം ഏററുപാടുന്ന മധുരമഞ്ജുള ദിവ്യ ഗാനം അമ്മ.

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അമ്മ ആനന്ദത്തിന്റെ ഒരതുല്യസന്ദേശമാണ്. അതെ, ആശ്വാസത്തിന്റെ ഒരു പൊന്നോമന പൊന്നുഷസ്സ്—ജീവിതത്തിനു തണലരുളുന്ന കല്പപാദപം. നൈരാശ്യത്തിന്റെ ധൂമപടലത്തിൽ ആശാദീപം തെളിക്കുന്ന ദിവ്യസുഷമയാണ് അമ്മ. വിരിയുവാൻ ദളം വിരിക്കുന്ന കൊച്ചുമുകുളത്തിൽ ജീവകാരുണ്യത്തിന്റെ മഞ്ജുളമധു പകരുന്ന പുണ്യരൂപിണിയാണ് അമ്മ. സേവനത്തിന്റെ പാവന ബലിവേദിയിൽ ആത്മാർപ്പണമരുളുന്ന സ്നേഹ ദേവത.

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ആഴിയുടെ അഗാധതയെക്കാൾ ആഴമേറിയ ആത്മാർത്ഥതയുടെ അഴകേറിയ മൂർത്തമന്ദഹാസമാണ് അമ്മ. ആകാശത്തിലെ അനന്തനീലിമയിലും പൗർണ്ണമിയിലെ പൂനിലാവിലും തിങ്ങിനിൽക്കുന്ന ശാന്തിയുടെ ദിവ്യസന്ദേശമാണ് അമ്മ. ശിശുതയുടെ നൈർമ്മല്യത്തെത്താലോലിക്കുവാനും—കൗമാരത്തിന്റെ കുസൃതികളിൽ കുതുകം കൊള്ളുവാനും—യൗവ്വനത്തിന്റെ പരക്കം പാച്ചിലിൽ സശ്രദ്ധം നിയന്ത്രണം ചെലുത്തുവാനുമുള്ള പ്രകൃതിയുടെ പ്രതിഭയാണ് അമ്മ. ശിശുതയുടെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ നൃത്തമാടുവാൻ വിനയത്തിന്റെ കൊച്ചുകുമാരിക്കു പ്രചോദനമരുളുന്ന ഗാനമധുരിമയാണ് അമ്മ.

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ഉദാരതയുടെ ഉന്നതശ്രേണികളിൽ ജന്മമെടുത്ത് സ്വാർത്ഥത്യാഗത്തിന്റെ സ്വച്ഛന്ദതലത്തിലൂടെ സാന്ത്വനഗാനങ്ങൾ പാടി പാഞ്ഞൊഴുകുന്ന സ്നേഹവാഹിനിയാണ് അമ്മ. അമ്മ ആമോദത്തിന്റെ സാന്ദ്രസംഗീതമാണ്—അതെ—ഹൃദയസ്പന്ദനങ്ങൾക്കു ചേതനയരുളുന്ന സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ മൃദുല കല്ലോലം. അമ്മ സായൂജ്യത്തിന്റെ സുഗമസരണിയാണ്—സഹനത്തിന്റെ സരളസൗകുമാര്യം. വാത്സല്യത്തിന്റെ തിരത്തല്ലൽ ഹൃദയത്തിന്റെ മൃദുലഭിത്തികളിൽ ഒതുക്കിനിർത്തുവാൻ കഴിയാത്ത അബലയാണ് അമ്മ.

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ഈശ്വരസൗന്ദര്യം തുളുമ്പുന്ന മധുര മന്ദസ്മിതത്തിന്റെ ധവളധാവള്യത്തിൽ ഹൃദയം കുളുർപ്പിക്കുന്ന സുഭഗയാണ് അമ്മ. ഓമനത്വം ഓളംവെട്ടുന്ന കൊച്ചുകപോലങ്ങളിൽ ആയിരമായിരം മധുരചുംബനങ്ങളർപ്പിക്കുന്ന സുകൃതിനിയാണ് അമ്മ. സ്ത്രീയുടെ ജന്മം ധന്യധന്യമാക്കുന്ന പാവനപദവിയാണ് മാതൃത്വം.

രജതരേഖകൾ

V. C. Emmanuel, III B. Sc.

അങ്ങുതാനിന്നെക്കാത്തുനിൽക്കുന്നു പ്രതീക്ഷകൾ
മങ്ങാത്തനിനവുകളാണൊരപ്പുണ്യക്ഷേത്രം
അണയും നിരാശപ്പേക്കിനാക്കളെറുത്തറു-
ത്തണിയേറുന്നുണ്ടീ ഭാരതസ്സ്വരക്ഷേത്രം
അക്രമമനീതിയെന്നുച്ചത്തിൽഘോഷിച്ചുകൊ-
ണ്ടക്രമപ്രസക്തരാം വേതാളകങ്കാളങ്ങൾ
അണിയായടുക്കുന്നു ഭീകരസ്വരൂപങ്ങൾ
പണത്തിനിന്നാടിനെപ്പുരക്കുവിററീടുവാൻ.
സ്വന്തം സോദരന്മാരെക്കൊല്ലുന്നു കൊല്ലിക്കുന്നു
അന്തമററസൂയയിലാഴ്ന്നു ഹൃദന്തങ്ങൾ.
ഇത്തരം മനുഷ്യനോ കേവലം മൃഗംമാത്രം
അരച്ചാൺ വയർപോററാൻ വെമ്പുന്ന വെറുംമൃഗം!
അനർഘമഹിംസാഖ്യമുരച്ചുനമ്മേക്കമ്മ-
വിശുദ്ധിയെത്തിച്ചോരമ്മഹാത്മൻജന്മഗൃഹം
അലയുന്ന നീതിത്തീച്ചൂളയിലെന്നുവന്നാ-
ലതിലും ദുരന്തമായെന്തുള്ളു ഭവിക്കുവാൻ?
മഹത്താം പാരമ്പര്യമുള്ളെൻനാടിന്നഹിംസാ-
തത്വങ്ങളിന്നോളം മാർഗ്ഗദർശനംനൽകി.
അപ്പടിയിന്നും നീങ്ങും നാളെയും പുനരെന്നും
സ്വച്ഛമായതുതാനേ മുന്നോറാമനുവേലം
ഇമ്മട്ടിലാശിച്ചോരോചിന്തകൾക്കധീനരാ
യ്യൊന്നാണിക്കിനാവിൻെറ തണലിൽചരിപ്പുനാം.
അന്തമററിരുട്ടെങ്ങുമുരുണ്ടുരുണ്ടുയരുന്നു.
ഒന്നുമേയറിയാത്തമട്ടിൽ നാം മരുവുന്നോ?
എത്രനാളീമ്മട്ടിലിപ്പുണ്യക്ഷേത്രത്തിൽദേഹി-
യക്രമമശിപ്പതിന്നിടയാക്കുന്നോനമ്മൾ,
അത്രമേലനക്ഷണമടിയും സംസ്കാരത്തിൻ
മുത്തുകളഗാധമാംപാഴ്‌ററചെളിക്കുണ്ടിൽ
സ്വപ്നത്തിൽകഴിയേണ്ടകാലങ്ങളെന്നോകഴി-
ഞ്ഞല്പവുമാശങ്കിക്കാതുണരുമുന്നേറുവാൻ.
കത്തിക്കുകൈത്തിരിയോരോന്നുനാം, വൻകാററിൻെറ
കുത്തലിലലയാതെ ചെറുത്തുനിൽക്കുമേമ്മേൽ.

"കാരണം"

P. T. Jacob, III B. A.

എനിക്കിന്നും ഓർമ്മയുണ്ട്. ഞങ്ങൾക്കൊരു കിളിയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. തുടുതുടെ ചുമന്ന ചുണ്ടും, തിളങ്ങുന്ന കണ്ണുകളും, പച്ചയും നീലയും കലർന്ന മനോഹരമായ തൂവലുകളും, നീണ്ട വാലുമുള്ള ഒരു കിളി. അതൊരു മലന്തത്തയായിരുന്നു.

രണ്ടു മുറികളുള്ള കിളിക്കൂട്ടം അതിൽ ചാടിക്കളിച്ചു നടന്നിരുന്ന തത്തമ്മയും ഞങ്ങളുടെ വീടിനൊരലങ്കാരമായിരുന്നു. തത്തമ്മയുടെ ദിനചര്യയിൽ ശ്രദ്ധാലുവായിരുന്നതു് എന്റെ അമ്മയാണ്. അമ്മക്കു് ഞങ്ങളേക്കാൾ കൂടുതൽ സ്നേഹം തത്തമ്മയോടായിരുന്നുവെന്നതിനു പല തെളിവുകളുമുണ്ട്. അടുത്തുള്ള പ്രൈമറി സ്കൂളിൽനിന്നും ഉച്ചക്കു വിടുമ്പോൾ ഓടിക്കിതച്ചു വീട്ടിൽ വരുന്ന ഞങ്ങൾക്കു ചോറുവിളമ്പിത്തരുവാൻ അമ്മ പലപ്പോഴും മനഃപൂർവ്വം താമസിക്കാറുണ്ട്. പക്ഷെ തത്തമ്മയെ അങ്ങനെ മര്യാദപഠിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ അമ്മയൊരിക്കലും മുതിർന്നിട്ടില്ല, അരി വേകുമ്പോൾതന്നെ തത്തക്കു ചോറു കൊടുക്കുന്നകാര്യത്തിൽ അമ്മയ്ക്കു മറവി പററിയിട്ടില്ല. ഇക്കാര്യത്തിൽഞങ്ങൾ അസൂയപ്പെടാറുണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിലുംഞങ്ങൾക്കെല്ലാംതത്തമ്മയോടിഷ്ടമായിരുന്നു.

ഞങ്ങളെല്ലാം "തത്തമ്മേ പൂച്ച, പൂച്ച" എന്നുപറഞ്ഞു കൂടിനുചുററും നിന്നു "ചിലയ്ക്കുന്നതു് അപ്പനു് അശേഷം ഇഷ്ടമില്ലായിരുന്നു. അമ്മയല്ലാതെ വേറാരെങ്കിലുമാണു്, ആ കിളിയെ വളർത്തുവാൻ മുൻകൈയെടുത്തു് പ്രവർത്തിച്ചിരുന്നതെങ്കിൽ ഞങ്ങൾക്കു ആ കിളി ഉണ്ടാകുമായിരുന്നില്ല. എല്ലാററിലുമുപരിയായി സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടിരുന്ന അപ്പനു് ഒരു സാധുജീവിയുടെപോലും സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൽ കൈകടത്തുന്നതു് ഇഷ്ടപ്പെടാതിരുന്നതിൽ അത്ഭുതമില്ല. എന്നാൽ എന്തുകൊണ്ടു് അമ്മയുടെ ആ നയത്തിനെതിരായി, അദ്ദേഹം ശബ്ദമുയർത്തിയില്ല? സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യപ്രേമത്തെയും പരാജയപ്പെടുത്തുന്ന സുദൃഢമായ മനോവികാരങ്ങൾ വേറെയും ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കും.

എന്റെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ വാക്കിലും പ്രവൃത്തിയിലും വളരെ വൈരുദ്ധ്യമുള്ള ഒരു വ്യക്തിയാണു് എന്റെ അമ്മ. കാരണം, ഈ കിളിയെ വളർത്തുമ്പോൾ ഒരു സാധുജീവിയുടെ മഹത്തായ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ ദൂഷണംചെയ്യുന്നുവെന്നു് അമ്മ കരുതിയിട്ടില്ല. എന്നാൽ ബാല്യകാലലീലകളിൽ ആമഗ്നനായി കൂട്ടുകാരുമൊന്നിച്ചു് ഒരു തള്ളപ്പക്ഷിയെ പിടിച്ചു വീട്ടിൽ കൊണ്ടുവന്നപ്പോൾ അമ്മ നൽകിയ ശകാരങ്ങൾ ഞാനിന്നും മറന്നിട്ടില്ല. പക്ഷിയെ പിടിച്ചതും, പറന്നുപോകാതിരിക്കാൻ ചിറകൊടിച്ചതും മഹാ പാപമാണെന്നു് അമ്മ പറഞ്ഞപ്പോഴാണു് ഞാനറിഞ്ഞതു്. പോരെങ്കിൽ അമ്മയുടെ കൈയും കാലും വല്ലവരും തല്ലി ഒടിക്കുന്നതുപോലെയാണു് ഞാൻ ആ പക്ഷിക്കുഞ്ഞുങ്ങളുടെ തള്ളയുടെ ചിറകൊടിച്ചതെന്നോർത്തു് അന്നു് ഉറക്കംപിടിക്കുന്നതുവരെ ഞാൻ കരഞ്ഞു. ഇത്ര ജീവകാരുണ്യമുള്ള അമ്മ എന്തുകൊണ്ടു് ആ കിളിയെ അഴിച്ചുവിട്ടുന്നില്ല.

നിസ്സാരജീവിയുടെയാണെങ്കിലും സ്വാഭാവമായ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ തടയുന്നതു് തെററാണെന്നു് അന്നെനിക്കറിയാമായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ ഞാൻ പറയുമാ

യിരുന്നു. ഒരുപക്ഷെ അമ്മക്കും അതറിയാൻ പാടുണ്ടായിരുന്നിരിക്കയില്ല. അറിയാമായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ അമ്മ കിളിയെ വളർത്തുകയില്ലായിരുന്നു, അമ്മയുടെ വിചാരം ആ കിളി അലഞ്ഞുനടന്നു ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടാതെ ചോറും പഴവും ധാരാളം കൊടുത്തു രക്ഷിക്കുന്നല്ലോ എന്നായിരുന്നിരിക്കും. ഏകാന്തതയിൽ വിശാലവിഹായസ്സിലേക്കുനോക്കി നെടുവീർപ്പിടുന്നതോ, കൂട്ടുകിളികൾ ചിലക്കുമ്പോൾ കൂട്ടിൽകൂടി പ്രാഞ്ചൽ. കളഞ്ഞോടിനടക്കുന്നതോ ചാപല്യങ്ങളാണെന്നു അമ്മ കരുതിയിരിക്കും.

അവിചാരിതമായാണ് ആ സംഭവമുണ്ടായത്. വളരെക്കാലം ബന്ധനത്തിലമർന്നിരുന്ന ഞങ്ങളുടെ കിളി ഒരു സുപ്രഭാതത്തിൽ കൂടുവിട്ടു പറന്നു പോയി. തീററികൊടുക്കുവാൻ അമ്മ കൂടുതുറന്നപ്പോഴാണ് അതുണ്ടായത്. എല്ലാവരും കണ്ടു, കിളി പറന്നുപോകുന്നത്. മിഴിച്ചുനിൽക്കുവാനല്ലാതെ എന്തുചെയ്യുവാൻകഴിയും? അമ്മയുടെയല്ലാതെ വേറാരുടെയെങ്കിലും കുററമായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ വീട്ടിൽ വലിയ ബഹളമുണ്ടാകുമായിരുന്നു. ആരുമൊന്നും പറഞ്ഞില്ല. നിർവ്വികാരനായി അപ്പൻ വേലക്കാരനോടുപറഞ്ഞു "കൂടഴിച്ച് തട്ടിൻപുറത്തു കൊണ്ടുവയ്ക്കൂ." "വേണ്ട ഇന്നത്തേക്കു അവിടെ കിടന്നുകൊള്ളട്ടെ" അമ്മയാണതുപറഞ്ഞത്.എന്തിനാണെന്നാർക്കും മനസ്സിലായില്ല. സ്നേഹത്തിൻെറപ്രത്യാശ

അങ്ങകലെ നീലമലകൾക്കപ്പുറമുള്ള ചക്രവാളത്തിലേക്കു സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യഗീതവുംപാടിപ്പറന്നുപോയ ആകിളി തിരിച്ചുവരുമെന്നു ആരുംപ്രതീക്ഷിച്ചില്ല. എന്തെങ്കിലും സ്വരംകേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ അമ്മമുററത്തിറങ്ങിനോക്കിയിരുന്നതെന്തിനെന്ന് അപ്പോൾ ഞങ്ങൾക്കു മനസ്സിലായില്ല. സുദൃഢമായ ആത്മവിശ്വാസം.

പറന്നുപോയ ആ കിളി, അത്ഭുതമുണ്ടാക്കുമാറെന്നുപറയട്ടെ, തിരിച്ചുവന്നു. സന്ധ്യയാകാറായപ്പോൾ മുററത്തരികിലുള്ള തെങ്ങിൻെറ മുകളിലിരുന്നു അതു "ചില"ച്ചു. അമ്മയുടെ സശ്രദ്ധങ്ങളായിരുന്ന ശ്രവണേന്ദ്രിയങ്ങളാണ് അതു തിരിച്ചറിഞ്ഞത്. എൻെറ ഇളയഅനുജൻ പറഞ്ഞു "തത്തമ്മവന്നു."

അശ്രദ്ധനായി വർത്തിച്ചിരുന്ന അപ്പൻപോലും മുററത്തിറങ്ങിവന്നു. തത്തമ്മ തിരിച്ചുവന്നു, തെങ്ങിൻെറ മുകളിലിരിക്കുന്നു. എന്താണ് ചെയ്യേണ്ടതെന്ന് അമ്മക്കോ ഞങ്ങൾക്കാർക്കെങ്കിലുമോ അറിയാൻ പാടില്ലായിരുന്നു. പ്രായോഗികബുദ്ധിയായ അപ്പനാണ് പുലയനെ വിളിച്ചു തെങ്ങിൽകയററി കിളിയെ താഴെയിറക്കിച്ചത്. ആശയത്തിലും പ്രവൃത്തിയിലുമുള്ള ഈ വൈരുദ്ധ്യത്തിലും അവഗാഹമായ ഏതോ തത്വശാസ്ത്രം ഒളിഞ്ഞിരിപ്പില്ലെന്നാരറിഞ്ഞു.

അമ്മയെക്കണ്ടപ്പോൾ കിളി ആനന്ദസൂചകമായി ശബ്ദിച്ചു. ആ കൈകളിൽ പററിയിരുന്നു എന്തൊക്കെയോ മന്ത്രിച്ചു. സന്തോഷത്തോടെ കൂട്ടിനുള്ളിലേക്കു സ്വയം പ്രവേശിച്ച്, കൃതകൃത്യനെപ്പോലെ വിശ്രമംകൊണ്ടു.

ലഭ്യമായ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൽനിന്നു വീണ്ടും ബന്ധനത്തിലേക്കു നുഴഞ്ഞിറങ്ങുവാൻ ആ കിളിയെ പ്രേരിപ്പിച്ചത് അതിനു ലഭിക്കുന്ന ആഹാരസാധനങ്ങളുടെ സുഖസമൃദ്ധിയായിരിക്കയില്ല. കാരണം മൃഷ്ടാന്നമായ ബന്ധനത്തെക്കാൾ പട്ടിണിനിറഞ്ഞ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമാണ് അഭികാമ്യം. ഈ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെക്കൂടി ബലികഴിക്കുവാൻ പ്രേരണനൽകുന്ന മഹത്തായ വികാരമാണ് സ്നേഹം. ആ കിളി തൻെറ ബന്ധനത്തിനപ്പുറകിലുള്ള ,എൻെറ അമ്മയുടെ പാവനമായ ആ വികാരം ശരിക്കറിഞ്ഞിരിക്കും.

ആ മണിദീപം

A. J. Thattil, IV B. A.

ഏകദേശം എട്ടു ദശാബ്ദങ്ങൾക്ക് മുൻപാണതു്. ഒരു ദിവസം ശുഭമുഹൂർത്തത്തിൽ, ഓണനിലാവിൽ മയിൽ ആടി; മാമരങ്ങൾ തലകുലുക്കി. ഭാരതാംബ ആനന്ദക്കണ്ണീർ പൊഴിച്ചു. സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ തങ്കക്കുടം അടിമത്തത്തിനെ വെല്ലുവിളിച്ചുംകൊണ്ടു ഒരു നവ്യാവതാരം പൂണ്ടിരിക്കയാണ്— അതും പോർബന്ദറിൽ.

വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം പാശ്ചാത്യരാജ്യത്തു പാശ്ചാത്യരീതിയിൽതന്നെ കഴിച്ചു. അതും അത്ര വമ്പിച്ച മട്ടിലോ ആഡംബരസമ്പൂർണ്ണമോ ആയിരുന്നില്ലതാനും.

വർണ്ണവ്യത്യാസത്തിന്റെ പേരിൽ, പാശ്ചാത്യനും പൗരസ്ത്യനും എന്നതിന്റെ പേരിൽ ഭരണകൂടം അഴിച്ചുവിട്ട അക്രമങ്ങളുടേയും അനീതികളുടേയും തീവെട്ടിക്കൊള്ളകളുടേയും ദുർഗ്ഗന്ധം വമിക്കുന്ന ഒരു നിലപ്പരപ്പിൽ, തെക്കേ ആഫ്റിക്കായുടെ വിരിമാർവ്വിടത്തിൽ, വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിനുശേഷം, യുവത്വസഹജമായ, സുധീരമായ തന്റെ കാല്പാദങ്ങൾ ഊന്നിയുറച്ചു. എന്തിനുവേണ്ടി? അമ്പരപ്പിച്ച ഒരു ചോദ്യചിഹ്നം!

സാമ്രാജ്യത്വം പേക്കൂത്തു നടത്തുന്നു. അടിമത്തം പൊട്ടിത്തെറിക്കുന്നു. രണ്ടു വൻകിട ശക്തികളുടെ സംഘർഷത്തിൽ നിന്നുടലെടുത്ത ആ ഘോരമായ ആർത്തനാദം തന്റെ കർണ്ണപുടങ്ങളിൽ അലയാഴിക്കു മീതെ തരംഗം തരംഗമായി സഞ്ചരിച്ചു ആഞ്ഞടിക്കുന്നു. മാതൃഭൂമിയുടെ മാറത്തു് നരവേട്ട നടക്കുന്നു. ഭാരതാംബയുടെ ഹൃദയകന്ദളം ഇഞ്ചിഞ്ചായി കൺമുമ്പാകെ കാർന്നുതിന്നുന്നു; പിച്ചിച്ചീന്തി വേദനിപ്പിക്കുന്നു; കൊല്ലാതെ കൊല്ലുന്നു. ഇതു് സഹിക്കാവതോ?

സാമ്രാജ്യത്വം കഴുവിലേററുവാൻ, സാമ്രാജ്യത്വത്തിന് തുരങ്കംവെക്കുവാൻ, അതിന്റെ ദംഷ്ട്രകളടർത്തിയിടുവാൻ താനും തന്റെ സഹോദരജനതയും ആവതുച്ചത്തിൽ ശക്തിമത്തായി അടരാടുമെന്ന് ചങ്കുറപ്പോടെ ഉരിയാടിയപ്പോൾ സാമ്രാജ്യത്വധ്വജം ഒന്നടങ്കം വിറകൊണ്ടു!

സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യോദ്വേഗത്താൽ നവോന്മേഷം കൈവന്ന ജനസാമാന്യം സാമ്രാജ്യത്വമുഷ്കിന്റെ നേർക്ക്, മർദ്ദനത്തിന്റെ നേർക്ക്, ചൂഷണത്തിന്റെ നേർക്ക് തങ്ങളുടെ ഫണമുയർത്തി ആഞ്ഞടിക്കുകയാണ്. അവരുടെ നേതാവായി, അവരുടെ ആശാകേന്ദ്രമായി അതാ ഒരു തേജഃപുഞ്ജം—കാണരുതോ? പതറാത്ത പാദങ്ങൾ, തളരാത്ത കൈയ്യിണകൾ, അടയാത്ത കണ്ണുകൾ, കുനിയാത്ത ശിരസ്സ്!! അതങ്ങനെ മുന്നോട്ടു്; മുന്നോട്ടു.

ജനസഞ്ചയം തടിച്ചുകൂടുകയാണ്. അവർ ഏകസ്വരത്തിൽ ആർത്തു വിളിക്കയാണ് സാമ്രാജ്യത്വം കെട്ടുകെട്ടണമെന്ന്; അല്ലെങ്കിൽ കെട്ടുകെട്ടിക്കുമെന്ന്.

ബ്രിട്ടീഷ് ആധിപത്യത്തിന്റെ അവസാനനാഴികകൾ എണ്ണുകയായി. അതാ അതിന്റെ മരണമണി മുഴങ്ങി ആയിരത്തിത്തൊള്ളായിരത്തി നാല്പത്തേഴ് ആഗസ്റ്റ് പതിനഞ്ച് പാതിര പന്ത്രണ്ടുമണിക്ക്. കാണുക, അതാ കടന്നുപോകുന്ന വെള്ളക്കാരൻ കടൽകടന്ന്.

സത്യത്തിലും സ്നേഹത്തിലും അടിയുറച്ച വ്യക്തിത്വത്തിൽനിന്നുടലെടുത്ത കിരണാവലികൾ രാജ്യത്തിന്റെ നാനാഭാഗങ്ങളേയും പുതുചൈതന്യമരുളിയനുഗ്രഹിക്കുകയാണ്. പ്രാർത്ഥനാമന്ദിരങ്ങളിൽ സത്യാന്വേഷണാർത്ഥം ദിവസത്തിന്റെ സിംഹഭാഗവും ചെലവഴിക്കുകയാണ്. തുലാമാല പിടിച്ച രാഷ്ട്രീയ പ്രശ്നങ്ങൾക്കെന്നപോലെ സാമൂഹ്യപ്രശ്നങ്ങൾക്കും പരിഹാരം നിർദ്ദേശിക്കുന്നതിൽ വ്യാപൃതനായിരിക്കയാണ്.

"ഠേ! ഠേ! ഠേ!! ഭയാനക നാദം! വിറപ്പിക്കുന്ന ശബ്ദം!! ഘാതകന്റെ കൈയ്യിലുണ്ടായിരുന്ന വെടിയുണ്ട നെഞ്ചെത്താഞ്ഞുതറച്ചതാണ്! മൂകത—നിരാശ—കദനം!

ആ ത്യാഗസുരഭിലമായ ജീവിതവല്ലരി, അടന്നടിഞ്ഞു. ആ വ്യക്തിത്വമോ? അതപ്പടിയേ കാലത്തിന്റെ കറങ്ങലിൽ അമർന്നുപോകയില്ല. അതു് നന്മയുടെ നല്ല ഉറവയാണ്.

ആ വ്യക്തിമുദ്രയിൽ നിങ്ങൾക്ക് ശ്രവിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കും സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ ഏങ്ങലടി. അടിമത്തം നരകത്തേക്കാൾ നാരകീയമെന്ന് മനസ്സിലാക്കി സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ പൊൻചഷകം നുകർന്നനുഭവിക്കുവാൻ, മർദ്ദനത്തിന്റേയും യാതനകളുടേയും കരാളതയിൽനിന്നു തന്റെ ജനതയെ സംരക്ഷിക്കുവാൻ സധൈര്യം മുന്നേറിയ ഒരു രാഷ്ട്രീയനേതാവ്, അതേ ഒരു സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യപ്രേമി.

സാമ്രാജ്യത്വം അതിന്റെ മുഴുവൻ കരുത്തോടും മുഷ്കോടും മൃഗീയത്വത്തോടുംകൂടി മർദ്ദനം അഴിച്ചുവിടുമ്പോൾ, പോലീസും പട്ടാളവും ലാത്തിയും തോക്കുമെടുത്ത് മുന്നേറുന്ന ജനസാമാന്യത്തെ ചെറുത്തടക്കുമ്പോൾ അഹിംസയേ ജയിക്കൂ എന്നു മന്ത്രിച്ച സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യസമരകാഹളമൂതിയ ഒരു വീരസേനാനി, അഹിംസാസിദ്ധാന്തിയായ അതിചതുരനായ ഒരു ആയോധനവീരൻ.

പരവശവും പരിതാന്തവുമായ ജനതതിയെ കണ്ടു മനസ്സുരുകി സ്വന്തസുഖത്തേയും സമ്പാദ്യത്തേയും ത്യാജ്യകോടിയിൽ തള്ളി സാധുക്കളുടെ കൂട്ടുകാരനായി ജീവിക്കുവാൻ അനവരതം യത്നിച്ച ഒരു ത്യാഗവര്യൻ.

അതാണ് ആ ത്ര്യക്ഷരങ്ങളിൽ അടങ്ങിയ വ്യക്തിത്വം—ഗാന്ധിജി.

വട്ടിനെപ്പററി

Parur S. Ganesh, IV. Hons

പുരോഗമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ ഇടക്കിടയ്ക്കു് പുതിയ പുതിയ ചില ശൈലികളും പദങ്ങളും സ്ഥാനം പിടിക്കുന്നുണ്ടു്. മലയാളഭാഷക്കു് ഇന്നത്തെ വിദ്യാർത്ഥിലോകം എന്തെങ്കിലും സംഭാവന ചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതു് ഇത്തരം പദപ്രയോഗങ്ങളാണു്. സ്കൂളുകളിൽനിന്നു് കോളേജുകളിലേക്കും, പിന്നീടു് മൈതാനപ്രസംഗങ്ങളിലേക്കും ഈ പദങ്ങൾ പരക്കുന്നു. 'ലാത്തി' ഇന്നു പഴഞ്ചനായിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു. ചില സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ 'ലാത്തി' 'ബയണററാ'യും രൂപാന്തരപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ടു്. വൃദ്ധലോകം പോലും 'ലാത്തി'പ്രയോഗം തുടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇങ്ങനെ 'ലാത്തി'ക്കു് ഒരു ജീവൻ കൊടുത്തു് മലയാളനിഘണ്ടുവിലേക്കു് എന്നുവേണ്ട മലയാള സാഹിത്യത്തിൽപോലും ഒരു സ്ഥാനം കൊടുപ്പിച്ചതു് വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളാണു്.

ഞാൻ ഓർക്കുന്നുണ്ടു്—ആദ്യത്തെ ദിവസം ഞാൻ കോളേജിൽ ക്ലാസ്സിൽ കയറുമ്പോൾ കലാബോധം നിറഞ്ഞ രണ്ടുപേർ, അർഹിക്കുന്നവനു് സ്ഥാനം കൊടുക്കുന്ന രണ്ടു മലയാളികൾ ഒരു ഹാസ്യഭാവനയോടുകൂടി പറയുകയാണു്. "അളിയൻ ഒരു പൊടിവട്ടാണല്ലോ"—എന്നു്. നിങ്ങൾക്കറിയാമല്ലോ ആദ്യത്തെ ദിവസം, അപരിചിതനായ ഒരു വിദ്യാർത്ഥി കോളേജിൽ പെരുമാറുന്നതു് എങ്ങിനെയെന്നു്—അതും സെൻറു് ജോസഫ്സ് കോളേജിൽ! പേടിച്ചു് "വാലു്" എല്ലാം ഒതുക്കിവച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന എന്നെക്കണ്ടു് ആ സഹൃദയന്മാർ ഹാസ്യഭാവത്തിലായാലും ഇങ്ങനെ പറഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ഞാൻ അവരുടെ കലാബോധത്തെ വാസ്തവത്തിൽ ബഹുമാനിക്കുകയാണു് ചെയ്തതു്. ചുരുക്കിപ്പറഞ്ഞാൽ ഒരുമാസം കഴിയുന്നതിനുമുമ്പു് എൻെറ മലയാളി സഹോദരന്മാർ എല്ലാവരുംകൂടി എനിക്കു് ഒരു ഓമനപ്പേരു നൽകി—വട്ടളിയൻ—എനിക്കു് അവരോടു് അളവററ കൃതാർത്ഥതയുണ്ടു്.

'വട്ടു്'—ആ പദം ഇനിയും നിഘണ്ടുവിൽ സ്ഥാനം പിടിച്ചിട്ടില്ല. നിഘണ്ടുവിൽ വാക്കുകൾ കയറുന്നതു്, ഏകദേശം അമേരിക്കയിൽ പ്രസിഡണ്ടു് തിരഞ്ഞെടുപ്പുപോലെയാണു്. സകല ജനങ്ങളും ആ പദം ഉപയോഗിക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി എല്ലാവരും അതിൻെറ അർത്ഥം മനസ്സിലായിക്കഴിയുമ്പോൾ മാത്രമേ, നിഘണ്ടു ഒരു വാക്കിനെ അംഗീകരിക്കുകയുള്ളൂ. മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ 'വട്ടി'നു തുല്യമായി വേറെ വാക്കുകളൊന്നും തന്നെയില്ല. ചൂടൻ, പിരിയൻ, അരപ്പിരി എന്നും മററും ചില വാക്കുകളുണ്ടെങ്കിലും അവ ഒന്നും വട്ടിൻെറ അർത്ഥമല്ല. വട്ടിനു പററിയ ഒരു വാക്കു് ഇംഗ്ലീഷ്ഭാഷയിൽ ഉള്ളതു് Eccentricityആണു്.

'Genius is eccentric' എന്നു് ഒരിക്കൽ ഒരു മഹാൻ പറഞ്ഞിട്ടുള്ളതു് വെറും ഒരു പരമാർത്ഥം മാത്രമാണു്. വട്ടു ലോകത്തിൽ അഗ്രസ്ഥാനം പിടിക്കാവുന്ന എല്ലാവരും genius ആണു്; ലോകത്തിലെ വലിയ genius എന്നു ബഹുമാനിക്കപ്പെടുന്ന എല്ലാവരും വട്ടുകളുമാണു്. പത്തൊൻപതാം നൂററാണ്ടിൽ ജീവിച്ചിരുന്ന ഡോക്ടർ ജോൺസൻ തികഞ്ഞ ഒരു വട്ടായി

ടുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ജീവചരിത്രത്തിലേക്ക് ഒന്നു എത്തിനോക്കിയാൽ ജനങ്ങളുടെ മനസ്സിൽ ഡാക്ടർ ജോൺസനെപ്പററി പുച്ഛമായ ഒരഭിപ്രായ മല്ല ജനിക്കുന്നത്, പക്ഷേ ഹൃദയം കവരുന്ന ഒരു ബഹുമാനമാണ്. ഓറഞ്ചുതിന്നാൽ അതിന്റെ തൊലി ജോൺസൻ പാക്കററിൽ ഇട്ടുനടക്കുക പതിവായിരുന്നുവത്രെ. റോഡിൽക്കൂടി നടക്കുമ്പോൾ വഴിയിലുള്ള എല്ലാ കമ്പിത്തൂണുകളും അദ്ദേഹം തൊട്ടുനടക്കുക പതിവായിരുന്നു. ഇടയിൽ ഏതെങ്കിലും ഒരുതൂൺ തൊടാതെ വിട്ടുപോയതായി തോന്നിയാൽ തിരികെനടന്ന് ആ തൂൺ തൊട്ടല്ലാതെ അദ്ദേഹം യാത്ര തുടരുകയില്ലായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷെ ജോൺസന്റെ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങൾ ഏററവും വിലയേറിയവയായിരുന്നു. അതിക്രമ്മബുദ്ധിയുള്ളവർക്കുപോലും നിർവ്വഹിക്കുവാൻ കഴിയാത്ത പല പ്രയാസപ്പെട്ട ജോലികൾ ജോൺസൻ തനിച്ചു ചെയ്തിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഇംഗ്ലീഷ്ഭാഷയിൽ ആദ്യമായി ഒരു നിഘണ്ടു എഴുതിക്കൂട്ടിയത് ജോൺസനാണ്. അടുത്തതായി ഗുരുത്വാകർഷണനിയമം കണ്ടുപിടിച്ച ഏററവുംവലിയ ബുദ്ധിമാനായ ന്യൂട്ടൺ ഒരു ഭയങ്കര വട്ടായിരുന്നു. ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് സാഹിത്യലോകത്തിൽ ഇന്നും ബഹുമാനിക്കപ്പെട്ടുവരുന്ന ചാറൾസ്ലാംബും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സഹോദരി മേരിലാംബും തികഞ്ഞ വട്ടുകളായിരുന്നു. ചാറൾസ്ലാംബ് പറഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ട്, "വട്ടിസം" മനുഷ്യന് അത്യാവശ്യമായിട്ടുള്ള ഒന്നാണെന്ന്. പിരി വട്ടിന്റെയും വട്ടുകളിയുടെയും പിന്നിൽ സ്നേഹിക്കുന്നതും സേവിക്കപ്പെടുവാൻ കൊള്ളാവുന്നതുമായ ഒരു ഹൃദയം—അതാണ് അദ്ദേഹം എല്ലാ വട്ടുകളിലും കണ്ടത്. അതിലത്രെ അവരുടെ വിജയവും.

ഇരുപതാംനൂററാണ്ടിലെ ജോൺസൻ എന്ന് common sense ന് പ്രഖ്യാതി നേടിയിട്ടുള്ള ബർണ്ണാഡ്ഷാ വട്ടുലോകത്തിൽ അഗ്രസ്ഥാനം അർഹിക്കുകയാണ്. തന്റെ സ്വത്തിൽ ഒരുഭാഗം, ഇംഗ്ലീഷ്ഭാഷയിലെ "സ്പെല്ലിംഗ്" മാററുന്നതിനായി ഒതുക്കിവെച്ച ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ വട്ട് പറയാതെതന്നെ അനുമാനിക്കാവുന്നതാണ്.

കവികൾ, കലാകാരന്മാർ, ഗായകന്മാർ എന്നുവേണ്ട ഏതെങ്കിലും അല്പം കലാബോധം ഉള്ള എല്ലാവരുംതന്നെ ഒരുവിധത്തിൽ വട്ടുകളാണ്. ഷേക്സ്പിയർ, കാളിദാസൻ, കുഞ്ചൻനമ്പ്യാർ, ചങ്ങമ്പുഴ, ഇവരുടെയെല്ലാം ജീവചരിത്രം വായിച്ചാൽ അനുമാനിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നത് എന്തെന്നാൽ വട്ടിസം കവിക്ക് ഒഴിച്ചുകൂടാൻ പാടില്ലാത്ത ഒന്നാണെന്നാകുന്നു. ഒരിക്കൽ ഒരാൾ പറയുകയുണ്ടായി "a lover, a poet, a madman, all belong to the same category" എന്ന് മാത്രമല്ലാ വട്ടിസം ഇന്നത്തെ ലോകത്തിൽ ഏററവും ഒഴിച്ചുകൂടാൻ പാടില്ലാത്ത ഒരു ഗുണവുമാണ്. ഇന്നത്തെ ലോകം ഏററവും കൂടുതൽ പുസ്തകങ്ങൾ വായിച്ചവനുള്ളതല്ല, നേരെമറിച്ച അല്പമെങ്കിലും കലാബോധവും ലോകപരിജ്ഞാനവുമുള്ളവർക്കുമാത്രമേ ഇന്നു ലോകത്തിൽ സ്ഥാനമുള്ളു. "Every man has in him an element of eccentricity" ഒരു വട്ടിനും വളരെ ഗൗരവമുള്ള ഒരു മനുഷ്യനുംതമ്മിൽ വട്ടിസത്തിന്റെ ഏററക്കുറച്ചിലിൽ ഉള്ള വ്യത്യാസം മാത്രമേയുള്ളു. വട്ടിസം ഇന്നത്തെ ലോകജീവിതത്തിന് ഏററവും ആവശ്യമുള്ള ഒരു ഗുണം മാത്രമല്ല, അതു മഹത്വത്തിലേക്കു കയററിവിടുന്ന സോപാനംകൂടിയാകുന്നു.

"നമോവാകം"

(Kuruvilla Thoonkuzhy, IV B. A.)

അന്യരീനമ്മൾതമ്മിൽ കണ്ടുമുട്ടുകയായി
യന്യമീത്തമിഴ്നാട്ടിലാദ്യമായാശ്ലിഷ്ടകാൽ
ഹൃദയം ഹൃദയത്തോടൊന്നുചേരുകയായി,
സ്നേഹത്തിൻ കളഗീതമിവിടെയലതല്ലി.
മന്ദഹാസോന്മേഷം നാമെത്രനാളുകൾപോക്കി,
യുൽഫുല്ലസ്നേഹത്തിന്റെയെത്ര ഗാനങ്ങൾപാടി.
ത്യാഗവേദിയിൽനമ്മൾ നമ്മളെത്തന്നെയെത്ര
പ്രാവശ്യമർപ്പിച്ചില്ലസ്നേഹത്തിനാഹ്വാനത്താൽ!

നിസ്വാർത്ഥസ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ നിർമ്മലഗാനംപാടി
നാം നയിച്ചോരക്കാലം പൊയ്പ്പോയിവരില്ലിനി!
സ്വർഗ്ഗീകസ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ സുന്ദരസന്ദേശമെ-
ന്നൊന്നിനിനമ്മെ ദിവ്യശാന്തിയിൽ ലയിപ്പിക്കും!
എന്നിനിക്കാണും തമ്മിലെന്നിനിസംസാരിക്കു-
മെന്നിനിപ്പരസ്പരം ക്ഷമിക്കും, സഹായിക്കും!!
വസന്തം നാലാംവട്ടംവിടരുംമുമ്പേന്തിനു
ഞങ്ങളെ വിധിമതം നിർദ്ദയം ദൂരത്താക്കി?

മേലിലൊന്നിനിനമ്മളീജീവിതാരാമത്തിൽ
ത്തുമധുനുകരുവാനൊരുമിച്ചീടില്ലെന്നോ!
ഇല്ലയില്ലിനമ്മൾ സന്ധിക്കില്ലൊരിക്കലു-
മില്ല കമ്രമിക്കാലം തിരിച്ചുവരില്ലിനി.
നിങ്ങൾതൻ സ്നേഹോഷ്മളമന്ദഹാസമെന്നിനി
ക്കാണുവാൻ, സന്തോഷിക്കാൻ; നിങ്ങൾക്കെൻനമസ്കാരം!!
ആനന്ദനിഷ്യന്ദിയാം നിങ്ങൾതൻവചോമാല-
യെന്നിനിയണിയും ഞാൻ; നിങ്ങൾക്കെൻനമസ്കാരം!!

സ്നേഹബദ്ധരായിത്രകാലവും കഴിച്ചോരെൻ
സോദര സമാജമെ പറയട്ടീഞാൻയാത്ര....
പ്രിയരെൻ സഖാക്കളെ ക്ഷമിക്കെൻ കടുംകൈകൾ,
....
നിങ്ങൾക്കെന്നാശംസകൾ; നിങ്ങൾക്കെൻനമോവാകം!

Report of The Social Service League

IT is now seven complete years that the League is in existence; and it has grown steadily and satisfactorily, during these seven years, through the various vicissitudes inherent to all living organisms. It is now an established entity. This year we have witnessed several signs of its intense growth: namely the birth of the Institute of Social Sciences and the absorption into the League of the Night School Adult Education run by a few volunteers of S. H. Hostel for the benefit of the servants of the Institution.

From the beginning of the college year 1953-1954, the usual round of social activities in the five suburbs of Trichy with the usual programme of Public and Personal Hygienic as main topics, were gone through with the usual unassuming, unostensive generosity of our Social Workers. But two particular circumstances added variety and called for generous response from the students. One was the havoc caused by the Flood in Chintamani during the last months of 1953 and the other, the daily distribution of Milk. The flood in October last had melted down the walls of some 200 houses like wax under heat. The immediate relief given to these unfortunate people by the highest representatives of the Government, of the Municipality and of the population of the town deserve the greatest praise. But when all was over and the ground was dry, the roofs of the houses remained miserably lying down in a collapsed condition. Then it was that all the 70 Social Workers in one united effort, where team work alone can produce any tangible result lifted up beautifully a good dozen roofs to the entire satisfaction of the house-owners.

The Distribution of Milk took place in the last term. The League having got possession of a barrel of 200 lbs. of milk powder, it took one month and more for its daily liquidation into the mouth of 200 children between one and five years of age. The system of procedure was simple: every week, one batch to its village. The young workers are the first to say that they acquired more prestige among the villagers during that single week of feeding than by several weeks of intense soaping and cleaning.

The year came to a close in February by the distribution of Diplomas to the students who had completed two full years of practical service in the League.

A. F. S.J.,

COLLEGE SOCIETIES 1953-'54

The Literary & Debating Society

Our activities for this academic year began with the election of the secretaries on July 4th, 1953. P. R. Balasubramanian, IV (Hons.), L. Rengarajan, V (Hons.), K. Swaminathan, IV B.Sc. and Antony Job Thattil, IV U.C. were elected as secretaries representing the Day Scholars, the New Hostel, Clive's Hostel, and Sacred Heart Hostel, respectively.

On July 20th, Rev. Fr. Hession, S.J., delivered the inaugural address. He spoke on "The Role of the Literary and Debating Societies in Colleges."

On August 7th, there was a lively debate on the motion, "Our Universities are more a hindrance than a help to the growth and spread of knowledge." The motion was sponsored by T. Raghavan, IV (Hons.) and was opposed by M. Marudhachalam, IV (Hons.) Many speakers took part in the debate. The house rejected the motion. Mr. Joseph Chinnappa, M.A., was the observer.

On August 18th, "The legal profession is a source of discord and disturbance in society" came up for discussion. S. Santhanam, IV (Hons.) proposed the motion and P. R. Balasubramanian, IV (Hons.) opposed it. There was a very lively discussion, and the house with its characteristic prudence rejected the motion. Prof. A. Hirudayaswami Reddiar, M.A.,B.L., was the observer.

On September 9th, we had the rare privilege of listening to Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, President of Brooklyn College, New York and a reputed American professor of economics. He spoke on "Problems of freedom and order."

On September 18th, we had a first Prize Quiz-programme. As many as 120 took part in the contest. Prof. C. S. Kamalapathi, M.A., was the able Quiz-master.

On October 13th, we had a very interesting symposium on Belloc, presided over by Prof. M. Ruthnaswamy, M.A., Bar-at-law, Rev. Fr. B. J. Coyle spoke on "Belloc and religion." Prof. A. Hirudayaswami spoke on "Belloc and politics", and Rev. Fr. T. N. Siqueira spoke on "Belloc as a literary artist." True and worthy tribute was paid to a great writer, who had passed away recently.

On October 16th, there was a contest to select two speakers to represent our College in the University Inter. Collegiate Debate. Out of the many who competed, P. R. Balasubramanian and M. Marudhachalam were selected.

On October 23rd, C. V. Joseph, II U.C., moved the motion that "Under the present circumstances, India needs dictatorship." It was opposed by P. T. Kuriakose, IV (Hons.). After a protracted discussion, the motion was very sensibly rejected by the house. Mr. K. Pitchumani, M.A., acted as the observer.

On November 9th, the new scheme of elementary education, came up for a spirited discussion. The new scheme was supported by P. R. Balasubramanian and others and was opposed by M. Marudhachalam and others. Rev. Fr. Cherian, S.J. was the observer.

On November 12th, we held a contest to select two speakers to represent our College at the Rotary Elocution Contest. Our choice proved to be an unerring choice. Francis Bibian, V (Hons.) and L. Rengarajan, V (Hons.) were chosen.

We are proud to record that L. Rengarajan and Francis Bibian came first and second respectively, in the Rotary Contest and allowed us to retain the shield.

On November 17th, there was a very interesting, symposium on the various features of All India Radio. L. Rengarajan, V (Hons.) spoke on "A. I. R. and the third programme," T. Srinivasan, V (Hons.) on "A. I. R. and Government control," N. Jegannathan, II U.C. on "A. I. R. and Educational Broadcasts," P. S. Ramasamy, II U.C. on "A. I. R. and rural broadcasts," Subbaraman, V (Hons.) on "A. I. R. and film music," James Pancras, II U.C., on "A. I. R. and Commercial Broadcasts," and L. Srikantan, IV (Hons.) on "A. I. R. and external services." Rev. L. M. Balam, presided over the symposium.

On November 19th, there was a heated debate on the motion, "The game of Cricket should be banished from the soil of India," proposed by K. Swaminathan, IV B.Sc., S. Natarajan, V (Hons.) opposed it. There was lively argument on both sides. Finally, the sportsmen made the proposers give ground. Rev. Fr. A. J. Tamby, S.J., President, Athletic Committee, was the observer and he congratulated the house on its judicious decision.

On January 20th, 1954, Rev. Fr. T. N. Siqueira, who presided over one of the sections of the All-India Educational Conference, gave his impressions, on the proceedings of the whole conference.

On January 24th, we had the opportunity of listening to J. Godfrey, an Indian Barrister, practising in South Africa, speak on "Life in South Africa." He gave a realistic and vivid account of the life of Indians in South Africa. Rev. Fr. B. J. Coyle, S.J., was in the chair.

On January 28th, we held an oratorical contest to select two speakers to represent Our College at the forthcoming Rt. Hon. Sastri

Oratorical Competition, in Kumbakonam. C. V. Joseph, II U.C. and R. Srinivasaraghavan, II U.C. were selected.

On February 6th, we held the second Prize Quiz-Programme. Rev. Fr. B. J. Coyle, was the Quiz-master.

Out of the two contests, L. Rangarajan, C. S. Sethuraman and R. Srinivasaraghavan stood first, in the Honours, Pass Course and Inter-Groups respectively.

Besides, our meetings mentioned above, our members have taken part in all the student programmes of A. I. R., Tiruchi and have acquitted themselves very creditably. Before the end of February, we propose to have an elocution contest for the students of the Intermediate classes and an oratorical contest for the students of the Degree classes. We also hope to have at least three more meetings before the end of this academic year. This year, we have had so much of literary and debating activity because of the unremitting zeal and infectitious enthusiasm of Rev. Fr. B. J. Coyle. Our grateful thanks should go also to the many active members of our house, and to our Vice-president, Mr. Bhanumoorthy, M.A.

L. Rengarajan
K. Swaminathan
Antony Job Thattil
P. R. Balasubramanian
Secretaries.

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தமிழ்ப்பேரவை

1. பேரவையின் தொடக்கவிழா 28—7—1953 செவ்வாய்க்கிழமையன்று திரு. கி. ஆ. பெ. விசுவநாதன் தலைமையில் நடந்தது. "கலைகளின் இருப்பிடம்" என்பது பொருளாகச்சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றி வளையாபதி அடிகள் பேரவையைத் திறந்து வைத்தார்கள்.

2. அடுத்த கூட்டம் 8—8—1953 சனிக்கிழமையன்று திரு. அழகியமணவாளன் தலைமையில் நடைபெற்றது. "கல்வியின் தரத்தை உயர்த்தும் வழிகள்" பற்றி பல நண்பர்கள் பேசினர்.

3. 14—8—1953 வெள்ளிக்கிழமையன்று நடைபெற்ற கூட்டத்தில் திருவாசகமணி பாலசுப்ரமண்யம் "திருக்குறளின் சிகரங்கள்" என்ற பொருள் குறித்து நகைச்சுவை ததும்ப் சொற்பெருக்கு ஆற்றினர்.

4. 17—9—1953 மறைந்த தமிழ்ப்பெரியார் திரு. வி. கல்யாணசுந்தரனர் அவர்களுக்கு அனுதாபம் தெரிவிக்க 19—9—1953 சனிக்கிழமை நடைபெற்ற

கூட்டத்திற்கு திரு. ஐயன்பெருமாள் கோனார் தலைமை தாங்கினார். மறைந்த பெரியாரின் பெருமைகுறித்து திருவாளர்கள் ரம்போலா மாஸ்கரேனஸ், ஷேக் அலாவுதீன், அழகியமணவாளன் ஆகியோர் பேசினர்.

5. திரு. மருதாசலம் தலைமையில் 12—10—1953 திங்கட்கிழமையன்று நடைபெற்ற கூட்டத்தில் "மக்கள் கவி" என்ற பொருள் குறித்துப் பல நண்பர்கள் சிறந்த கருத்துரைகள் வழங்கினார்கள்.

6. திருச்சி வானொலி நிலையத்தைச்சார்ந்த திரு. கந்தசாமி ("துறைவன்") தலைமையில் 22—10—1953 வியாழக்கிழமையன்று "பாரதிவிழா" கொண்டாடப் பட்டது. திருச்சி ஜமால்மகம்மது கல்லூரி தமிழ்த்துறைத் தலைவர் ஜனாப். அப்துல்கபூர் பாரதியாரின் பெருமைகள் குறித்துப் பேசினார்.

7. பண்டிதமணி கதிரேசன் செட்டியார் மறைவுக்கு அனுதாபம் தெரிவிக்க 27—10—1953 செவ்வாய்க்கிழமையன்று திரு. ஐயன்பெருமாள் கோனார் தலைமை யில் கூட்டம் நடைபெற்றது.

8. 13—11—1953 வெள்ளிக்கிழமையன்று லாலி மன்றத்தில் நடைபெற்ற கூட்டத்தில் "ராஜாஜியின் புதிய கல்வித்திட்டத்தை இந்தச்சபை ஏற்றுக் கொள்கிறது" என்ற தீர்மானத்தைப் பிரேரணைசெய்து கல்லூரி சரித்திரப் பேராசிரியர் திரு. லோபோ பேசினார். அவரை திரு. ராமஸ்வாமி ஆதரித்தார். தீர்மானத்தை எதிர்த்து கல்லூரி பொருளாதாரப் பேராசிரியர் திரு. இருதயராஜ் திரு. ராஜகோபலன் ஆதரவுடன் பேசினார். முடிவில் தீர்மானம் 324 வாக்குகள் எதிராகவும் 125 வாக்குகள் ஆதரவாகவும்பெற்று நிராகரிக்கப்பட்டது. சங். ராஜமாணிக்கம் ஸ்வாமிகள் இக்கூட்டத்திற்குத் தலைமை வகித்தார்கள்.

9. 23—11—1953 திங்கட்கிழமையன்று எமது பேரவையின் ஆதரவில் "கம்பர் விழா" கொண்டாடப்பட்டது. சேலம் நகரசபைக் கல்லூரி தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர் திரு. உலகஊழியர் இனிய பாடல்களுடன் கம்பரின் பெருமை குறித்துச் சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார்.

வே. ரங்கராஜன், *அரு. பாக்கியநாதன்,*
முருகு. மாணிக்கம், *முத்து தங்கராசு,*
ஷேக் அலாவுதீன், *தி. தாமஸ்,*

செயலாளர்கள்.

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The Malayalee Samajam

Mr. T. K. Devasia, M.A., is the President of the Samajam. Mr. P. T. Jacob, III U.C. and Mr. George Thomas, IV B.Sc. were unanimously elected secretaries for the year 1953–54, from the S. H. Hostel and New Hostel respectively.

The inaugural meeting of the Samajam was held on 13th July 1953, with Rev. Fr. J. Koilparampil, S.J. in the chair. Mr. T. K. Devasia, M.A.

welcomed the gathering. The Inaugural address was delivered by Rev. Fr. Hillarion, M.A., T. O. C. D., lecturer in English, S. H. College, Thevara. Mr. John J. Marochy, III Hons. proposed the vote of thanks. 'Janaganamana' was sung by Mr. P. P. Augustine, III B.Com. It must be mentioned that the 'Keralagana' of Mr. Nampoothiripad, III B.Sc. added charm to the proceedings.

The first ordinary meeting was held on 6th August 1953. It was presided over by Mr. M. V. Kurian, B.A. Mr. C. D. Nicholas, IV B.Sc. and Mr. M. J. John, III Hons. moved the proposition that "The formation of a United Kerala is an urgent necessity of Malayalees." Mr. T. K. Kuruvilla, IV U.C. and Mr. V. S. Ouseph, IV Hons. opposed the motion. The proposition was carried with a narrow majority.

The second debate was held on 10th September 1953, with Mr. Hubert G. Pavamani, B.A. (Hons.) in the chair. Mr. John Kuzhiparampil, III U.C. and Mr. C. P. Kurian, IV U.C. introduced the proposition that "under the present circumstances the acceptance of foreign aid is necessary for the development of India." Mr. V. C. John, III U.C. and Mr. Jose T. Anto, IV B.Sc. led the opposition. The house favoured the proposition.

"The progressive writers are striving hard to achieve a prosperous future" was the topic of a debate held on 14th November 1953. Mr. Ouseph Manvettam took the chair. Mr. V. U. Kurian, II U.C. and Mr. P. T. William, II U.C. were the movers of the proposition; and Mr. Eapen Mathew, III U.C. and Mr. T. K. Kuruvilla, IV U.C. the opposers. After an enthusiastic discussion the house accepted the motion.

On 20th November we diverted our attention to the discussion of the proposition that "Viewed from the point of progress, the works of Changampuzha are an utter failure." The motion was sponsored by Mr. V. C. John, III U.C. and Mr. P. T. Jacob of the same class. Mr. V. V. Joseph, II U.C. and Mr. George Thomas, IV B.Sc. were the opposers. Mr. K. A. John, B.A. presided. The motion was defeated.

During this academic year Mr. N. S. Ouseph, IV Hons. and Mr. Eapen Mathew, III U.C. were selected to complete in the Inter-collegiate debate held under the auspices of the University of Madras. We are very glad to note that Mr. Ouseph got selection in the zonal contest as well.

An extraordinary meeting was conducted on 7th January 1954, under the presidentship of Mr. John A. Naduparambam, B.A. to record our heartfelt condolence at the sad demise of Mr. K. C. Mamman Mappillai, a distinguished journalist as well as a man of letters. Mr. P. T. Jacob moved the resolution of condolence.

We have great pleasure to mention the fact that the audience and the enthusiasm manifested by the members to give supplementary speeches were remarkable. Finnally we extend our hearty thanks to all who have contributed to make the proceedings of the Samajam a grand success this year.

P. T. JACOB,
GEORGE THOMAS,
Secretaries.

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The Commerce Association

The activities of this Association began with the appointment of the Secretaries. Mr. J. Radhakrishnan was unanimously returned to the office of secretary from the IV B.Com. class and Mr. R. Varadarajan was elected to represent the III B.Com. clsss.

The inaugural meeting of the above association was delivered by Ms. L. S. Parthasarathi, M.A., Lecturer in Economics, National College, Tiruchirapalli. The subject of the lecture was "Planning and Unemployment" "A more realistic approach in planning should be made" to eradicate unemployment than suggesting point programmes which often prove disappointment programmes" was the key note of his lecture. The meeting was presided over by Mr. B. Gopalan, B.A., M.Com., and was largely attended by students and staff of the various colleges of the city.

The Association records its deep sense of gratitude to Prof. A. Hirudayasami Reddiar who took the IV B.Com. Students on a study visit to the Tiruchy District Co-operative Central Bank and to the Trichy–Srirangam Co-operative Milk Supply Union at Puthur in the midweek of July. Mr. Velayudham, M.A., Secretary of the Bank received us and enlightened us on the salient features of the Indian co-operative Movement in general and on the working of the Bank in particular. This kind of outdoor extraordinary meeting was very much enjoyed and has a peculiar educational value.

The first ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 11th August 1953. Mr. N. Krishnaswami, IV B.Com., spoke on 'The Location of Industries.' Mr. M. Ramamurthy, IV B.Com. presided over the meeting.

The Second ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 19th September 1953, when Mr. J. Natarajan, IV B. Com. spoke on "Nationalisation." Mr. G. Narasimhan of the same class presided.

The third ordinary meeting of the association was held on 20th October 1953. Mr. K. L. Paul of the IV B. Com. class addressed the

members on "Foreign Investments in India." Mr. P. I. Mathew, IV B.Com. was the chairman. Mr. J. Natarajan, IV B.Com., also spoke a few words in this connection.

The fourth ordinary meeting was held on 27th October '53 when Mr. A. Rajarathinam, IV B.Com. spoke on "The progress of the Five-year Plan." Mr. N. Narasimhan of the same class took the chair. Mr. K. L. Paul, IV B.Com. also spoke on the agricultural development of India envisaged in the Plan.

There was an extraordinary meeting of the Association on 3rd November '53. We had in our midst a practical businessman. Mr. G. H. B. Wauton (Formerly of the Anglo-Iranian Oil, Coy., Persia), Divisional Manager, Burmah-Shell, Tiruchirapalli delivered a lecture on 'A short introduction to the petroleum industry.' The meeting was largely attended and his exposition of his first hand knowledge on the subject was marked by an enthusiasm unrivalled. Rev. Fr. Adisayam, S.J., presided over the meeting.

The fifth ordinary meeting was held on 14th November 1953, when Mr. P. K. Parameswaran, IV B. Com., spoke on the subject "The Sterling Area." Mr. T. S. Rajaraman of the same class presided over the meeting.

"In the interests of Free India Key Industries should be nationalised" formed the subject matter of a debate held on 27th November '53. Mr. J. Radhakrishnan, IV B.Com. acted as the Observer. Mr. T. Thangavel, III B.Com. together with Mr. V. Satagopan, III B.Com., and Mr. K. L. Paul supported the proposition. Mr. S. Rethinachalam, III B.Com. together with Mr. S. T. Annamalai, III B.Com., and Mr. Salivahan, III B.Com. opposed the proposition. There was a tough fight of words and ideas but in the end the House voted in favour of the proposition with a big majority.

The sixth ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 15th January 1954. Mr. N. Lakshminarayanan, IV B.Com. spoke on "The Co-operative Buildings Societies and the Co-operative House Construction Societies." Mr. J. Natarajan, IV B.Com. presided over the meeting. Mr. N. Krishnaswamy, IV B.Com. was the supplementary speaker.

The Seventh ordinary meeting of the association was held on 28th January '54 when Mr. P. Ramaswamy, IV B.Com. delivered a lecture on "The Estate-Duty Act." Mr. V. Sivaramakrishnan, B.A., IV B.Com. took the chair.

In all these activities it is remarkable to find that the seniors evidenced a more keen interest than the juniors.

J. Radhakrishnan, IV B.Com.
R. Varadarajan, III B.Com.

Sanskrit Samajam

The activities of the Samajam for the academic year 1953–'54 commenced with the election of R. Sridharan, IV U.C. and T. V. Subramaniam, II U.C. as secretaries. The Junior classes were represented by Rajarathnam, III U.C. and V. Rathnasabapathy, I U.C.

On July 18th, Professor P. S. Subramania Sastriar, M.A., Ph.D., (Annamalai University Retd.) delivered the inaugural address. The experienced and erudite scholar gave us a glimpse of 'Adikavi Valmiki.'

The second meeting of the Samajam was convened on the 8th of August under the Presidentship of Sri S. Ramakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) Maths. Dept. The speaker, Sri N. Aravamudhan, IV Hons. spoke on the 'Art of Megathutham.' The lecture was illustrative and interesting.

In September an ordinary meeting was held on 19th when Sri N. Ramaswamy, B.Sc., spoke on 'The uniqueness of Sanskrit literature.' The chair was occupied by our Vice-President Sri A. Subramaniam, M.A. The speaker's reference to the several distinctive qualities of Sanskrit literature was very inspiring.

On 19–10–'53 the members of the Samajam had the great honour of listening to the Professor of English, Sri K. Chinaswamy Iyer who spoke on 'Fables in Literature.' The Speaker displayed a versatile knowledge of the Fable literature in several languages. To hear from him that India has contributed the largest share to this part of literature aroused in us a sense of pride.

On 19–11–'53 we met under the Presidentship of Sri N. Aravamudhan, IV Hons., to hear Sri R. Venkatakrishnan, III Hons. speaking on "The Excellence of Sanskrit Literature." The Presidents' plea for the reform of Sanskrit teaching in our schools was much appreciated.

A lecture on 25–1–'54 by S. V. Rengan, IV Hons. (Maths.) on 'Bhavabhuti and his Art' was important not only from the cultural but also from the examination point of view. Sri T. A. Hariharan, IV U.C. occupied the chair.

As a diversion from purely literary topics Sri E. S. Sundaram Iyer, B.A.,B.L., gave a discourse on 'Law in Ancient India.' Our revered President Sri V. Gopala Iyengar, M.A. occupied the chair. To those who think that the ancient legal system of India was primitive and ill-organised, the speech was a very good reply. Both the Speaker and the President laid stress on the moral and religious background which gave stability to the ancient system of Law.

Our Annual competitions and the valedictory address will be held before the close of the year.

We offer our sincere thanks to our revered masters who guided all our activities and to all the members of the Samajam.

(Sd.) R. SRIDHARAN, IV U.C.
(Sd.) T. V. SUBRAMANIAM, II U.C.
Secretaries.

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Mathematics Association

The Mathematics Association commenced its activities with the election of secretaries. At a business meeting held on 20th July 1953 under the Chairmanship of Sri. R. Vaidyanathan, B.A. Hons. the new Vice-President of the Association, Sri. S. Ramamoorty, IV Hons. and Sri. V. Ramamoorty, IV B.A. were elected secretaries for the senior section. On Tuesday the 28th July Sri. S. Sampath, II U.C. was elected to represent the Association for the junior section.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 4th of August, 1953 by Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., Principal, Madura College, Madura. The erudite scholar gave a lucid exposition on "The Lighter side of Mathematics." Rev. Fr. A. Gonsalves, S.J, President of the Association, was in the chair. The speaker traced the history of Mathematics and explained how the different schools of thought, though widely different, contributed much to the science of Mathematics. He also dealt at length with the work of some of the famous mathematicians and recommended the students to take active interest in the study of Mathematics. The lecture was punctuated with some mathematical paradoxes. Sri. V. Ramamoorthy proposed the vote of thanks.

An ordinary meeting was held on 13–8–1953 when Sri. Srinivasa Rengachari, V Hons. spoke on "Non-Euclidean Geometry" Sri. M. S. Lakshmanan, V Hons. was in the chair

An extraordinary meeting was held on 8—9—1953 when Sri. M. K. Krishnamachari, Statistical Officer, Southern Railway, delivered a lecture on the "Scope of Railway Statistics." Rev. Fr. J. Adisayam, S.J. was chairman of the meeting. The statistical officer explained the general scope of statistical science and its practical applications in the field of Railway administration. Rev. Fr. J. Adisayam supplemented the speaker by explaining the connection between Mathematics and Economics. Sri. R. Vaidyanathen, B.A. Hons. welcomed the distinguished guests and Sri. S. Ramamoorty proposed the vote of thanks.

An ordinary meeting was held on 15th October 1953. Sri. M. S. Lakshmanan, V Hons. spoke on "Infinite series." Sri. R. Vaidyanathan, B.A. Hons,

was in the chair. Sri. Lakshmanan showed how we can have a series that will not come under any test for convergence that we know of. He further proved some interesting problems.

In an ordinary meeting under the chairmanship of Sri. S. Raghavan, V Hons., Mr. Achutha Rao of the same class gave a speech on "From Plane to Space."

An extraordinary meeting was held on the 9th of November when Sri. S. Ramakrishnan, B.A. Hons., delivered a lecture on "Stellar Fire works." Mr. S. Sreenivasan, B.A. Hons. was in the chair. The speaker compared the exploding stars and the different coloured stars to the fire works displayed on festive occasions. The main theme of the lecture was "exploding stars." The reputed lecturer with his characteristic lucidity explained the way in which explosions are generated in stars besides giving a brief account of the methods used in modern observations for observing such phenomena. The meeting was largely attended.

An ordinary meeting was held on the 1st of Feb. 1954 under the chairmanship of D. Sivaramakrishnan, V Hons. when Mr. S. Raghavan, V Hons. spoke on "Lebesque Integral."

We wish to record our heartfelt thanks to the members of the Association for their active co-operation which contributed largely to the success of the Association. Our thanks are specially due to the President Rev. Fr. A. Gonsalves, S.J. and to the Vice-Presidents, Sri. S. Suryanarayana Iyer, M.A. and Sri. R. Vaidyanathan, B.A., Hons. for their valuable guidance and help.

S. RAMAMOORTHY, IV Hons.
V. RAMAMOORTHY, IV B.A.
S. SAMPATH, II U.C.
Secretaries.

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The Botany Association

The association began its activities with the election of the secretaries. At a business meeting held on 17th July 1953, under the presidentship of Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J., Mr. G. P. Rathnaswamy, IV B.Sc. was returned to the office of secretary and Mr. T. Edward, III B.Sc. Mr. C. Doraiswamy, II U.C. and Mr. V. Nagarajan, I U.C. were elected to represent the respective classes.

The inaugural meeting of the association was held on the 6th Aug. 1953, when Mr. K. R. Venkatesan, B.Sc. (Hons.), spoke on "Adaptability in plants," with Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J. in the chair.

The first ordinary meeting was held on the 17th Aug. '53 under the chairmanship of Mr. R. Ponnuraj, IV B.Sc. when Mr. Krishnan Unni, Mr. Laxminarayanan, and Mr. Arokiaraj of senior B.Sc. spoke on "Wonderful Plants."

A meeting was held on the 9th October '53, when Mr. Kalyanasundaram, B.Sc. delivered a lecture on "Creeping Vertebrates" with Mr. W. H. Lazarus, M.A., L.T. in the chair.

On 13th Nov. '53, Mr. Arokiaraj, IV B.Sc. spoke on 'Birds' Mr. Babu C. Nainan, IV B.Sc. presided.

Another ordinary meeting was held on the 15th January '54 with Mr. G. P. Rathanaswamy, IV B.Sc. in the chair. The essay prepared by Mr. T. S. Paul Sundar Raj, IV B.Sc. was read by Arokiaraj, IV B.Sc. The subject was "Penicillin, the wonder drug."

An extraordinary meeting was held on 25th Jan. '54 under the chairmanship of Mr. K. R. Venkatesan, B.Sc. (Hons.) when Mr. V. Hari Rao, M.A., Lecturer in Natural Science, Jamal Mohamad College, Trichy, delivered the address on "Inheritance of acquired characters."

Four educational excursions were arranged this year under the auspices of the society. In September we had a botanical ramble round about Viralimalai under the able guidance of Mr. Venkatesan, B.Sc. (Hons.)

On 15th Oct. '53, we went to Courtallam. We visited a number of falls such as Honey falls, Five falls and Courtallam falls and botanized around the jungle. We are deeply indebted to Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J., and Mr. K. R. Venkatesan, B.Sc. (Hons.), for their ungrudging help and unbounded kindness.

In October again our students visited the jungle of Narthamalai under the guidance of Mr. Viswanathan, B.Sc. (Hons.) and Mr. Venkatesan, B.Sc. (Hons.).

Our III B.Sc. students had an equally interesting tour of Sirumalai near Dindigul and of Alagarmalai near Madurai. In this connexion it is very difficult to forget the very generous help rendered to us by Mr. M. Rajaraman and Mr. Jayaseelan, our college chums. Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J. and Mr. Viswanathan, B.Sc. (Hons.) accompanied us with their usual enthusiasm.

Many thanks for the continuous help given to us ungrudgingly by the President and the Vice-president and all the members of the Association.

G. P. RATHANASWAMY
T. EDWARD
C. DORAISWAMY
V. NAGARAJAN

Physics Association

Annual Report—1953-'54

President: Rev. Fr. J. B. Rajam, S.J., D.Sc.
Vice-Presidents: Sri P. R. Subramaniam, M.A., A.M.I.S.E.
Sri N. Ananthakrishna Iyer, B.A., (Hons.)

Secretaries:

Senior Section: Sri S. Sankara Raman, IV B.Sc. (Hons.)
Sri R. Govinda Rajan, IV B.Sc.

Junior Section: Sri P. S. Gopalan, II U.C.
Sri K. S. Gopalan, I U.C.

This year the activities of our Association commenced under, a slightly different name as stated above instead of "The Physical Society." But this change in no way affected the keen interest, evinced by the members.

After the usual business meeting to elect office-bearers, held early in July, the inaugural address was delivered by Sri N. Ananthakrishna Iyer, B.A., (Hons.) on the 21st of the same month in the Lawley hall, the subject being 'Ultra sonics.'

Eight ordinary meetings and three extra-ordinary meetings were conducted during the year under review.

Ordinary meetings

DATE	SPEAKER	SUBJECT
7—8—53	Sri M. S. Subbaraman, V Hons.	Special theory of Relativity.
16-8—53	Sri L. Rangarajan, V Hons.	General theory of Relativity.
18-9—53	Sri Ranganathan, V Hons.	Modern theory of Relativity.
24-10-53	Sri Venkatasan, V Hons.	The Atmosphere.
1—2—54	Sri K. Anandapadmanabhan, B.Sc. Hons.	The Rainbow.
5—2—54	Sri Venkatakrishnan, IV Hons.	The Radar.
9—2—54	Sri Kalyanasundaram, IV Hons.	Earth waves.

Extra-ordinary meetings

Sri K. Venkataraman, M.A., a former student of the College and now the Station director, A. I. R. Madras gave an instructive talk on 'The Ionosphere' in India, on 24th October 1953.

Early in January our President Rev. Fr. J. B. Rajam, S.J., D.Sc. immediately after his return from the All India Science Congress spoke to us of his impressions.

On the 27th of January 1954, Dr. K. S. Krishnan, D.Sc., F. R. S., Director of National Physical Laboratory, New Delhi, gave us an interesting talk on "Some recent developments in Physics."

Visits to the Railway Workshops at Golden Rock and All India Radio at Trichi by the members of the association have become annual fixtures. During the December holidays under the guidance of Sri N. Ananthakrishnan, B.Sc. (Hons.) and Sri K. Ananthapadmanabhan, B.Sc. (Hons.) twenty five of us visited the Indian Institute of Sciences, Sir C. V. Raman Institute, and several other places of scientific and industrial value at Bangalore.

Essay competitions are being held as usual for which prizes will be awarded in due course.

The valedictory meeting of the Association is expected to come off on 26th February, a full report of which will be published later.

In conclusion we are thankful to all those who have contributed to the successful working of the Association.

S. SANKARARAMAN, IV Hons.
R. GOVINDARAJAN, IV B.Sc.
Secretaries.

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The Hindi Samaj

The activities of the *Hindi Samaj* for the academic year 1953–54 began with the election of Secretaries on 31–7–53 when Messrs. S. Sundara Rajan, IV U.C. and Thomas Pannikulam, II U.C. were elected as Secretaries.

The inaugural address of the Samaj was delivered by Mr. Syed Khader, B.A.,L.T. Headmaster of the Syed Murthaza High School, on Monday the 3rd of August 1953. During his lively speech Mr. Khader stressed the importance of Hindi and its merits as the natural language of India. He advised the students to understand the responsibility the nation has placed on them and asked them to work for the betterment of the nation as a whole. Mr. S. Gopalan, B.A., B.O.L. took the chair.

An extra-ordinary meeting was held on 14th August 1953 when Mr. Mirza Abdul Majeed, M.A., Lecturer, Jamal Mohammed College spoke

on "HINDI AUR MUSSALMAN KAVI" Shri. S. Gopalan, M.A.,B.O.L., President of the Samaj occupied the chair. In the course of his fine speech the speaker pointed out the great contribution of Mussalmans to the Hindi lauguage and literature.

At an ordinary meeting held on 15th October 1953 with Mr. Kurian, IV U.C. on the chair. Mr. P. Kuria Kose spoke on 'UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM'. Messrs. P. I. John, IV U.C. and M. V. Ramamoorthy, II U.C. also spoke on the same subject.

An ordinary meeting was held on 23rd October when Mr. R. Balasubramanian, IV U.C. spoke 'ZALIM ZAMANA! (Vagaries of the World to-day). This raised a controversy among all those present and many came and spoke on the subject giving their respective opinions. Mr. S. R. H. Sundaresan, Vice-President of the Samaj, occupied the chair.

On 17th November Messrs. K. Nagaraj, I U.C. and Rajagopal, I U.C. spoke on, Linguistic Provinces. They both asserted that linguistic provinces were necessary but that they should not be created all at once. Mr. K. L. Paul, III U.C. occupied the chair.

On Monday 18th January 1954 an extra-ordinary meeting was conducted with Shri S. Gopalan, M.A.,B.O.L. in the chair, when Mr. T. S. Ramakannan, M.A., lecturer of the National College spoke on "Gandhi and Kabir." During the course of his speech the speaker pointed out how Kabir had anticipated Gandhi many years ago and how Gandhi's principles were the same as those of Kabir. He even attributed the word "Harijan" which has become popular after, to have originated from Kabir. Mr. Rama Kannan's speech was both interesting and instructive.

An ordinary meeting was held on Thursday 4th February when Mr. N. Srinivasan, II U.C. spoke on 'Viswa Shanti, (World Peace). Mr. Cherian, III U.C. occupied the chair.

It has been decided to conduct two oratorical competitions one for the Juniors and another for Senior classes.

The valedictory address of the Samaj will be delivered before the end of February.

We are grateful for the valuable help and guidance that we have received during the year from the President and Vice-President.

S. SUNDARA RAJAN,
THOMAS PANNIKULAM,
Secretaries.

The Fine Arts Association

For the first time in the history of the college, a Fine Arts Association has been formed, making a step forward in the aesthetic and cultural progress of its students. At the first meeting of the proposed association the following office bearers were elected.

Rev. Fr. Fournier, S.J.—*President.*

Mr. K. A. John, B.A. } *Vice-Presidents.*
„ V. Balakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) }

III Hons. „ John Maroky—*General Secretary*

IV B.Sc. „ K. G. Joseph }
II U.C. „ S. T. Paldano } *Joint Secretaries*
IV B.Sc. „ V. Balakrishnan }

The infant association was inaugurated on the 21st Sept. 1953 in the Lawley Hall by Prof. Kamalapathi, Rev. Fr. Fournier presided. Addressing the students, of whom there was a large gathering, Pro. Kamalapathi said that it was incumbent on the College to foster the artistic spirit inherent in all young men. "I have watched the development of St. Joseph's College for a long time," he said. "The formation of this association was a significant stride in the right direction. Everything we do is an out; even eating, studying, playing, talking, explairing. "Mr. Kamalapathi rendered a few passages from Shakespeare not as they are usually elocuted, but as they should be. He wound up his stirring speech by exhorting everyone to make life itself a fine art. A veena recital was also on the agenda for the day.

During the course of the year, a few exhibitions and music recitals were organised. On Friday of the Pooja holidays of 1953, there was a veena recital by Mr. Rangarajan in the hall. The standard set was high and there were few who did not enjoy the performance.

Annually there is an exhibition of photography paintings, cartoons etc. This year, the exhibition was held under the wing of the Fine Arts Association. The exhibition was opened by the Rector, Rev. Fr. L. Fernandes. The paintings this year were of an exceptionally fine nature. The following is the list of prize winners :—

College

A. Pencil

Portrait :—

1st Prize :	"Sherpa Tensingh"	A. Packianathan, IV U.C.
2nd „	"Lenin"	Remigius Fernando, I U.C.
3rd „	"Ignatius of Loyola"	P. N. Raju, III B.Sc.

COLLEGE BAND 1953—'54

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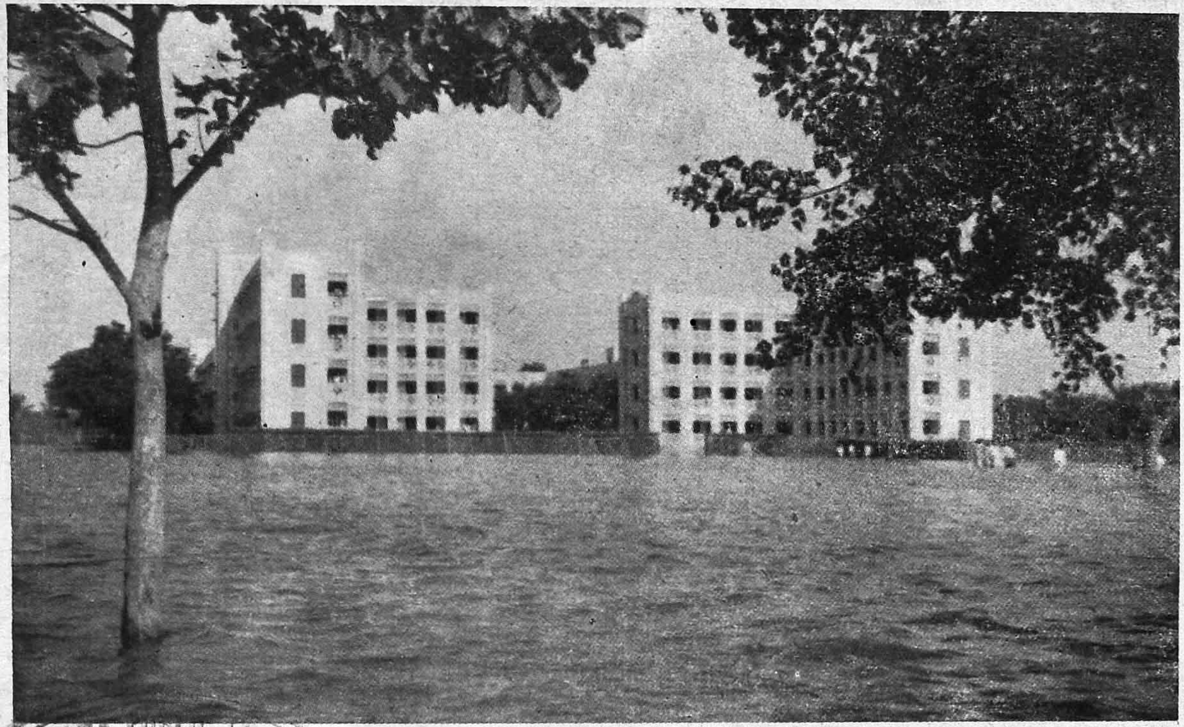

"A Floating Hotel"

Photo by Baby James, IV B.Sc.

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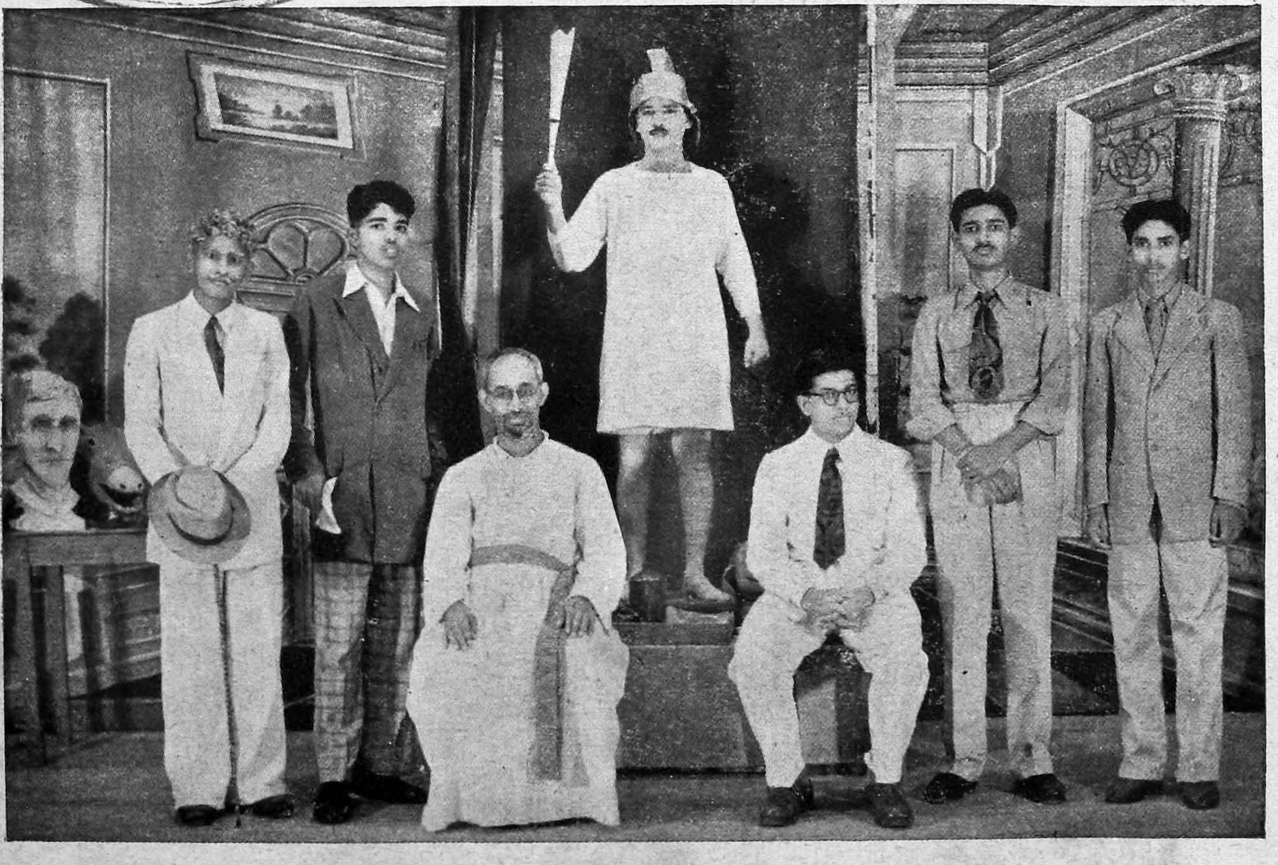
RECTOR'S DAY, 1953

'Chiselling'



Standing: Ivan Myes, S. Ganesh, M. Marudachaalan, P. R. Srinivasa Rao, Innasu.
Sitting: Rev. Fr. Benjamin, s.j., Mr. Antony.

Action :—

Ist Prize :	" Both hands on the Wheel "	A. Packianathan, IV U.C.
2nd "	" Krishnan at his flute "	S. M. Sundaram, IV B.Sc.

B. Indian Ink

Portrait :—

Ist Prize :	" Nehru " and " Gandhi "	C. Renganathan, III U.C.
2nd "	" Glaxo Baby "	P. T. Jacob, III U.C.

Miscellaneous :—

Ist Prize :	" Landscape " and series	S. Ganesan, IV Hons.
2nd "	" A young couple "	S. Rengarajan, IV B.Sc.

C. Charcoal

Ist Prize :	" The Blessed Virgin "	S. S. Raja Booshanam, I U.C.

D. Indian Art

Ist Prize :	" Siva and Consort " (with series)	G. S. K. Murthi
2nd "	" Trimurthi " (and series)	L. Rengarajan, V Hons.

E. Oil Paint

Ist Prize :	" Mother and Child "	S. S. Rajabooshanam, I U.C.

F. Water Colour

Portrait :—

Ist Prize :	" Mary and her lamp "	Rex Rodrigo, II U.C.
2nd "	" Lullaby "	Pathy, I U.C.
3rd "	" Milkmaids "	E. Alagiamanavalan, IV U.C.

Landscape :—

Ist Prize :	" Earthly Paradise "	M. S. Nivas, I U.C.
2nd "	" Malabar Back Waters "	P. T. Jacob, III U.C.

G. Photography

Landscape :—

Ist Prize :	" Sunset "	K. Ramanathan, III U.C.
2nd "	" Rock Fort under trees "	S. Seetharaman, IV B.A.

Architecture :—

Ist Prize :	" The Guardian Angel "	S. Seetharaman, IV U.C.
2nd "	" The Mysore Palace "	S. Mahadevan, IV B.Sc.

H. Magazines

Ist Prize : Mixed Magazine		V. B. Shanmugam, I U.C.
2nd „	Politicians' Sketches	S. Subramanian, II U.C.
3rd „	Comic Sketches	C. S. Krishnamoorthy, IV B.Sc.

High School Corner

Landscape

Ist Prize :	"Blue Mountains"	A. T. M. D., III F.
2nd „	"Moonlight Scenery"	C. J. Henry, IV F. B.

Portrait

Ist Prize :	"Vivekananda"	J. A. Thamburaj, IV F. B.
2nd „	"Mary ascending"	G. Pakiam, V F. B.

Miscellaneous

Ist Prize :	"Cottage"	S. Albert, IV F.
2nd „	"Ganesh"	K. Ramachandra, V F. E.

Special Prize

	"Church Tower" (with the typing machine)	R. Ignatius, VI F. C.

In addition to an exhibition of visual artistry, a music competition was held in the Lawley Hall. There were two sections in vocal music (I) Eastern (2) Western. Exponents of various string and wind instruments like the veena, guitar, violin, piano, piano-accordian, harmonica, flute etc. came forward on the stage and gave the audience quite an auricular feast. The prize winners were:—

Eastern

Vocal :	Solo :	Ist Prize		Namboothripad, III B.Sc.
Instrument :	Solo :	Ist Prize	"Veena"	Rengarajan, IV Hons.
	Group :	Ist Prize	"Hindi Music"	New Hostel Orchestra.

Western

Vocal :	Solo :	Ist Prize	V. Israel, IV U.C.
	Group :	Ist „	Puttur

Instrumental: Solo:	Piano	Ist Prize	A. Joseph, III B.Sc.
		2nd „	Raja Singh Theodore, II U.C.
	Violin	Ist „	J. Raghunathan, II U.C.
		2nd „	S. Gerald, II U.C.
	Flute	Ist „	S. Lourdusamy, IV U.C.
Group:	2 equal First Prizes for		New Hostel and Puttur.

In conclusion I must say that a hopeful enthusiasm has been displayed on the part of the committee and the students. For the coming year, it is our ambition to organise an arts society and a dramatic club with a roll of members. Competitions and exhibitions are to be held with a view to bolstering up the innate musical, histrionic and artistic sensibilities in the young men of the college. Winners will be issued diplomas and certificates. The horizon is to be enlarged. May it prosper.

JOHN MEROKY,
General Secretary.

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Chemistry Association

The society began to function for the academic year 1953—54 with Messrs. K. A. Jacob, IV B.Sc., and S. Subramaniam, III B.Sc., as the secretaries.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. P. Raghavachari, B.Sc., Chemist, I. C. I. (Calcutta) a former Secretary of the association, on "Explosives" on 1–7–1953. The composition and uses of explosives for various purposes were explained in detail. Professor A. C. Joseph, M. A. presided.

On 1–8–'53 Mr. K. Swaminathan, IV B.Sc. gave a lecture on "Radioactivity." Mr. Natarajan, IV B.Sc. was in the chair. The lecturer traced the development of the phenomenon of radioactivity from the time of Becquerel to the present day.

An extra-ordinary meeting was held on 4th October '53. Mr. G. V. Ramaswamy, Chemist in the local Hindusthan Vanaspathi Factory delivered a lecture on "Cake meals as sources of Food." Mr. C. K. Ramakrishnan, M.A. presided. The lecturer explained the use of cakes obtained as waste products during the extraction of oils, in the preparation of food materials for a balanced diet.

An ordinary meeting of the association was held on 1—11—'53. Mr. K. A. Jacob, IV B.Sc. spoke on "Synthetic fibres." Mr. V. X. Mathew, IV B.Sc. was in the chair. The speaker explained the methods of the synthesis of the more important modern fibres like Nylon, Nyon, Velon...etc., which have created a veritable revolution in industry.

On 15–11–'53, an ordinary meeting was held with Mr. K. Santhanam, III B.Sc. in the chair. Mr. A. Subramaniam, III B.Sc. Spoke on "Sources of Power." The speaker dealt with the uses of coal, petroleum products, fuel gases, and electricity as sources of energy.

Mr. C. D. Joseph, M.A., Lecturer in Chemistry in our College, addressed the members of the association on, "The Structure of the Atom," on 12–1–'53. The lecturer described the discovery of the electron, the contributions made by Rutherford, Bohr and others for our present day ideas on the nature of the atom, and how these led to the investigations for the development of atomic energy.

"Utilisation of by-products in Industry" formed the subject of the lecture delivered by Mr. K. Santhanam, III B.Sc. on 20—1—'54. Mr. T. J. John, III B.Sc. presided. The lecturer explained the use of waste materials like molasses, bitterns, blast furnace slag, etc., for various purposes.

On 6th Feb. '54 Mr. S. Ramanathan, III B.Sc. gave a lecture on "Science and detection." Mr. B. N. Arjunan, IV B.Sc. presided. The speaker explained how with the help of ultraviolet rays, finger prints, chemical investigations etc. the detectives could find out culprits.

Under the auspices of the association two excursions were arranged. On the 5th August 1953 the members of the association visited the Dalmia Cement Factory at Dalmiapuram and studied the process of manufacturing cement, and refractories.

In the last week of September '53 some members of the association visited Mettur. They went round the Mettur Chemicals where they saw the manufacture of chlorine, sodium hydroxide and hydrogen from salt by electrolysis, the manufacture of bleaching powder and soap. They also visited the sandal wood oil Factory, the Metal works, the Dam and the Power House in the area.

We wish to place on record the interest shown and the encouragement given by our Vice-President, Prof. A. C. Joseph, M.A. in the discharge of our duties.

K. A. JACOB, IV B.Sc.,
S. SUBRAMANIAM, III B.Sc.,
Secretaries.

The History and Economics Association

At a business meeting held on 5th July, 1953, K. P. Mathai, V Hons. and K. George James, IV Hons. were unanimously elected Secretaries for the year 1953-'54.

The Inaugural address was delivered by Shri. K. H. Subramania Iyer, District Agricultural Officer, on July 27, 1953 with Rev. Fr. J. Adisayam, S.J., the President of the Association in the chair. The speaker, in the course of his lecture on "The importance of Agriculture in Indian Economy" emphasized the predominance of agriculture in India as it was the main occupation of 84% of the total population. Illiteracy and consumation, he pointed out, were real checks to agricultural progress in India. Proceeding—he emphasized the evil effects of Soil Erosion arising from deforestation, and attributed the low productivity of agriculture to the insufficiency of water and manure. In conclusion, the speaker insisted on the responsibility of the educated youth in promoting the economic development of the country. The President, in his concluding remarks, congratulated the learned lecturer on his very instructive address and expressed the hope that the Social Diploma Course recently started in the college would stimulate among students a greater interest in the development of Indian Agriculture and of the rural economy as a whole.

On August 3rd, we turned our attention to the discussion of a vital problem, viz., "The present foreign policy of the Government of India is in accordance with the best interests of the country." The motion was sponsored by P. T. Kuriakose, IV Hons. and seconded by M. Marudachalam, IV Hons. It was opposed by P. N. Vedanarayanan, V Hons. who was seconded by Shri C. T. Thomas, V Hons. After a lively debate, the motion was put to the vote and lost. In his concluding remarks Mr. M. Arockiaswamy, M.A., who presided, remarked that an independent and a neutral foreign policy were not necessarily identical and brought out the implications of the two policies with special reference to India.

"Unemployment Problem in India" was the subject of a lecture given by Mr. M. Arockiaswamy, M.A., at a meeting held on 14th September, 1953. After touching upon the urgency of the problem in India, the speaker indicated the various categories that are unemployed, and proceeded to analyse the causes of unemployment in the various sections. He then discussed various remedies, and emphasised, that the problem must be tackled on several fronts and at the national as well as the local level, particular attention being directed to those areas which were, so to say, pockets of unemployment.

A long dream came true when IV U.C. students of Economics went on an excursion to Madras and Mahabalipuram from 30th

September, to 4th October '53. This was our first batch to get out in pursuit of historical knowledge. The party was led by R. Sridharan, IV U.C.. Leaving Trichy on the night of 30th September, they reached Madras early next morning. During their stay in that beautiful city they visited the following places in and about Madras:—The High Court, the Art Gallery, the Light House, the Marina, Adyar and the historic tomb of St. Thomas at San Thome Cathedral. Then came their visit to Mahabalipuram. What did they see there? Mere stones! No. Carved pages forming the most glorious period in Indian Sculpture and singing the glory of India for the last 1500 years! In short Mahabalipuram stands as the most glorious example of Indian Art and Architecture, indeed one of the world's most splendid monuments in stone. We take this occasion to express our sincere gratitude to our host—Loyola College Hostel and in particular to Rev. Fr. Kalathil, S.J., for his deep interest in his former alumni. We are no less indebted to Fr. Principal and Fr. Oswald but for whose help and guidance the tour would not have been the great success that it was.

P. N. Vedanarayanan, V Hons. read a paper on "U.N.O. and World Peace" at a meeting held on 27th October, 1953. After tracing the history of the various attempts at international organisation including the League of Nations, he gave a detailed account of the constitution and working of the U.N.O. together with its achievements and pitfalls. Finally he suggested various methods of enabling the U.N.O. to become a more effective organisation for securing world peace.

On 2nd November '53, E. V. Joseph, V Hons. read a paper on "Controlled Capitalism." There followed a lively discussion in which several members took part.

An ordinary meeting was held on 21st November '53 when Mathew Chandy, V Hons. read an essay on "The British Crown." The speaker traced the historical evolutions of the crown, and brought out clearly the real place and importance of the crown, both in the United Kingdom and in the Commonwealth.

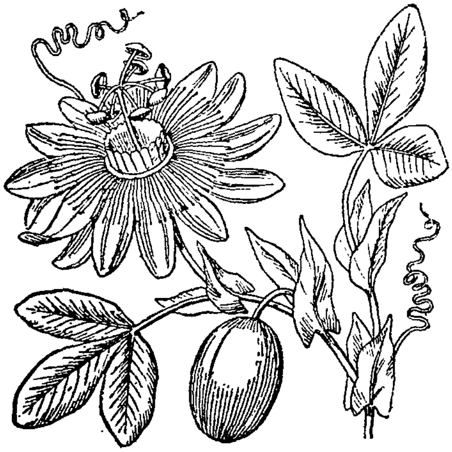
The members of the Association assembled in Room No. 23 on Monday, 25—1—54 at 5 P.M. to listen to a paper by K. P. Mathai, V Hons. The theme of his essay was "International Economic Co-operation." The lecturer gave a lucid account of the various attempts at economic co-operation on an international plan such as, the I.M.F., International Bank, Marshall plan, Point Four, Colombo plan and G. A. T. T. He laid special stress on the fact that in spite of what has been done so far, we have a long distance to go before reaching our goal of transforming the present chaotic world into a well-knit and co-ordinated economic community.

M. V. George, V Hons. read a paper on "Agricultural Development in the Five Year Plan" on Monday, 1st February '54. Emphasizing the importance of agriculture in Indian economy, he analysed the main provisions in the plan for agricultural development and gave a critical account of the achievements made so far.

On 8th February, '54, E. V. Joseph, V Hons. presented a paper on "Western Union." Tracing the history of the movement of United Europe, he dealt with the present organisation of the "Western Union" in its various aspects and pointed out the difficulties that stood in the way of realising complete solidarity.

We wish to record our heartfelt thanks to the members of the Association for their active co-operation which contributed largely to the success of its activities. Our thanks are specially due to the President and Vice-president for their valuable guidance and help.

K. P. MATHAI, V Hons.,
K. GEORGE JAMES, IV Hons.,
Secretaries.



Sports and Games

1953-'54

WE are extremely happy to place on record the performance of our teams in the field of Sports and Games during the year 1953-'54. We had several victories to our credit as against a few unexpected reverses. But whether we won or lost we always tried to put forth our best.

Our activities commenced early in July. The sweeping winds of the season could not blow away the enthusiasm of our young men so that our playgrounds were always found crowded with students anxious to play some game or other. Very keen competition was evinced during the Inter Hostel Tournaments. This resulted in the discovery of some talented players who later successfully filled up the gaps in the College teams.

In the Inter Collegiate Tournaments we won the Divisional Championship in Hockey, Tennis and Athletic Sports. Our Badminton team won the T. D. A. A. open Tournament while the Athletic team annexed the Pentland Shield at the Trichy District Sports.

Sports :—The College Annual Sports Meet was held on the Mahé grounds on Tuesday 10th November 1953, when Lieut. Col. Swami Desikachari presided and Mrs. Desikachari gave away the prizes. The spirit of competition is ever on the increase as shown by the large number of competitors who took part in the several events. They were rightly encouraged by the huge crowd of spectators who turned up on the sports ground. The distinctive coloured costumes of the various Hostels, added real colour to the scene. A healthy rivalry prevailed among the athletes of the different Hostels. But the fight for winning the coveted Rapinat Trophy was rather keen between the S. H. Hostel and the New Hostel teams; ultimately the Trophy was won by the Sacred Heart Hostel for the 5th year in succession, the New Hostel missing it by a narrow margin of 9 points. The New Hostel team however annexed the Pruvot Cup and the Rolling Cup for Tug-o'-war. The Individual Championship glory was shared equally by the New Hostel and the S. H. Hostel. Paul Jacob and Adaikalaraj being the Senior and Junior Champions respectively. An interesting and entertaining event of the day was the Tug-o'-war between the College and the High School staff teams. Although the College team put up a good fight, they had to concede the victory to the younger team from the High School.

Captions of College Teams: 1953—'54

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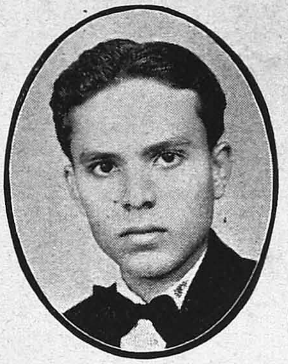
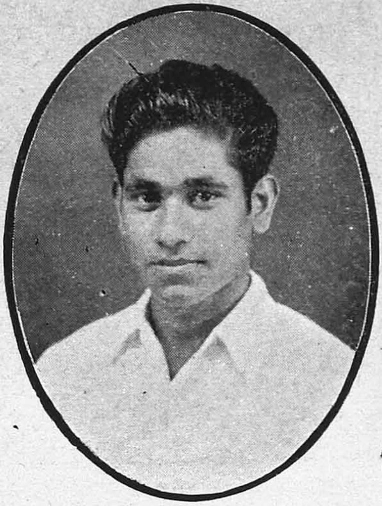
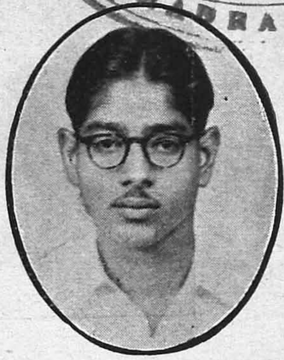


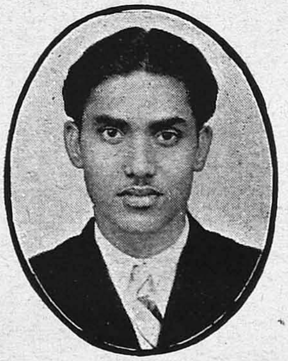
R. Jason
(Hockey)



M. S. Alphonse
(Football)

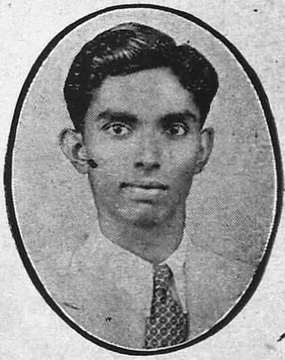


S. Sunder Rajan
(Cricket)



P. R. Venkatraj
(Basketball)

Rev. Fr. J. Thamby, s j.
(President of Games)



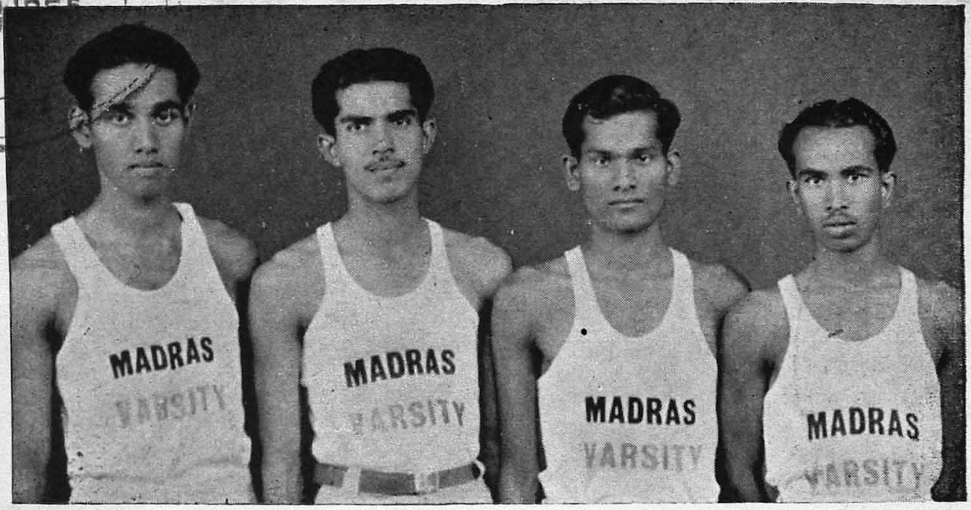
Mathai
(Volley Ball)

S. John
(Athletics)

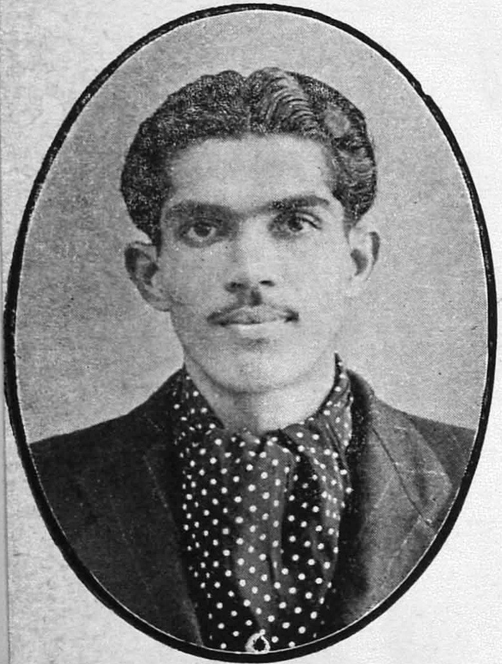
P. K. Chidambaram
(Badminton)

S. T. Paldano
(Tennis)

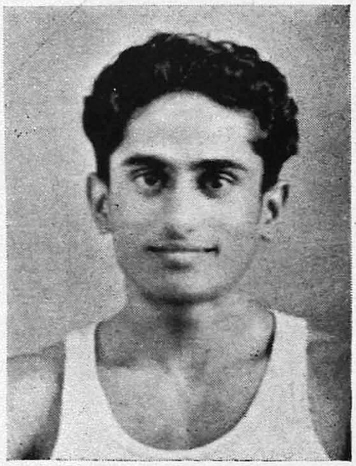
10 DEC



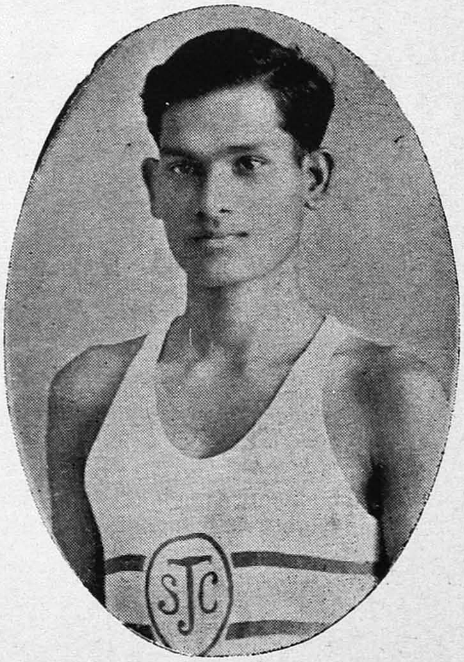
Our Contribution to the Madras University Athletic Team
1. S. John. 2. Paul Jacob. 3. R. V. Arokiaswamy. 4. A. Raman.



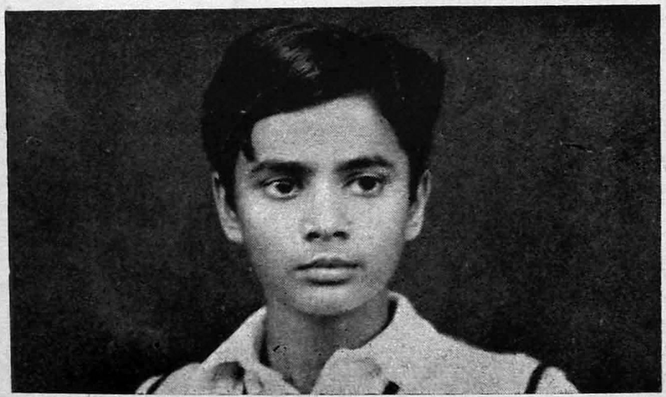
Senior Champion 1953—'54
Paul Jacob



Junior Champion
S. Adaikalaraj



Our miler
R. V. Arokiasawmy



M. V. Krishna Kumar, I U.C.
Winner of the Madura Divl. finals in Tennis (Singles)

At the Trichy District Sports Meet held in January our athletes distinguished themselves in almost all events. The 5000 Metres Race was won by R. V. Arokiaswamy in good style. He also won the 1600 M. Race, setting up a new record for the District. Paul Jacob our College Champion annexed the Individual Championship Medal, while Alphonse, Abraham and D'Costa proved outstanding in several Track and Field events. Our Team won the Pentland Shield defeating the other teams by a wide margin.

The University Inter Collegiate Sports Meet was held at Tirunelvelli early in November. More than 210 athletes from sixteen Colleges took part in the Divisional Sports. But our athletes held their own and won the Team Championship, annexing the Popli Shield for the 7th year in succession. We were far ahead of the next best team by 40 points. A. Raman sprang a real surprise by winning the 400 M. Hurdles, while Arokiaswamy set up new records in 800 and 1500 M. Races. A special cup was awarded to the Individual Champion, Paul Jacob for his outstanding performance. Five of our althletes represented Madura Division at the Inter Divl. Sports Meet held at Madras. They contributed largely to the success of the Madura Division in winning the University Cup for Sports. R. V. Arokiaswamy set up a new University Record in 800 M. Race. Paul Jacob, S. John, Raman and Arokiaswamy had the honour of representing Madras University at the Inter 'Varsity Sports Meet held at Peradeniya, Ceylon, in December 1953.

Hockey :—With the departure of some of the prominent members of our last years Hockey Team, we had to fish out new talents from among the freshers. It is pleasing to record that with a series of practice matches, systematically arranged this year's team shaped so well that they reached the finals in the University Inter Divl. Tournament. A tour to Madras in August gave the players considerable experience and developed their self-confidence so that in the Inter Collegiate matches that followed we had very little difficulty in defeating National College, Alagappa Engineering College and R. D. M. College, Sivaganga. At the Divisional finals held at Karaikudi we met St. John's College Palayamcottah and drew the first day. But victory was ours on the 2nd day as our players had entered the field determined to snatch the honour from the opponents, who proved strong rivals. At the Inter Divisional Tournament held at Trichinopoly, our team met the Presidency College team in the semi-finals. Whilst the metropolitans tried their best to score a goal, thanks to our strong defence, their moves were averted. Our forwards put up their best and ultimately won the day by a clever move by the Vice-Captain S. Surrao. The final match between us and the Govt. College Mercara team proved exciting and it looked as if the teams were equally balanced but the ultimate victory had to be conceded by us to the opponents by the only goal scored during the

game. Special mention must be made of Ronald Jason, and D'Costa for their cool and calculated defence work while Surrao and Francis were our prolific scorers. We hope that this years achievements will prove an incentive for winning better laurels in the years to come.

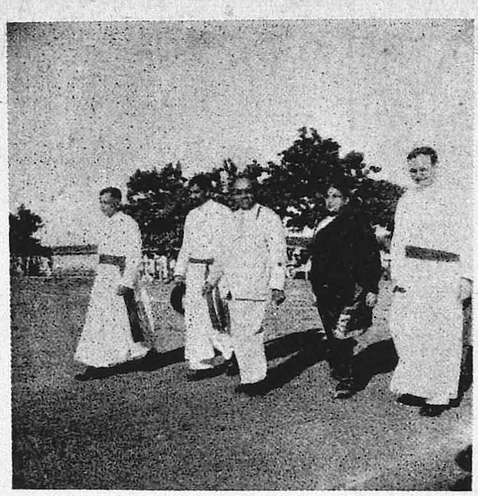
Football :—Our Football team has no brilliant victories to boast of as in previous years, but earnestness and enthusiasm we never lacked. In practice matches which commenced as early as July, we fared well and cherished high hopes of winning the Inter Collegiate honours. Early in October the team undertook a tour to Thevara and Ernakulam and played a number of friendly matches with some of the best teams on the West Coast. Our players were very much benefited by this tour as we could make out from the results of subsequent matches. In the Inter Collegiate Tournament our team defeated National College in the first round, but heavy rains forced as to cancel further practice matches so that unfortunately we had to take a defeat at Karaikudi, with Raja's College, Pudukottah. We are conscious of the lesson we have learned and so hope to do better in future.

Cricket :—Owing to the departure of some of our best batsmen and bowlers the captain Sunder Rajan found it difficult to build up a well balanced team and to uphold the high traditions of the college cricket club. Harshar and Rajagopal were the two new additions to the team—without wasting time we launched on a series of practice matches almost every week end. We thank the Cricket Club of Trichinopoly for their co-operation and help. In the Inter Collegiate Tournament we defeated Alagappa Engineering College by an innings. We met National College, Trichy in the 2nd round and defeated them also by an innings and 12 runs. The zone finals with Raja's College, Pudukotah came off early in January. The rainy weather upset all our chances. On the 2nd day of the match, though we had scored 98 runs in just one hour and a half and were counting on a clear victory over our opponents, the match had to be abandoned owing to heavy rains. Hence the result of the match had to be decided by the runs secured in the 1st innings, where unfortunately the Raja's College had a lead. Bad weather had deprived us of a good game on the 2nd day.

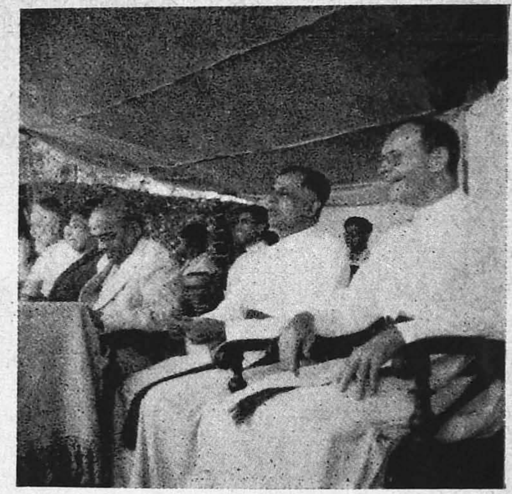
Mention may be made of the excellent bowling by Sunder Rajan, Varadharajan and Meenakshi Sundaram while batting honours were shared by Narasimhan, Harshan and Vaitheeswaran. Our young cricketer Nanda Kumar has done excellent work as Wicket-keeper.

Basket-ball :—The standard set up by our Basket-ball teams seemed to be too high to be maintained in subsequent years—we have been the University champions in Basket-ball for 2 years in succession. Some of our well trained players after leaving college have joined professional colleges and have come to us again as our opponents. Efforts have

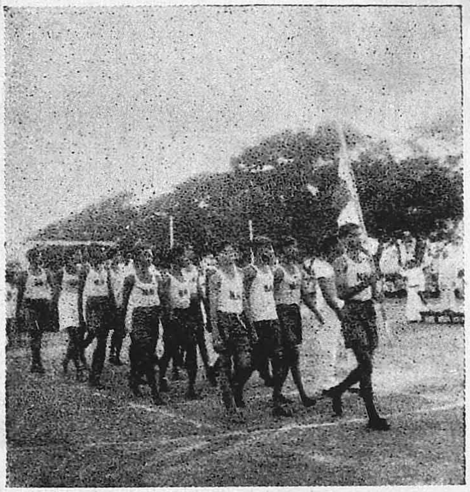
COLLEGE SPORTS



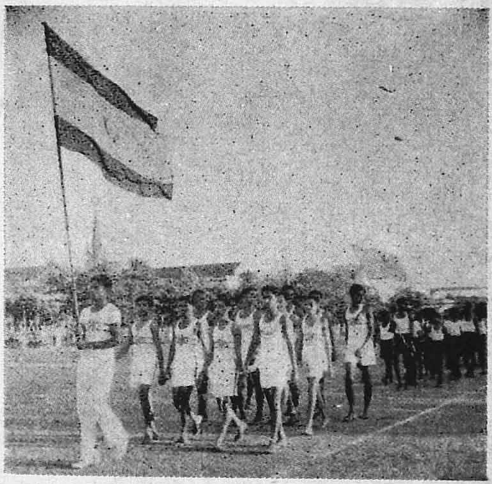
President arriving with
Rev. Fr. Rector



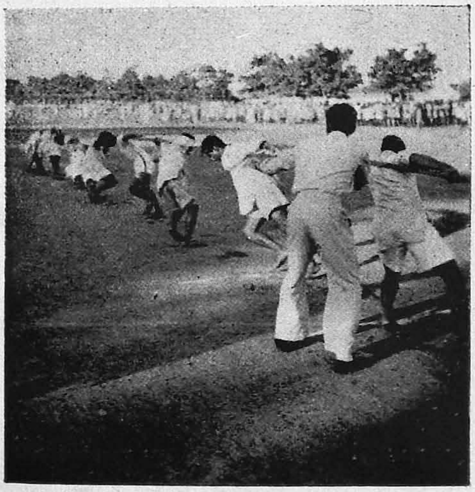
Watching the race



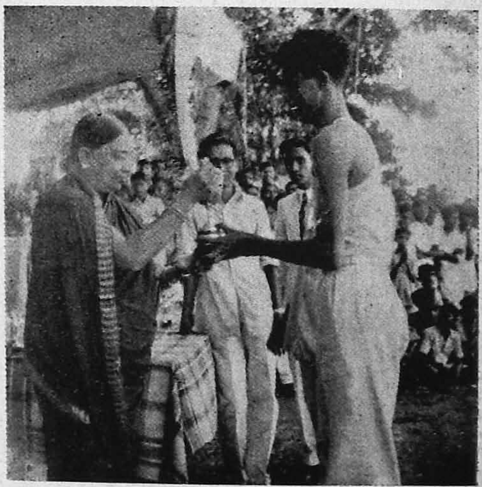
The New Hostel
March-past



S. H. Hostel
March-past



" Altogether, Heave "
Tug-ot-war



Paul Jacob
receiving the Championship Cup

Photos by Ponniah Studio

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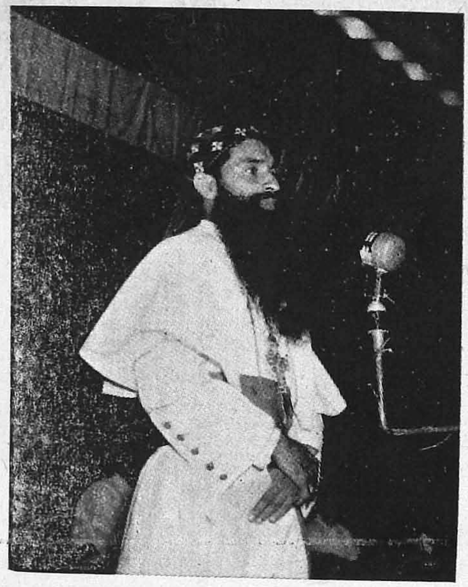
MADRAS



His Grace Mar Gregorios, O.I.C., D.D., Speaking on Our Lady's Academy Day
by K. J. Joseph, IV B.Sc.

by K. J. Joseph, IV B.Sc.

Our Lady of Lourdes Procession
Illuminated Cars

By K. J. Joseph, IV B.Sc.

Three great men
by T. N. Seetharaman, III Hons. (B. Econ.)

been made to fill up the gaps left by them by proper substitutes. With constant practice it looked as if this year's team would keep up the high traditions of their predecessors—but unfortunately our team had an early reverse in the Inter Collegiate Tournament.

The centenary Basket-ball Tournament proved as popular as ever attracting a number of good teams from outside. The Old Boys team did not shine in their usual colour probably owing to lack of practice. Our college team had to take a defeat at the hands of the Law College, Madras. It must be conceded that our young forwards in spite of their short stature, put up a good fight with the metropolitans. We are glad to share the credit of the Law College Victory at the finals because of Krishnaswamy, Palaniappan, and Duraiswamy who were all former players of our college team.

Volley-ball :—In Volley-ball our record of performance is satisfactory. Our team met and defeated the R. D. M. College, Sivaganga in the preliminary round of the University Inter Collegiate Tournament, but went down fighting the Govt. College, Kumbakonam after a draw game on the first day. Mention must be made of the good game exhibited by N. C. Mathew and K. Subiah, the Captain and the Vice-Captain of our team.

Badminton :—In Badminton we are happy that the college team has annexed the T. D. A. A. open Badminton Shield. The Inter-Hostel matches and the practice matches with outside teams definitely show that our standard in Badminton is steadily increasing. We hope that we shall maintain the upward trend and even try to do still better in the years to come.

Tennis :—Our Tennis courts near the New Hostels have attracted a large number of enthusiastic players and all the courts were buzzing with activity very early in the year. Our Tennis record shows that the popularity of the game is ever on the increase. It is unfortunate that the unusual rainy weather this year has upset practice games on several days during the 2nd Term. Notwithstanding this our Tennis players have a creditable record of achievements.

In the University Inter Collegiate Tournament, M. V. Krishnakumar, I. T. Paldano and S. D. Mahommed represented our College. In Tennis Doubles we defeated Govt. College, Kumbakonam, and Alagappa College, Karaikudi in straight sets. At the next round we had to concede the honour to Alagappa Engineering College after a tough fight. But our young Krishnakumar has acquitted himself creditably in singles. In the preliminary rounds, he defeated Govt. College, Kumbakonam, A. C. College and Alagappa Training College, Karaikudi. We won the Divisional finals defeating Madura College, Madura at Karaikudi. At the Inter Divisional

finals he met Mr. Marley a Veteran player from Coimbatore and gave an excellent account of himself, though the ultimate victory went to the more experienced opponent. Krishnakumar deserves our hearty congratulations.

The Tennis Club is being patronised by not less than ten members of the College Staff. It is hoped that the Junior members will be benefited by watching and playing with the more experienced players. We expect, keen competition at the Knock-out Tournament to be run shortly, open to all the members of the Tennis club.

Chess:—The game of Chess under the able guidance of Prof. Suriyanarayana Iyer continues to be popular. Thanks to the efforts of the secretary T. D. Krishnamachari, the club has enrolled a large number of members, of whom about sixteen have entered for the Home Tournament which is now in progress.

In conclusion we have great pleasure to express our gratitude to the members of the Athletic Committee and to the Warden of the Hostels for their kind co-operation and active encouragement. We are very thankful to Rev. Fr. Principal for his kind patronage. We are particularly thankful to our President Rev. Fr. J. Tamby, S.J., himself a former player and sportsman of our college—who has by his constant guidance and generous encouragement helped us to attain the high standard that we have to our credit. Our thanks to the Almighty for yet another year of creditable record to our Alma Mater.

Exchanges 1953-'54

St. ALBERT'S COLLEGE ANNUAL, Ernakulam.
ALAGAPPA CHETTIAR COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Karaikudi.
THE ALOYSIAN, Galle, Ceylon.
ALTECH, Journal of the Alagappa College of Technology, Guindy.
St. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Malta.
St. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ANNUAL, Mangalore.
St. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, Mangalore.
AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madura.
ANDHRA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Guntur.
ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY.
St. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Colombo.
BESANT THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madanapalle.
BISHOP HEBER SCHOOL MAGAZINE, Trichinopoly.
BLUE AND WHITE, St. Joseph's, Colombo.
BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, St. Joseph's, Bangalore.
CARITAS, St. Joseph's Seminary, Alwaye.
CARMELA, St. Agnes' College, Mangalore.
COIMBATORE GOVT. COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
ENGINEERING COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
EXCELSIOR, St. Berchmans' College, Changanachery.
FACT, Alwaye.
FATIMA COLLEGE, Quilon.
FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, Mannargudy.
GOVERNMENT ARTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Anantapur.
GOVERNMENT ARTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
GOVERNMENT BRENNEN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Tellicherry.
GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Ajmer.
GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, Mangalore.
HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Masulipatnam.
HOLY CROSS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Trichy.
JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY, Jaffna.
St. JOHN'S ANNUAL, Palamcottah.
St. JOSEPH'S INDIAN HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, Bangalore.
JOURNAL OF THE OSMANIA UNIVERSITY, Hyderabad (Deccan.)
KERALA VARMA COLLEGE MISCELLANY, Trichur.
KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
LADY WILLINGDON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL ANNUAL, Salem.
LOYOLA COLLEGE ANNUAL, Madras.
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Tambaram.
MADRAS FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Coimbatore.
MADRAS MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
MADRAS VETERINARY COLLEGE, Madras.
MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madura.
MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Ernakulam.
M. D. T. HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Tinnevelly.
METKEM, Mettur Chemicals, Salem.

Mrs. A. V. N. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Vizag.
MUNGRET ANNUAL, Mungret College, Limerick, Ireland.
NORTH POINT ANNUAL, Darjeeling.
PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
PAULIAN, SAINT PAUL'S SERAMBAN, Malaya.
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE RAVENSHAVIAN, Cuttack.
SALEM COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Salem.
SACRED HEART COLLEGE ANNUAL, Thevara.
SANATANA DHARMA COLLEGE, Alleppey.
SCOTTISH CHURCH COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Calcutta.
SENTHIKUMARA NADAR COLLEGE, Virudhunagar.
Sir C. R. REDDY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Eluru.
SOPHIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Bombay.
STANLEY MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Madras.
STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN, England.
St. PHILOMENA'S COLLEGE ANNUAL, Mysore.
St. STANISLAUS H. S. MAGAZINE, Bandra.
TECH. MAG. Sir Arthur Hope Engineering College, Coimbatore.
St. THERESA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Ernakulam.
St. THOMAS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Trichur.
THE UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Alwaye.
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Trivandrum.
UNITAS, St. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, KANKANADY, Mangalore.
VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Palghat.
VIVEKANANDA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Mylapore.
VOORHEES COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Vellore.
WAH YAN ANNUAL, Hong Kong.
St. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Bombay.
St. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Calcutta.
St. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Palamcottah.
ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Calicut.
போதனை விஷயப் பூங்கொத்து, R. C. Training School, Trichinopoly.

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